SPARKS *of* LAUGHTER

To Jackie from Ruth

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SUGGESTIONS TO TOASTMASTERS
HOW TO TELL A FUNNY STORY

Fourth Annual Compilation

STEWART ANDERSON
NEWARK, N. J.

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By Stewart Anderson

Press of
Overacre & Garrett
New York U. S. A.

INTRODUCTORY

THIS is the Fourth Annual Edition or Compilation of SPARKS OF LAUGHTER. We believe the collection to be the equal of any previous one as a comprehensive revue of current American anecdotal humor. To gratify old patrons, many of whom vainly asked for copies of previous editions that had been exhausted, the volume has been enlarged to three times the size of any one of our previous publications, and the cream of previous compilations has been included. We believe that there is no other volume extant which provides a better collection of contemporaneous American humor, of its kind, and which at the same time gives instruction in its use. Copies of previous editions went to every part of the English-speaking world, and to many oriental countries, evidencing both a popular appetite for American humor that is both clean and representative, and appreciation of our effort to produce a book of quality.

Some stories read well, but do not tell well. Others tell well, but do not read well. We have kept in mind that our patrons are of two chief classes—those who read stories, and those who tell them in public and in private. These more than one thousand stories supply an ample quantity of humor for both the reader and the teller.

STEWART ANDERSON.

Newark, N. J.,
November, 1923.

Suggestions to Toastmasters

If you are without experience you would do well to act on these suggestions, at least until your own judgment is seasoned, and if you are a master, still you may find in these few paragraphs a helpful hint, for none of us is all-knowing.

Great toastmasters prepare for the occasion, and do not depend on the "inspiration of the moment." The "moment" gives them opportunities to add to or change what they had planned to do or say, and sometimes necessitates a variation; but the frame of their evening's work is made in advance. This preparation has two parts—having a finger in planning the program, if that is possible, and getting ready for one's own conduct of the program.

Preparation

The Date: When choosing the dinner's date, diligently inquire about dinners or meetings of other organizations which might draw some whom you desire as guests and some of your own members also. You want the fullest possible attendance. Avoid Friday if you can, that all your members and all your guests may be liable to partake of *all* the food that is set before them.

Menu: The day of the many-course, heavy-dish dinner has gone by, and such a banquet nowadays is served only when display is desired. A few courses satisfy hunger and pleasure, and are long enough for the generation of comradeship and jollity.

Punctuality: Insist and insistently emphasize to the caterer —club or restaurant or hotel—that the dinner must and shall begin *on time*. Then advertise the beginning as a quarter of an hour earlier. Guests and members grow weary with standing around a half hour or an hour, and are impatient at the long delay. A good part of a banquet's success is due to the right start, and only the "on time" start is the right start.

Waiters: See to it—have it clearly understood—and drum it into the head waiter if you can get at him—that the waiters are to leave the room as soon as the coffee and cigars are served, or, at least, that they shall collect the cups and saucers as soon

as the cups have been emptied—shall do it quickly, and get out, and *stay* out.

The Tip: Arrange with the management to add the equivalent of the collective tip to their charge, and thus avoid the annoyance of passing the plates or saucers among your guests. That is a banquet barbarism which nowadays is never seen at well-ordered affairs.

The Newspapers: And whatever else you may overlook do not forget the newspapers. The newspaper will be one of the best friends an organization can have, if it is given half a chance. We want a good story of our dinner in the next day's paper, but too often do nothing to earn it. The newspaper's commodity is news, and our dinner is news; but also we desire publicity; and so our relation to the press is reciprocal. Now, the reporter is a human being, with feelings and usually with fine sensibilities, and the way to gain him as an ally is to show him and his employer that you respect the newspaper as an institution and that you respect his profession. A good way not to do this is to stay away from the newspaper office, give them no notice of the dinner, and offer no facilities to the reporter for doing justice to the occasion. And a good way to procure and secure newspaper goodwill is to call on the city editor, give him the data, solicit cordially his own attendance or that of a reporter, and leave tickets for reserved seats, and then see to it that the seats are seats of honor, near the head table, where the scribe can hear perfectly and can see perfectly both those at the head table and all others in the room; and see to it also that someone at the door has been told about these seats, and, when the newspaper men come, will welcome them with a warmly glad hand and conduct them to their places. How would you like to stand outside a banquet door while some ignoramus trots up to the head table and tells the toastmaster that a reporter from the *Town Booster* is outside and asks what's to be done? Yet that happens often enough, and then there's wonderment that the dinner did not have a front page fat story next day.

Still more: If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, try to obtain from him a manuscript of his address, or, better, an abstract, and see that each paper has a copy of it twenty-four hours in advance of the banquet. In these complex times dinner speeches are given far less space than was accorded to them before August 1, 1914, yet sometimes a little more space is

available if the material is on hand early. Well managed newspapers usually, or commonly, write to such a speaker for manuscript or abstract; but you should not rely on its being done. Metropolitan dailies have space for none but the oratory of the great. The "home town" paper is liberal.

Music: What about music? Just two kinds are permissible during the dining. One is mere murmuring music—not *murdersome* music—that does not interfere with conversation and merriment. Men do not like at a public dinner to have their voices drowned and their laughter quenched by a brass band or by a blaring orchestra. Set your foot down hard, and keep it down, if rackety music is proposed. If the musicians are artists they should play after the dinner—and so with the singers—and not while plates are clattering, and silver and glass are clinking, and waiters are bustling, and there is the hum of voices and laughter. The diners do not enjoy it, and artists loathe it. There is a time for everything. The other kind of permissible music is that in which the banqueters can participate with song—such as good chorus singing, backed by an orchestra. But keep out the mere row music, and give fellowship the chance it looks for at a dinner table.

There are few banquet programs that cannot be made more enjoyable by fine vocal or instrumental music, to be alternated with the speeches—just enough to fill in, and relieve the monotony of the speaking, and far from enough to throw the program out of balance and give to music instead of to speaking the chief place.

Printed Program: An engraved or printed menu and program is desirable, at least for an annual or a special dinner—it is kept as a souvenir by many.

Speakers: This is the ticklish part of the planner's task, frequently. First, say that this is the annual dinner of your organization. There is not to be an outside speaker. And you have a horde of officials who will sit at the head table. Now, here's what you are after:—to make your dinner so enjoyable that next year everybody will say, "Let's go!" But they won't say it if every magnate at that long head table makes a speech. Midnight will not find them finished. And most of them God did not purpose should ever make a speech. Wherefore, that they are officials does not justify your banquet committee in compelling them to daze, but not to dazzle, your audience.

Your program should end not later than eleven o'clock, and your members and guests should not be compelled to listen to a procession of men half of whom get up and say, "I am not a speechmaker," or "I am not going to make a speech,"—the first usually tells the truth, and the second is often an unmitigated liar. Firmly, gently, tactfully pick out four or five who *can* make a decent address, and, without explanation or apology, name them as your speakers; adding, as occasionally is necessary, some venerable or honored member, to whom all delight to pay respect. Tell each one exactly how many minutes he may speak, and explain why the limit was fixed—that will help some, even though one or more may exceed his minutes.

If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, all the more reason for keeping down the number of local orators. You must get the crowd away at eleven, and you can't do it if "the whole town" plays orator. A hint here:—some of your members and guests may have come by train and must leave before eleven. If so, call up your out-of-town speaker first, or at least early enough for these early leavers to hear his entire address—they have paid their money to see the show, and he is the star attraction.

Some men have a deserved reputation as writers or as doers. But that does not make them acceptable banquet orators. Make sure that a proposed speaker can indeed speak, and is *known* as a capable speaker. Otherwise his reputation with your people is liable to suffer and he may ruin your dinner. I have seen it happen more than once. Fix this in your mind and don't let it get out:—a great name as a writer or doer is not a guarantee of a great or even an ordinary capable speaker. Don't risk it, don't yield to persuasion—*know* what you are doing when you engage your chief show piece. And do your engaging three months in advance, if you can, else you may not be able to procure him. If he is popular, others will be after him too.

The Toastmaster

The "Once Over": And now it is time for the dinner, and we will give the room the "once over" before the doors are opened. Yes, the place cards are at the head table, each with a name upon it—*and in its right place!* Better remove that tall vase that stands squarely in front of the place of toastmaster or guest of honor—it would hide either one from the banqueters.

Seating Your Guests: All right—let them in. The bugle blows or the orchestra plays, and in they come. If your speaker is a non-member *you* will escort him to the place of honor at your right hand. If there are two such guests, you will bring in both, and place the chief one at your right and the lesser one at your left; or *you* may bring in the chief guest and another officer may pilot the lesser light, to be seated at your right and your left.

The Start: The company is standing at the tables, and waiting your invitation to be seated. Here's where your work begins. Here's where you set the atmosphere, so to speak. Instead of merely saying, "Be seated, gentlemen," say more. First of all you must have complete silence. Get it by pounding a heavy plate, or the table, with the end of your table knife. Don't try tinkling your glass—they won't hear it. *Pound* with that knife—if you haven't a gavel. (Own and carry a gavel.) Some will immediately stop talking and look toward your throne, but there will still be a few who do not hear or hearing do not heed. Pound again. Keep your poise, and don't open your mouth until the hall is silent. Then, in a voice that reaches to the edges, quote, say, Bobbie Burns:

"Some hae meat, and canna eat;
Some can eat, and want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit."

"Will you take your seats, gentlemen?"

or something equally appropriate—you can get a book of toasts at any bookstore and make your own selection. If a minister is at the head table, this "grace" from Burns would not serve, of course. In that case, after silence had been obtained, you would say, "Will the Rev. Dr. [or Bishop] Robinson say grace?" And then, if you are dead sure your quotation would not spoil the grace, follow with your sentiment, quickly enough so that the diners would not have sat down, and yet not so quickly as to seem to be pushing the grace aside—a little practice will make you expert.

Control the Singing: During the dinner there may be light music or chorus singing, and if you are the local song leader you will do the leading. Commonly, song sheets with numbered songs are scattered among the tables, and the diners with

rivalry do the selecting—table outshouting table. Catch the fun at the top moment and yourself announce the winning number—don't let the fun run wild, but help it along and direct it with a word of jest or repartee. Have it understood with the leader of the orchestra that he is to play only what *you* announce. Be boss!—and keep the control which you gained when at the beginning you compelled them to silence. An audience admires a firm toastmaster.

Compacting the Audience: Keep your eye on those coffee cups—that head waiter may have forgotten. Don't hesitate to send someone to remind him. The waiters have gone at last—don't begin until they have gone. Is the hall large? Then at once request the banqueters to move toward the head table, both that the speakers' task may be easier and that no one may miss any part of what is said.

You Begin: And now you start. But not to make a speech. No!—a thousand times, no. You are toastmaster and not speechmaker. Your sole job is to be the connecting link between the speakers and the audience, and, as I said before, to fix the atmosphere, and keep it fixed. That's all:—doing it, however, with all the grace of personality, and play of wit or seriousness, as may be required, that you can command. First, a few words of welcome and of compliment to guests and members. Next, a few words about the object and character of your organization, that your guests may be informed. Then a few words, if needed or appropriate, about the purpose of the dinner. Five minutes is ample, and two would be a volume. Learn letter-perfect what you intend to say—don't fumble, don't stumble, don't hesitate, and don't read from a wretched little piece of paper. Speak it out like a man and a toastmaster! All right? Well, then, begin your introductions. If the speaker is an outsider, you should have learned the reason for his eminence and the extent of his reputation—and have memorized the introduction. Just a brief presentment of his virtues or powers, or whatever made him famous—in modest language, that avoids world-bursting superlatives. Two minutes is enough. And for heaven's sake don't say, "We have with us to-night!" Now he's on his feet and is receiving his welcoming hand-clap. Stay on your feet and lead the clapping as soon as you have uttered his name. If he is one to whom should be accorded the honor of a rising welcome, and the audience is a second slow, pull them to their feet by a raising of your eye-

brows and a slight motion of your hands—they'll come. If he is one to be received with cheers, be the cheer leader. And then keep on standing until he has turned to say, "Mr. Toastmaster," at which you bow and take your seat.

If Only One Speaker: While he is speaking, listen. You will probably catch a sentence or a drift that will suggest a jest, or a serious anecdote, or the recitation of a verse, or the utterance of a follow-up and clinching sentiment, after he has ended. Give his audience a chance to applaud him and give him "curtain calls" before you rise. Then say the say which his address has inspired, thank him in behalf of your organization and its guests for having honored your banquet table, speaking appreciation of his eloquent or learned or whatnot address. Then, if there are no others, thank your guests for having graced your banquet tables with their presence, thank the representatives of the press for their most friendly and long-continued service to your organization, and bid all "Good Night!"

If Other Speakers: If you have member speakers, you will have prepared your introductions carefully—for this one a humorous story or jest, for that one both jest and serious word, and for that other a serious word only. You will find plenty of appropriate stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER.

Controlling the Speaking: Sometimes a speaker, although informed of his time limit, will meander on and on, or rush on and on, far beyond his allowance. If he is a stranger or a personage, courtesy forbids that he be publicly pulled to his seat. And usually it is not necessary. When he has trespassed five minutes, or ten if you can spare it, reach out your hand and unobtrusively push your watch toward him. Commonly the motion is successful. If it isn't, a minute or two later put your handkerchief to your face and from behind it say, "Five minutes more, Mr. Blank." And if that doesn't fetch him, in another minute or two lean toward the table and briskly pick up papers or program, as if to remind yourself of the name of the next speaker, and, looking out over the audience, in courteous attention, gently tap your fingers on the table, as if slightly impatient. Only as an extremity, and when absolutely necessary, rise and apologetically finish him, with a reason and with smiling courtesy.

At the dinners of the Gridiron Club in Washington no speaker, it is said, be he ever so celebrated, is permitted to

exceed his time allotment. But what those autocratic satirists impose upon their speakers, your organization should not upon yours. Your speakers commonly are friends and neighbors and members, and are not accustomed to the rules of the game of public-speaking. Hurting their feelings would be harmful to your organization. Do the best you can to obtain their co-operation, and be contented with the results. To preserve good will and fraternity is worth a few wasted minutes of unwanted oratory.

Alarm clocks and flashing red lights are well enough for the give and take and rough-and-tumble of lunch meetings. They are out of place at an evening dinner.

Tribute to Departed Members: At an annual dinner of a business or civic club, or other organization, it is customary to mention the names and describe the qualities and services of members who have passed on during the twelve-month period. And then, frequently, the toastmaster says: " Let us pay tribute to their memory by rising and standing a moment in silence." If a bugler or cornetist is present the impressiveness of the tribute can be heightened by having him softly sound taps while the audience is on its feet. Or, instead, if the toastmaster has the voice and personality to do it, he may say this:

> Something starry, something bold,
> Eludes the clutch of dust and mold;
> Something that shall not wholly die
> Out of the azure of the sky.

Or, again, and instead, if the Toastmaster is indeed a master, if he has voice, and skill in using it, and if he has a distinguished personality, let him try the following,—I promise him that his auditors will remember the incident for many and many a day:

> For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.
>
> So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.
>
> O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Don't have taps sounded if you use either of these quotations, for they are jubilant of victory, while taps speaks only of death and the grave. And don't use either quotation, especially the biblical, unless you are certain of your qualifications.

It is easy to make a grotesque mess of such a task. Sometimes at the head table is a minister who, without announcement, might repeat the lines, but that he is a minister is no assurance that he could do the work well—precious few ministers, alas! are competent to read Paul's great lines on immortality. The moment the company is seated again, bring on some sprightly music, instrumental or vocal, to restore the cheerful tone of the meeting. Or else tell a funny story, or have something else to say, with a smile and an accordant voice.

"Good Night!" Frequently a part of the audience begins to ooze out as soon as the chief speech, which usually is the last one, has been finished. Bang your gavel and stop them and hold them and make them join in the courtesy of your "Good Night!" utterance. Here is an admirable finale:

The songs are ended and the speeches done,
  The stories told, we've lit our last cigar;
We leave this place of meeting, one by one,
  To seek a shadowy country, dim and far.
It is a land where dreams do all come true,
  Where failures and resentments do not lurk,
Where youth and hope are ours, and faith is new,
  And swift success does follow honest work.
Two words invoke the bounty of that land,
  With all its favors and its blessings bright,—
I give to each of you a brother's hand,
  And bid you, one and all, Good Night! Good Night!

You started the banquet, and *you* ended it. You had control throughout. You pleased your audience, and you made their enjoyment more complete because you did start and did control and did announce the end; never leave the audience to wonder whether or not the program has ended—do the ending yourself.

Toastmastering is a useful and an ornamental art. I have tried to show you some of its first principles. Use them and you will not go far wrong. Prepare thoroughly all that you do. And by and by your workmanship will be a master's, the product of your own personality and suited to your own temperament.

How to Tell a Funny Story

I assume that you do not know how, and that you have not developed any part of the instrument for story-telling. I assume also that you earnestly desire to develop this faculty or power, and that, being reasonable, you will agree that a few minutes a day must be given, for some weeks or months, to practice—just as you would be obliged to do in acquiring facility in any other easily acquired art. I do not mean, of course, that you need to defer the beginning of your story-telling for several months, but merely that to become a thoroughly capable jester, methodical and persistent practice is necessary. Let us first take the easier part of the work—

The Easier Part

Gather a Fund: From the start be on the watch for good brief bits of laughter, in magazines and newspapers. Clip them, and file them alphabetically, according to the subject. Also be a watchful listener, and write down, at the earliest moment—don't trust memory too long—each usable story, and put it in your files. You will thus create a valuable stock, that will contain something for every occasion.

Carry a card in your pocket, bearing the first or a suggestional line of several stories, and when you find yourself in a company, public or private, in whose entertainment you are likely to be a participant, refresh your memory by glancing at your memoranda. Do this, and you will not later regret not having told some story that had a special relish.

Memorize: Memorize your stories. Get them down letter perfect. Don't spoil your chance to earn a laugh by hesitating, stumbling, recalling, apologizing. Let the story come trippingly on the tongue. Face yourself in the mirror. Tell your stories to the man in the mirror. Satisfy him—completely—and then you may confidently expect to satisfy a larger audience.

Voice: If the story is without dialogue, you will use your natural voice alone, of course. But if it has dialogue, you must use at least three voices—the narrator's (your own), and a different voice for each of the two in the dialogue. Give one of

them a bass and the other a tenor voice; or one of them may need an old man's quavering, toothless voice, and the other the voice of a man in his prime; or both may be boys' voices; or one a man's and the other a woman's. You must give to each speaker such a voice as belongs to the character you are depicting. If you employ only your own voice, you produce monotony, and you cannot create the individual color that variety of voice permits. That is obvious.

Face: But the voice is only a part of story-telling. You must use such facial expressions as would be used by the man of whom you are telling. If the words are angry, so must the face be; if of grief the face must respond; if of joy, the face must show it; if of disdain, derision, truculence, dissemblance —the face should match. Again the mirror. Tell the story to its man. Tell it again and again, until you satisfy *him*. Then take it out and try it.

Gesture and Posture: Nor are voice and face all. There are also gesture and posture—gesture, the action of fingers, hands, arms, shoulders; posture, generally, the body's action of attitude. Some stories require neither gesture nor posture; others require one or both. An excited Frenchman or a voluble Hebrew is apt to talk with his entirety, as is also the lively darky. And so you must be a mimic also in these respects. Watch—*watch*—WATCH! when you see a "character," and then as soon as possible go to the man in the mirror and practice until he tells you that you may try out on somebody else.

What to Tell: What kind of a story shall you tell? Humor in stories may lie in a play upon words, or in the incident, or in the dialect and action, or in a combination of these elements. Assume that, although you enjoy dialect, you have yet no facility in its use. Choose, then, a story with play on words or of incident; and stick to that kind until you have developed ease with dialect.

Dialect: The man who can use dialect has a rich talent. Nearly all of us are attracted to one dialect more than to another —to the Hebrew, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the Canuck. Which is your favorite? The Hebrew? All right. Then never miss an opportunity to listen to a Hebrew. And, I repeat, as soon as you can reach your mirror, use your power of mimicry to copy what you have heard. Do it over and over

again, and listen over and over again—and not to only one subject, but to several; at the same time noting, and copying before your mirror, the typical Hebrew motions of shoulders and arms. Scotch? Go where Scotchmen are, and as soon as you can try it on the man in the mirror. Practice "rolling the r"—difficult at first, but soon you will be able to roll one as long as those of Harry Lauder. When you have your dialect down pat, try it out at that little luncheon or card game. If it goes, as it probably will, keep on practicing, and take on at the same time another dialect. Soon you will have two or three at command.

Choose Your Time: How to tell a story comprises also *when* to tell. The greatest success is obtained by using such a story as the subject of the conversation, or the address, or the character of the occasion, naturally educes, for the minds of your hearers are already receptive to it. Don't jar with an ill-timed jest a serious moment.

The Banquet Table: Suppose you are at a banquet table and are called upon without warning to speak on a subject of which you know little. Self-deprecation would be appropriate, and, if you did indeed speak to the purpose, so much the greater your credit with your audience because you began so modestly. For example: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am only so slightly familiar with the subject under discussion that I fear anything I might say would remind you of the man who recently was a police-court prisoner"—and then tell the police court stuttering story:—A prisoner recently was called to the bar of a New York police court. JUDGE: Prisoner, your name? PRISONER: F-f-f-f-f-f. [Do it three or four times.] JUDGE (angrily): "Officer, what is this man charged with? OFFICER: Beggora, your Honor, an' I do be thinkin' he is charged with sody watter." Or: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am obliged to plead dark ignorance of the subject that has been so ably analyzed and illumined, and if I should attempt to add to what has been said I should as certainly fail to set up an intelligent contact with this audience as did the young lady who for the first time in her life was seated, at dinner, next to so high a dignitary as a bishop"—and go on with the bishop-pyjama story:—A young lady was for the first time seated next to an elderly bishop at a banquet table. And her brain wouldn't work and her tongue was paralyzed. Each minute

the silence became more embarrassing to her. At length the fruit was reached, and as she passed him the bananas she asked: "Are you very fond of bananas?" The dear old man was a trifle deaf and he thought she said "pyjamas." After a moment or two he answered: "My dear young lady, since you ask me I must frankly confess that I much prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt." These are suggestions for *twisting* a story to your need. The power to adapt will quickly respond to cultivation.

You have noticed that quite a number of the stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER are aimed at the finer sex. But they shouldn't be blown at a feminine audience like a ball from a cannon. Suggestion:—"Mr. Toastmaster, and ladies and gentlemen: The presence of the ladies makes it certain that no member of this association will ever be guilty of engraving on the marble memento of his better half the sentiment which a Vermont farmer carved on the tombstone of his lamented one—'Here lies our wife, Samanthy Proctor; she catched a cold and wouldn't doctor. She couldn't stay, she had to go—praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

Stories of what precious imps of children said to discomfit their parents when company was present always are acceptable at a "Ladies' Night"—of Rotary Club, Publicity Club, or other organization. The mothers are thinking, while the stories are being told, of their own little saints and their speeches and antics, and they like to hear of the pranks of other mothers' angels. Suggestion: "I am glad that this occasion has been made more bright by the light that lies in woman's eyes. Our youngsters are tucked in their beds, and mothers and fathers together are enjoying the pleasures of this occasion. But, ah, those youngsters of ours! What don't they do to us!" Then tell two or three of the child stories which you will find in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER—saving for the last the one you believe to be best.

Don't Overdo: Stuttering stories and hare-lip stories are always enjoyed if told well. The stuttering should be accompanied by facial contortions. Be careful in this, however: don't drag the stuttering out too long—your audience will grow impatient; yet be deliberative enough to give them the full flavor of the stutter. In telling a hare-lip story be sure that your enunciation is clear enough, though clouded by the simulated deformity, to give your hearers the sense of what you

are saying, else you will fail—they *must* be made to hear the *point* of the story

"That Reminds Me": One emphatic "Don't!" Don't ever begin a story, whether in public or in private, by saying, "That reminds me of a story." More good stories have been done to a sorry, soggy death by men who use that phrase than by any other class of humor murderers. If the conversation, or the address, or your own remarks, suggest a story, *glide* into it thus:—"Something like Bill" or "Much like Bill" or "As in the case of the dear old lady"—and then without any other word tell your story.

Discriminate: In a public address it is well to use two kinds of jests. One is the line-or-two jest, that is run in at the end of a sentence, to illustrate a point or to lighten a too pronounced soberness. Don't make too much of this brief form—use it casually, and be satisfied with grins or chuckles, and don't act as if you expected your audience to "fall apart in chunks."

Save your best effort for a laughter-compelling story—a complete anecdote. Rehearse it carefully, and weigh and polish its parts. Then, when you tell it, note its effect upon the audience. You will tell some stories that, to your surprise, will yield more than the one expected laugh—the audience will break in at a point where no humor had been apparent to you. The next time you tell the story in public, be prepared to let your hearers have their laugh at that spot. Then give them the climax, and you will get doubled laughter. Remember this, however:—a sizable audience is more likely to laugh easily than is a little group of three or four, and so the same story that publicly pulls two laughs may not in private gain more than one.

A Caution: All the time have this in mind, so that you will not be narrowed to your own likes and dislikes in your story-telling:—Tastes in humor differ. There are as many different tastes in humor as there are in food, clothes, jewelry, perfumery, music, painting, cards, books, sermons, politics, climate, and men and women and children. Your task is to please the average, and you must therefore forget *yourself,* and get over the fence and mingle with the crowd, as it were, that you may see with their eyes, think with their minds, and use their varied humor.

Study SPARKS OF LAUGHTER—don't merely read it just once—it is full of usable material for every occasion, which will lie

"all unlocked to your command" after you have long enough practiced your imagination and ingenuity in *twisting* the stories to your use.

Summary: Memorize your stories. Tell them to the man in the mirror. Suit the voice or voices to the story. Make the face accord with the voice. Obtain command of gesture and posture. Begin your story-telling with the kind of a story you are at present able to tell well. Tell the right story at the right time. Gather a fund of stories. *Study* SPARKS OF LAUGHTER, and force your ingenuity to adapt the stories to your needs. In brief, put as much desire, work, persistence into your learning of this art as your abilities or deficiencies require. And now, if your desire is strong enough to arouse your will to compel you to *grind hard,* that you may attain the utmost success, read with care the following:

If You Have the Grit

You will need an expressive face and a varied voice, among other things. We will begin with the face—that is, with the brows, the eyes, and the mouth. We must *break open* your face.

Your Face: Face your mirror—and at first always practice before it. Lift your right brow up and down, without moving the left. Probably you cannot do it. Take your finger and *push* that brow up and down. Now try it without the finger. Alternate with and without. After a few days you will find that you have gained some control. Keep up your practice, and soon the brow will obey you. Then attack the left brow, and give it the same treatment, as long as it is necessary. Next raise the two brows *alternately,* as many times as you wish—slowly at first, and then rapidly. Various emotions use the brows in expressing themselves. You must and you can subdue them.

Your eyes must be so drilled that you can on the instant flash them up and down, or from side to side—fast as a shuttle if necessary, or roll them in a circle. Face your mirror and practice this:—Move the eyes from side to side, slowly at first, then fast and faster. Let the remainder of your face lie in repose, with the muscles relaxed,—you will probably find that your facial muscles have become tense, especially those of the jaw. Next, move the eyes up and down, slowly at first, and then

fast and faster. And now try to move your eyes in a circle—to the right; then reverse and turn them to the left. Don't overdo this part of the eye exercise—gain your control gradually, lest you suffer from strain.

Open the eyes as far as you can. Imagine you are struck with horror—wider and still wider open them, until a broad circle of white shows all around the pupils. Almost close the lids, until you can barely see through the "narrowed lids." Now keep one eye at normal and narrow the lids of the other. Alternate. Keep at it day by day until you can open wide, narrow, and narrow alternately the moment you command yourself to do it. A few weeks at most, and probably only a few days, will show a gratifying response.

Stretch the right side of the mouth as far as you can, in a line with the mouth. Do it until the muscles tire. Treat the left side the same. Then rapidly alternate—right-left, right-left, right-left, and so on. Stretch the right side of the mouth obliquely, to point between cheek and ear. Keep at it, day by day, until you can do it easily. Left side of the mouth the same. Then alternate rapidly. Pull the right corner of the mouth down—"down in the mouth" expression. Master it. Then tackle the left and master. Now both corners down at once. Then alternate rapidly. Smile pleasantly; broaden to a grin; break wide open into a whole-souled "Ha! ha! ha!" Shrink to the grin, narrow to the smile, go back to normal. Do this repeatedly. Wife laughing at you and asking if you are crazy? Of course!—that's one of the things wives are for!

These muscles are now fairly obedient. We will therefore take another step. Imagine you are expressing horror. Brows up, eyes staring open, mouth open. Do it both with and without mirror. Now you are sneering:—Eyes a little narrowed, nose turned up, upper lip, one or both sides, drawn up from the teeth. You are weeping:—Brows wrinkled, eyes a bit narrowed, corners of the mouth drawn down. You are joyful:—Brows up, eyes wide and bright but not staring, mouth open. Go through the whole range of emotions in the same way, practicing on each until you can instantly assume its expression no matter when or where called upon. You know these expressions—every man does—or, at least, his mirror will soon reveal them. Practice faithfully, and you will be surprised at how short a time was required to make you a master. Further:—this practice will give you a more expressive face in ordinary

conversation, in business or in social converse, and if you are a speaker it will add to your power to convince.

Voice: You must have a varied voice. I don't mean that you need to go to a teacher of elocution. Not at all. You must school yourself, to assure that your tone of voice expresses the emotion you are depicting. The unsuccessful storyteller's oral expression is monotonous, because he tells all his stories in practically the same tone of voice, and thus fails to make the most of them. If the story has a sneer in it, put into your voice the *sneeriest* tone you can imagine; if it has fury, choke with fury; if a wheedle, "wheedle like the devil," as old Crookback Gloster said. *Color of tone!* COLOR OF TONE! is necessary. How shall you get it? Again your mirror! Having chosen your story, get it down pat, every word in its place, so that you can tell it without hesitation or self-correction. Then look at the man in the mirror. Tell it to him! Watch him respond! Tell him over and over again; and when you have satisfied him, then you may "try it on the dog"—that is, tell it among your friends when the occasion offers. And after you have told it, don't act as if you are begging your hearers for a laugh, or are fearful that they won't laugh—just tell it. If it "goes," why, then, you will know you have made a start. Watch for the next favorable opportunity, and try it on another dog.

Finally: Break open your face. Master the expressions of the various emotions. Practice on the man in the mirror until he tells you to try it on the dog. Observe and practice dialect. Above all, a few minutes a day, and every day, in mirror exercise. When you begin to tell stories, watch for opportunities to tell more, and *make* opportunities to tell them. It will not be long until you will hear, "George, tell us that story you told the other day at the Club," or, if you are an occasional toastmaster, until your reputation will have been enhanced and you will be in still greater demand. The power to tell a story is profitable—it makes a man sought after in business, in social circles, in civic and other organizations, and again and again it takes a man from obscurity and thrusts him into the public eye because of the pleasure he gives at meetings and banquets and similar occasions. I have told you how to acquire this power—but whether or not dollars and power and satisfaction shall result depends altogether upon *yourself*.

SPARKS OF LAUGHTER

The Quick and the Dead

The Sunday school teacher had been telling her class about the benefits of being good. At the end of her discourse, she turned to a bright-eyed little miss and asked:

"Where do good little girls go when they die?"

"To heaven," was the prompt reply.

"And where do bad girls go?"

"To the depot to see the traveling men come in."

Ish Ka Bibble

A merchant, unable to sleep tossed fretfully on his bed and muttered unintelligible words. The wife of his bosom sought the cause of his restlessness. In answer to her inquiries he said:

"You should expect me to sleep when my note to Cohen in the bank comes due tomorrow for $5,000 and there's only $2,000 in the bank to meet it."

"It is?" said the faithful wife. "Then I tell you what I should do, Ike. You should get up and go over to Cohen's house and tell him and then come back and go to sleep. Let Cohen stay awake."

—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Female of the Species

A certain man had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at the office.

One morning as he was going to business, he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car; and as he rose to get out he absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine."

He was quite embarrassed.

That night he decided to take all of his umbrellas home with him.

When he got into the car, there sat this same young lady. She leaned forward, as he passed, and said in a low tone, "I see you did pretty well to-day, after all."

Just a Little Consideration

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever set ma teeth in, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, parson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reluctance, "when you preaches a speshul good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show de same consideration."

—*Lawyer and Banker.*

The Deck of the Pullman

The Bishop was absorbed in a book while seated in a Pullman car. The porter scrutinized him very carefully, and said, "'Scuse me, Senator, anythin' ah kin do fo' yo', suh?" The Bishop replied in the negative.

The porter returned again soon, and asked, "Shall ah open de window, Guv'ner?" The response once more was, "No, thanks."

A third excursion he ventured, "'Scuse me, Kuh'nel, kain't ah brush yo' off?"

The Bishop looked up. "Listen, porter," he said, "I'm not a senator, or a governor, or a colonel; nothing but a poor, common Episcopal bishop."

"Yassah, Bish'p," replied the darky, "but ah jes' don' knewed yo' wuz one o' dem face cawds."

—*Judge.*

All In Good Time

Tommy, after going to bed, became thirsty, or thought he did. He called out: "Ma, I want a drink." The mother's voice answered back: "Tommy, you go to sleep." Tommy grunted, turned over, and was silent for ten minutes; then again: "Ma, I want a drink." "Tommy, you go to sleep," was the reply. Intense silence again for ten minutes; then: "Ma, I want a drink." "Tommy, if you don't go to sleep, I'll come up and spank you." More silence; this time for about two minutes; and then: "Ma, when you come up to spank me, bring me a drink, won't you?"

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Patience Wins

The sectarian issue is not unknown in Australian politics. The story is told of a British politician who went down to a constituency with a view to being selected as its candidate for a by-election. He addrest a meeting of the electors, and sought, through his speech, to discover the prevailing religious tendency of the constituency. "My great-grandfather," he said, "was an Episcopalian" (stony silence), "but my great-grandmother belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland" (continued silence). "My grandfather was a Baptist" (more silence), "but my grandmother was a Congregationalist" (still frigid silence). "But I had a great-aunt who was a Wesleyan Methodist" (loud applause), "and—and I have always followed my great-aunt" (loud and prolonged cheering). He got in.

—*The Christian Evangelist (St. Louis).*

A Real Cosmopolite

The average South Dakota citizen gets up at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls, puts on a pair of cowhide boots made in Ohio, washes in a Pittsburgh basin, using Cincinnati soap, and dries on a cotton towel made in New Hampshire, sits down to a Grand Rapids table, eats hot biscuits made with Minneapolis flour, Kansas City bacon and Indiana grits fried in Omaha lard, cooked on a St. Louis stove; buys Irish potatoes grown in Michigan and canned fruits put up in California, seasoned with Rhode Island spices, claps on his old wool hat made in Philadelphia, harnesses his Missouri mule, fed on Iowa corn, to an Indiana plow.

At night he crawls under a New Jersey blanket and is kept awake by a South Dakota dog—the only home product on the place.

—*Fischer Printing Co.*

So Lifelike

A New York City official, as the story is going the rounds, was walking through City Hall Park with one of his commissioners. As they passed the statue of Nathan Hale, who stands with his hands behind his back, the commissioner said:

"Mr. Official, don't you think that statue of Nathan Hale is a beautiful piece of work?"

"Hale? Nathan Hale?" said the official in a puzzled tone. "Why, I thought that was a statue of Houdini!"

—*Argus.*

Nothing Is Right

"Pardon me, lady, but you have lost one of your garters," said the polite young man.

"Garter nothing," replied the girl. "That's my union suit."

Stymied

Smith (who is always trying to be funny, to taxi driver): "I say, driver, is your Noah's Ark full?"

Driver: "One monkey short, sir; jump in."

The Newer Eden

Mother (indignantly): "Why did you strike little Nancy, you naughty boy?"

Peter: "What did she want to cheat for, then?"

Mother: "How did she cheat?"

Peter: "Why, we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me. She went and ate it herself."

—*Life.*

Too Much Steam

They were discussing a certain undefeatable and irrepressible politician.

"Well," summed up the smoke room philosopher, "I'll tell you this about him. He might have typhoid and recover; he might have pneumonia and recover; he might have yellow fever and recover; but—if he ever had lockjaw, by gad, he'd bust!"

—*New York Globe.*

The Law of Compensation

"What are you doing?" demanded the foreman of a construction gang sternly of an alleged worker.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Well, there is no use both of us doing the same thing. You get busy and do something."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

How Does Your Garden Grow?

"How's your garden getting along, old man?"

"Well, if the green things coming up are vegetables, it's fine; but if they're weeds, it's terrible."

—*Boston Transcript.*

What Optimism Is

A man passing a lot where two colored teams were playing baseball asked the man on first base how the score stood. He replied, "Forty to nuthin', favor de odder side."

"Well, they seem to be giving you quite a licking."

"No, suh, Cap'n," replied the darky, "we ain't been to bat yit."

Low

Alice for the first time saw a cat carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.

"You ain't fit to be a mother," she cried scathingly. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father!"

The Turnover

A negro woman with her flock of four children stood at the corner of the railway station apparently waiting for a train. Just as I passed the brood the mother called to the biggest child and said: "Rufus, gimme dat gum now. It's my turn."

—*N. O. States.*

This Way Out

"Do you know," beamed the lecturer to his class, "as I came into the room this morning I read a single word printed on the door, without which not one of you could dream of success in the scientific world?"

"Pull!" shouted the class in unison; and the instructor knew that he had taken his motto from the wrong side of the door.

Soothing Serum

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few minutes. But the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No," she murmured, "it's hay fever, but go on with the treatment."

A Quorum

"What dey do to dat Jones boy fo' selling dat booze, Aunt 'Liza?"

"What dey do?" "Lawd, chile, dey done give him two yeahs in de house ob representatives!"

And Cabbages and Kings

A Texas farmer sent this order to the general merchandise store where he traded: "Please send me a sack of flower, five pounds of cofe and one pound of tee. My wife gave birth to a big baby boy last nite, also five pounds of corn starch, a fly-trap and a plug of tobacco. It weighen ten pounds and a straw hat."

No Free Delivery

"Brethren and Sistern sinners," shouted the cullud pahson, "you all come aroun' arg'fyin' 'bout havin' to pay to hear me preach a'ter I done said that the word of the Good Lawd was free. Now lemme tell you all, lemme tell you that the water in de ribber am free too, but you all got to pay to hab it delibered to yo' house! Dat's me! I deliber de word of de Good Lawd—an' yo' wuthless sinners hab to pay fo' it—dat's all."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

The Black Man's Burden

There was once some talk of importing some Belgian workers to a certain part of the South, and an old negro hearing about it, approached his employer to ask about it.

"Dese here Belgians, are dey white folks?"

"Yes, indeed, Sam," his employer said, "What do you think about our bringing them over?"

Sam shook his head dubiously.

"Us niggers has got about all de white folks we can support down here now," he said.

—*Eastern Breezes.*

For Gents Only

Outraged Spectator (at game where boys have been pelting himself and others with peanuts, etc.)—"Hey, there! Don't you know there are ladies present. What the hell's the matter with you?"

The Vicious Circle

"Ezra says Pahson Brown done kotch him in Farmer Smith's chicken coop."

"Oh, boy! Don't Ezra feel 'shamed?"

"Nossuh. De pahson am de one feel 'shame. He kain't 'splain how he done kotch Ezra dar."

The Conquering South

A Northern guest at Pinehurst happened upon an old negro who was beating down dried cotton stalks.

"Uncle, what did the boll weevil do to you this past year?" he inquired.

The old darky replied:

"Lawdy, Boss, dey wuz de wust here dat dey has ever been. Why, one night I was awoke f'om my res' by sech a noise dat I ain't never heard de lak of befo'. I takes my lantern and goes out in dat patch over dere, and what do you 'spose I foun'?"

"I have no idea, Uncle. What was it?" the Northerner replied.

"Lawdy, Cap, de old pappy boll weevil had a big stick beatin' all de little boll weevils 'cause dey wouldn't take two rows at a time."

—*North Carolina Boll Weevil.*

The Joiners

A colored gentleman, sauntering down a Georgia road, came upon an acquaintance seated upon a tree trunk and puffing audibly.

"Rastus," he inquired, as a means toward starting a conversation, "has yo' jined dis here Klu Klux yet?"

"Nope," answered Rastus between his pantings, "but dis Klu Klux has been trying to jine me fo' de las' fo' miles and a half."

—*Eastern Breezes.*

Lapsed

The professor was deeply absorbed in some scientific subject when the nurse announced the arrival of a boy.

"What—who—?" stammered the professor, absently. "Why interrupt me—isn't my wife at home?"

Defining His Rights

The judge went on to tell how Pat Somebody was brought before the judge on the charge of assault and battery, having struck a certain respectable citizen on the nose. "But," said Pat, "I was only having a little fun." The judge replied, "Pat, your right to have fun ends where the complainant's nose begins."

—*Christian Work.*

Age and the Young Idea

Old Jones' venerable auto had seen many moons, but finally exhibited symptoms of playing completely out. Jones reckoned it might be needing a little overhauling and asked his local repairman what was needed. The mechanic inspected it carefully and then said: "Well, you got a good windshield there. Let's jack it up and put a new car under it."

Why Count 'Em

The teacher of the class in physiology put to Tommy this question:

"How many ribs have you?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Tommy, squirming at the very thought. "I am so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

—Youth's Companion.

Gilded Silence

"I couldn't get out of marrying her," Henpeck explained. "When she proposed, she said: 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' You see, no matter whether I said 'Yes' or 'No,' she had me."

"Why didn't you just keep silent, then?" inquired his friend.

"That's what I did, and she said, 'Silence gives consent,' and that ended it."

—Titbits.

They Need It

The evening lesson was from the Book of Job and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfilment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric lighting company."

—Boston Transcript.

Our Democratical Land

The story goes that when Congressman Henry Clay Miner arrived at Syracuse, N. Y., as a delegate to the Democratic State Convention and registered, "Henry Clay Miner and valet," a brawny son of Erin followed him and registered, with a flourish, "Michael Murphy and valise."

A Poor "Dumb" Brute

An absent-minded husband was asked by his wife to stop in a store on the way down-town and buy her three articles of feminine wear. Of course when he reached the store he had forgotten what they were. So the young clerk behind the first counter was amazed to hear:

"Excuse me, my wife told me to come in here and get her some things to wear and I've forgotten what they are. Would you mind naming over a few things?"

—*Southern Woman's Magazine.*

It Depends

Uncle George Snow, an old ante-bellum negro was introduced for the state. The counsel asked Uncle George which side of Souchatouchee Creek he lived on, to which he replied:

"Which side of the creek do I live on, boss?"

"Yes."

"Gwine up or down the creek, boss?"

—*Case and Comment.*

Modest Aspirations

An old negro preacher did the honors, and the candidate for baptism was a coal black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out in the stream, where she could be thoroughly immersed, and at the auspicious moment he cried, in a loud voice:

"Be stiddy, sistah, be stiddy, an' you'll come up whitah dan snow."

"Oh, parson!" she exclaimed, "dat's askin' too much; a cream color'll do!"

—*New York Evening Mail.*

Doubtless!

A gentleman of a very excitable and emotional nature had the misfortune to lose his third wife. He took the affliction very much to heart, and at the grave was so overcome that he fainted. His friends gathered around him and were fearful for his life. Among them was a German who spoke English brokenly. He stooped down and felt the gentleman's pulse, and, looking up, said: "He's all right; he'll re-wive."

—*The Christian Herald.*

"The Easiest Way"

First Mess Cook—"Wot'll we give 'em to-morrow for afters? Tapioker?"

Second Mess Cook—"That'll do; write it down; you'll want four pounds.

First Cook (spelling audibly as he writes)—"Four pounds t-a-b-a—t-a-b-i- (hesitates)—we'd better 'ave macaroni."

Second Cook—"All right; write it down, then."

First Cook—"Four pounds m-a-k-a m-a-k-i—oh, we'll 'ave rice! Four pounds r-i-s-e!"

Another Sex Problem Answered

Ethel (studying grammar): "Say, Reggie, if a man druggist is called a pharmacist, what would you call a woman druggist?"

Reggie: "A pharmacister, of course."

"I Are"

There is a humorous story about Charles Dickens and Lindley Murray, the grammarian: "Some spiritualists were once very anxious to persuade Charles Dickens to become a spiritualist, and he was once persuaded to attend a séance, so that he might become converted to spiritualism. They asked him whose spirit he would like to appear, and he said, 'Lindley Murray.' Soon they told him, 'Lindley Murray is in the room,' and he said, 'Are you Lindley Murray?' And the 'spirit' answered 'I are!' All hope of making Charles Dickens a spiritualist was gone from that moment."

Ancient Tongue-Twister

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. See that thou, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of the thumb.

The Caddie Makes Good Guess

Novice: "What club shall I use, caddie?"

Caddie: "Well, I reckon a dust pan an' brush would be about the thing for you, ma'am."

—*Tit Bits.*

Remarkable Waist

A brewer's dray had collided with a heavily laden milk cart and sent can after can splashing into the street. Of course, the world assembled to watch the great event.

A small man, coming up late, had to stand on tip-toe and keep dodging his head from side to side in order to see past an enormously stout washerwoman, who was just in front of him.

"What is it? What is it?" he kept on asking.

At last he caught a glimpse—the shattered cart and the fresh white milk streaming through the street.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned and stared at him.

"Mind your own business!" she snapped.

—*New York Globe.*

Where Did They Keep Him?

It is said that a Columbia county clergyman, in preaching a funeral sermon, referred to the deceased saying: "The corpse has been a member of this church for fifteen years."

A Tail and a Tale

A little girl who loved animals came home accompanied by a stray dog.

"Why, Cissy," said her mother, "that dog isn't yours. You have no right to bring him home."

"Well, mamma," pleaded Cissy, "he didn't belong to anybody any more than the flowers. I can pick flowers—wild ones—and keep 'em, and the doggy was just like the flowers, so I came along and picked him."

At this point the dog turned round and displayed a noticeable lack of tail, whereupon Cissy's small brother broke in with, "Why didn't you pick a longer stem?"

—*Omaha News.*

The Sentence

SAM (on outside looking in)—"Look heah, niggah, is you in fo' life?"

RASTUS (on inside looking out)—"Not me, I ain'; jes' fum now on."

—*Voo Doo.*

Legalities

A lawyer thus illustrates the language of his craft: "If a man were to give another an orange, he would simply say: 'Have an orange.' But when the transaction is intrusted to a lawyer to be put in writing he adopts this form: 'I hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantages of and in said orange, together with all its rind, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise to eat the same or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other means of whatever nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.'

"And then another lawyer comes along and takes it away from you."

—*Boston Globe.*

On Furlong

A stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a long interval of rest between two heaves of a pick. "Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in overalls and under guard?"

"Ah went on a furlong, sah."

"You mean you went on a furlough."

"No, boss, it was a sho-nuff furlong. Ah went too far, and Ah stayed too long."

—*Infantry Journal.*

On Owning the Earth

The rookie was grumbling about some dirt in his food—for he was at the tender age of rookiehood before the time when a little dirt is necessary to lend the proper savor.

"'Smatter?" bellowed the mess officer. "Stop whining. Don't you know you're here to serve your country?"

"Yes, sir," was the humble reply, "but not to eat it. And I wanted to serve it—not have it served to me."

—*Infantry Journal.*

The Ten Commandments

"Moses," said Uncle Eben, "was a great lawgiver. But de way he was satisfied to keep de ten commandments short an' to de point shows he wasn't no regular lawyer."

—*Washington Evening Star.*

The Number Thirteen

There was a man in Texas who went to a revival meeting and was prest to repent. He wavered for a time and finally arose and said: "Friends, I want to repent and tell how bad I have been, but I dasn't do it when the grand jury is in session."

"The Lord will forgive," the revivalist shouted.

"Probably he will," answered the sinner, "but he ain't on that grand jury."

—*Lawyer and Banker.*

Sewing and Reaping

A little boy in a city school refused to sew, thinking it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man.

"George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must; "and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?"

"I don't know; time will tell," said the boy seriously.

—*Good Hardware.*

The Littlest Bud

Sarah brought her three children for her former mistress to see.

"And what are their names, Sarah?" asked the mistress.

"They's all got flower names, missy," replied the negress. "I'm rahthe' proud o' their names. The oldest one's Heliotrope, and the second one there is Dahlia."

"Yes?" said the mistress kindly, "very pretty. And what's the baby's name?"

"Flower name again, missy. We call her Ahtifushal."

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

The First Ride Together

ARTILLERY ROOKIE (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship)—"Sergeant, please pick me out a nice, gentle, peace-loving horse."

STABLE SERGEANT—"D'ja ever ride a horse before?"

ROOKIE—"No."

SERGEANT—"Ah! Here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can start out together."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

An Old, Old Friend

THE LODGER—"Oh, Mrs. Grabb, you've made a mistake in my washing this week. You've kept my shirt and sent me half-a-dozen very old handkerchiefs instead."

MRS. GRABB—"Lor, bless yer, sir, them ain't handkerchiefs; that *is* yer shirt!"

—*London Mail.*

Convinced

Bishop Bloomfield confesses that as a country curate he thought very highly of a sermon he had preached on "Atheism," and was so imprudent as to ask a farmer with whom he had walked from church how it struck him. "Well, sir," he replied, "for all you did say, and no doubt it was very clever, I still believe there is a God."

—*Christian Register (Boston).*

Worrying Does It

"Can't you wait on me?" asked the impatient customer. "Two pounds of liver. I'm in a hurry."

"Sorry, madam," said the butcher, "but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Somewhat Official

INCOME TAX OFFICIAL—"And is the separation from your husband an official one?"

KATE—"I dunno about 'official.' All I knows is as when 'e comes to our 'ouse, we calls the police an' they chucks 'im out."

—*Toronto Globe.*

Some Inside Stuff

A business man of Oakland who has many relatives well enough off, but anxious to inherit his even greater fortune, recently called in his lawyer to draw up his will. When the document was completed the client asked, "Well, Thompson, have you fixt this thing as I want it?" "I have done my best," said the lawyer anxiously. "Then there is another thing I want to ask you," continued the wealthy Oaklander, "as man to man, who do you think stands the best chance of getting my property when I cash in?"

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

Hops

Seven-year-old Mary had been repeatedly cautioned against handling any object that might contain germs. "Mother," she said, "I shall never play with my puppy any more, because he has germs on him." "Oh, no!" replied the mother. "There are no germs on your puppy." "Yes, there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

The Drummer of the Band

A New York traveling salesman arrived late at night in a small Southern town where a group of silent men were waiting the arrival of a secret agent of the Ku Klux Klan. When the drummer stept from the train a man detached himself from the group, went up to the drummer and said: "Ku Klux?" "No," was the reply. "Klux and suits."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

So Far a Disagreement

TOMMY—"Mother's throwing plates at father."
VISITOR—"Is she angry with him?"
TOMMY—"No; but she's workin' up to it."

—*London Answers.*

Oh, Only Asking

A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger who was walking in the same direction.

"Have you lost half a dollar?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger, feeling in his pockets. "Have you found one?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I just want to find out how many have been lost to-day. Yours makes fifty-five."

—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).*

The Complete Disguise

YOUNG LADY—"Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?"

LITTLE BOY—"Naw! Dey made me wash me face an' when I went home de dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me."

—*The Antidote (Peekskill).*

David and Goliath

"Look, Daddy," said a little six-year-old, "I pulled this corn-stalk right up all by myself."

"My, but you are strong!" said his father.

"I guess I am, Daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Omit the Hyphen

A bootblack in City Hall Park is a sociable chap, and conversation is inevitable.

"You are a foreigner?" he was asked.

"Not foreigner," he answered. "American from de other side."

—*New York Evening Post.*

Don't Bother

The lumberjack was being cross-examined in a north woods murder trial. "You say the murder occurred on the night of March 5th?" questioned the attorney for the defense.

"Ya-as," said the Swede.

"You say," continued the lawyer, "you saw the defendant murdering the woman—saw it with your own eyes?"

"Ya-as," said the lumberjack.

"You also say," concluded the triumphant attorney, "that at the time you saw the murder you were two miles away from the scene of the crime?"

"Oh, vell," said the Swede stretching his arms and legs, "Ay don't care much for this trial anyhow."

—*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

Fixed

"Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?"

"Yes'm, at the post-office. But I noticed that you'd put the two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and the five-cent stamp on the city one."

"Oh, dear, what a blunder!"

"But I fixt it all right, ma'am. I just changed the addresses on the envelopes."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Afterthought

"Dear God," prayed golden-haired little Willie, "please watch over my mamma."

And then he added as an afterthought, "And I dunno as it would do any harm to keep an eye on the old man, too."

—*The Leatherneck (Washington).*

Circumstances Alter Conditions

PATIENT—"Doctor, I've known you so long now that it would be an insult for me to pay your bill, so I've arranged a handsome legacy for you in my will."

DOCTOR—"You don't mean it—I am overwhelmed—by the way, just let me take a look at the prescription again."

—*Banter.*

Just About Right

FARMER (who has sent some beer of doubtful quality out to the harvest-field)—"What be ye lookin' at the beer like that for? Anybody 'ud think there was summat the matter with it."

JARGE—"Well, I were just a-thinkin' if 'twere any worse we couldn't a-drink it, an' if 'twere any better we shouldn't 'a' got it."

—*Punch.*

The Bear Hunt

"I've been in camp," said one of a group in the local grocer's who were exchanging stories of adventure, "and only came down yesterday. One morning last week I struck the trail of a bear and followed it till about half-past four that afternoon before giving it up."

"What made you quit after putting in a whole day's work?" asked one of his listeners.

"Well, to tell the truth," replied the first speaker, shifting his weight ponderously from one leg to the other, "it seemed to me the trail was getting altogether too fresh."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

All Welcome

The very small boy with the very large gun was standing in a country road.

"What are you hunting, bub?" asked a passer-by.

"I dunno," he replied frankly. "I ain't seen it yet."

—*The Boys' Magazine.*

Helpful Humidity

THE KINDLY EMPLOYER (to youthful employee who has but yesterday reported a near relative at death's door)—"How's your grandmother, Johnny?"

OFFICE BOY (gloomily, staring from the office window at rain-washed pavements)—"Aw, she's comin' along all right, Mr. Blivvens!"

—*Life.*

Done With It Now

Sploshkins wanted to sell his horse, so he prevailed on the local dealer to come and see the animal.

"That's a good horse, Mr. Taylor," Sploshkins said to the dealer. "It cost me five hundred pounds, but you shall have it for fifty pounds."

The dealer gasped.

"That's rather a big reduction, Mr. Sploshkins, isn't it?" he asked.

"Well," the vender admitted, "the fact is it bolted one day and killed my poor wife, and now I've got no further use for it."

—*The Winning Post Winter Annual.*

What Slipped

"You heard me say my prayers last night, didn't you, nurse?"

"Yes, dear!"

"And you heard me ask God to make me a good girl?"

"Yes!"

"Well, he ain't done it."

—*The Snark's (Starr Wood's) Annual.*

Experimenting

"When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute," says a medical authority. We have noticed people trying this experiment in church.

—*London Opinion.*

Explaining It Away

POLICE CAPTAIN—"Why did you cut your wife up into two hundred and forty-eight pieces?"

THE CULPRIT—"I did it in a moment of anger."

—*Le Rire.*

Knowing

THE BOSS—"I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business."

APPLICANT—"Don't I, tho! I am engaged to your stenographer."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Reader

A young couple on their honeymoon stopped off at Buffalo for a few days to take in the Falls. To while away time one evening while his wife was dressing for dinner her husband picked up a copy of *Snappy Stories.*

Presently the bride tiptoed over to his chair and glanced over his shoulder. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "I've married a bookworm!"

—*The Bookseller and Stationer.*

Honeymooning

"Honey," said the colored suitor, "when we gits married you ain't gwine to give up dat good job you has workin' for de white folks, is you?"

"But ain't we gwine to have no honeymoon an' take a trip on de train somewhere?"

"One of us might go, honey. Dey ain't a thing holdin' me, but you's got 'sponsibilities."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Optimism

OUTRAGED PROPRIETOR—"What do you mean by comin' into my place and orderin' a dozen oysters with only threepence in your pocket?"

CHEERFUL OPTIMIST—"Well, gov'nor, you see, there is always a chance of findin' a pearl in one of them—perhaps two."

—*The Winning Post Winter Annual.*

His Opinion

THE COMEDIAN (during pantomime rehearsal)—"Wake up, sir—how can you give an opinion when you're asleep."

THE PRODUCER—"Sleep, my boy, is an opinion."

—*London Opinion.*

Time Out

Abe Cory brought the following story over from New York the other day:

A negro charged with stealing a watch had been arraigned before the court. The judge was not convinced that he was guilty and said:

"You are acquitted, Sam."

"Acquitted," repeated Sam doubtfully. "What do you mean, judge?"

"That's the sentence; you are acquitted."

Still looking somewhat confused, Sam said: "Judge, does dat mean I have to give the watch back?"

—*Christian Evangelist.*

Our Official Regrets

MOTHER (to Betty who has been sent home owing to indisposition of schoolmistress)—"But I hope you were sorry poor Miss Pringle was ill."

BETTY—"Oh, I was, mother, but I couldn't help clapping my hands under my breath."

—*Punch (London).*

The Gang's All Here

Two merchants met in the street.

"What's this I hear?" said the one. "You had a big fire at your place?"

"Oh, no," said the other. "It isn't going to happen until next week. But how about you? You're insured too, aren't you?"

"Yes, I carry both fire and hail insurance."

"I can understand being insured against fire, but I didn't know anybody could make it hail."

—*Le Rire.*

On Standard Time

Freddy had been given a new watch, and was very proud of its time-keeping qualities. Just after nine o'clock one evening, watch in hand, he rushed indoors.

"What time does the sun set to-day?" he asked his father.

"About a quarter past nine," answered the parent.

"Well," replied Freddy, consulting his watch, "if it doesn't buck up it will be late."

—*The American Boy.*

Making It Snappy

When General Pershing was in Coblenz he reviewed the entire "Rhine Division" at Weissenthurm, near there. All officers were instructed to snap out of it and answer any questions put by the general without hesitation. One captain had this especially well in mind.

"How many expert riflemen have you in this company?" queried the general.

"Twenty per cent., sir," snapped back the captain.

"How many sharpshooters?"

"Forty-two per cent., sir," just as snappily.

"How many marksmen?"

"Seventy-six per cent., sir," instantaneously.

"How is this, captain?" asked the general, after his aide had showed him the total of figures he had jotted down on his pad. "This totals 138 per cent. of your company."

"The company is over-strength, sir," snapped back the captain.

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

"— Turneth Away Wrath"

A New Orleans lady was waiting to buy a ticket at the picture show, when a stranger bumped her shoulder. She glared at him, feeling it was done intentionally.

"Well," he growled, "don't eat me up."

"You are in no danger, sir," she said, "I am a Jewess."

—*The Lawyer and Banker.*

Just Wait

"Little Willie pointed at his sister's sweetheart, Mr. Jones.

"'Mr. Jones kicked me yesterday,' he snarled, 'but I got even with him, you bet your life. I mixt up quinine with my sister's face powder.'"

—*Arkansas Utility News.*

A Different Complexion

Rea—"Liza, what fo' yo' buy dat odder box of shoe blackin'?"

Liza—"Go on, dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's my massage cream."

—*Burr.*

The Great Combination

CUSTOMER—"I want to get a diamond ring; platinum, if you please."

SALESMAN—"Certainly, sir. Let me show you our combination sets of three pieces, engagement, wedding, and teething-rings at 10 per cent. discount."

—*Judge.*

Saving

"My son gets threepence a day for his pocket money."

"Threepence a day, and only six years old! That's a lot."

"Yes; but he puts it into the gas-meter. He thinks it is a savings bank."

—*Klods Hans (Copenhagen).*

All Gone

Mr. George Robey, the English actor and raconteur, tells the story of a gilded youth of effeminate tendencies who by some fluke of luck found himself stony broke. Deciding that his best bet was America, he tried for a job on one of the boats crossing the Atlantic. After being turned down by ship after ship he almost despaired of ever getting out of England. Finally his luck changed. He struck a boat on the point of sailing and found that a stoker had failed to show up. Joyfully, he signed on, went aboard, and was directed below by the captain. Then he disappeared. Nothing was seen or heard of him for three days. But on the fourth day the skipper suddenly came upon a resplendent figure in full yachting kit, glasses slung over his shoulder, promenading. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded. "I thought I told you to go below." The re-gilded youth gazed at the irate officer, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and pleasantly inquired, "Oh, haven't you heard? *I've left.*"

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

A Limb o' the Law

"What profession is your boy Josh going to select?"

"I'm going to educate him to be a lawyer," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He's naturally argumentative an' bent on mixin' into other people's troubles an' he might jes' as well get paid fur his time."

—*Washington Evening Star.*

Social Hint

CAUTIOUS COMMITTEEMAN (as candidate descends to talk to rough-looking voters)—"Shake 'em by both their hands, sir. You'll know your watch is safe then."

—*London Opinion.*

Offices and Officers

"Look here, young man, are you trying to tell me that the Generals are in the private offices and the Privates in the general offices?"

—*Sun Dodger.*

Be a Little Generous

The dear old Scotchwoman tramped miles over the hills to get a bottle of medicine for a small boy who was ill in her remote village. When she had described the symptoms, the doctor set about preparing the mixture, one ingredient of which was a poison which could be administered only in the smallest quantities. She watched him pouring it out with the utmost care into the measuring glass. He poured a little from the bottle, held the glass up to the light, and then put in a few more drops. "Ah, doctor," she said reproachfully, "you needna be sae stingy. Remember, it's for a puir wee orphan laddie."

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

Travel On

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipt her hand into his; then, rising swiftly, she sped in the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

—*Lampoon.*

Trusty at Least

DISTRICT VISITOR—"What a well-behaved little boy yours is, Mrs. Blobbs."

MRS. BLOBBS—"Yes, just like his father. My husband always gets a few weeks taken off his sentence for good conduct."

—*London Ideas.*

The Answer Complete

There is a certain Congressman who has the reputation of being the neatest fence-straddler in the profession, a man who is always anxious to conciliate everybody. A measure, on which there was a marked division of opinion, was about to come up.

"Will the gentleman vote for this bill if it comes up?" demanded a member, aiming a finger at the Congressman in question.

The latter looked from one side of the House to the other and slowly answered:

"I will—"

Immediately the opposition broke into a storm of booing. As soon as the member could make himself heard, he continued:

"—not—"

The other side was now in uproar and the speaker added hastily:

"—answer that question."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Gone, Gone!

CUSTOMER (missing his favorite waiter)—"Where's Jules to-day?"

WAITER—"He's gone, sir."

CUSTOMER—"Gone! Do you mean he's defunct?"

WAITER—"Yes, sir—and with everything 'e could lay 'is 'ands on!"

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Efficient

When the general inspected an artillery outfit of colored negro soldiers in France he was struck by the snappy neatness and soldierly bearing of one particular member of a gun team.

"What are your duties, soldier?" queried the commander-in-chief.

"I'se de doah tender to de Swasohng Kans," the lad replied.

"And what is that?" the general asked him.

"Why, I jus' opens de little doah in back o' de gun, and Rastus here throws a shell in and de corporal pulls de lonyard."

"Then what do you do?"

"We jus' drops back and say: 'Kaiser, count yo' soldiers.'"

—*Disabled Veteran Magazine.*

Appreciation

MISS WIGGS—"Yes, sir, I always goes to church when you preaches."

VICAR (flattered)—"I am glad to hear that, but why when I preach?—why not every Sunday?"

MISS WIGGS—"I'm always sure of getting a good seat when you preaches, sir!"

—*The Passing Show (London).*

The Difference

An inquisitive old lady was always asking her minister questions. One day the persistent lady asked, "Mr. ——, can you please tell me the difference between Cherubim and Seraphim?" The minister thought deeply for a minute or two and then quietly replied, "Well, they *had* a difference, madam, but they have made it up."

—*The Christian Advocate (New York).*

The Bird on the Phone

A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young, mute bird to say "Hello!" in one lesson. Going up to the cage, he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot paying not the slightest attention. At the final "Hello!" the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man, and snapt out, "Line's busy."

—*The Congregationalist (Boston).*

No Time Out

Thomas A. Edison is not much given to humor—he is far too busy for that—but he has one pet yarn that he is never tired of repeating:

A man from the country one day came to town and put up at a first-class hotel. He went to the office and asked the clerk what were the times of the meals.

"Breakfast, seven to eleven," answered the clerk: "lunch, eleven to three; tea, three to six; dinner, six to eight; and supper, eight to twelve."

"What!" shouted the astonished visitor. "When am I going to get time to see the town?"

—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Short and Sweet

Hail, four years old, had been going to Sunday-school for some time, when his teacher one Sunday asked the class: "Who wants to go to Heaven?" and all hands went up but Hail's. The teacher asked: "You do not want to go to Heaven?" and Hail answered: "No, thank you." Teacher asked why, and Hail replied: "It has not been long since I came from there."

—*Wilmington News.*

The Stormy Path

"Of course, it gets criticized," he said, "and criticism is a good thing, but it can be run into the ground. I am reminded of the vaudeville producer who muttered as he read the press notices of his program, 'These critics are thorough, all right. They don't leave a turn unstoned.'"

—*The Argonaut* (*San Francisco*).

Just Give 'Em Enough Rope

During a recent political campaign two deacons of the same faith religiously, but on opposite sides of the fence politically, attended prayer-meeting services.

"O Lord," intoned the Republican deacon, "I pray thee that the Republicans may hang together—"

"Amen!" ejaculated the Democrat.

"But not, O Lord," continued the Republican, "in the sense that my Democratic brother means, but in the sense of accord and concord."

"Any cord'll do, Lord; any cord'll do!" was the Democrat's closing thrust.

—*The Watchman-Examiner* (*New York*).

The Great Striped Kimono

SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER (after reading letter from cottager's son)—"And what will you do with the striped kimono your son says he's sending home?"

RUSTIC MOTHER—"You may well ask, missie. I suppose I'll have to put it in one of the pig-sties; but what I'm going to feed it on, goodness only knows."

—*London Punch.*

Do Be Careful

Mrs. Key was visiting some friends and left the following note for her nearest neighbor:

"DEAR MRS. GARRISON: Would you please put out a little food for the cat I have been feeding this winter? It will eat almost anything, but do not put yourself out."

—*The Booster.*

They Try To

STRANGER—"Rastus, do the people who live across the road from you keep chickens?"

RASTUS—"Dey keeps some of 'em, sah."

—*Tips and Topics.*

Not So Well

A little girl was spending her first night from home. As the darkness gathered she began to cry. The hostess asked, "Are you homesick?"

"No," she answered, "I'm here-sick."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

But It Sounds Familiar

There was an all-round good-for-nothing man who died, and at his funeral the minister delivered a most beautiful address, eulogizing the departed in the most glowing manner, praising his splendid qualities as a fine type of man, a good husband and kind parent.

About this time the widow, who was seated well up in front, spoke to her little daughter by her side, and said, "My dear, go look in the coffin and see if it is your father."

—*The Universalist Leader (Boston).*

An Alienist's Subject

Buddy was up before the disability board. The pompous alienist was asking him a long string of questions to determine his mental condition and Buddy was rapidly getting disgusted.

"Quick," shouted the celebrated doc, "tell me this: How many legs has a lobster?"

Buddy looked at him crushingly before replying.

"For the luvva Mike," he said, "is *that* all you got to worry about?"

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Intoxicated My Eye!

"Your honor, I was not intoxicated."

"But this officer says you were trying to climb a lamp-post."

"I was, your honor. A couple of cerise crocodiles had been following me around all day, and I don't mind telling you that they were getting on my nerves."

—*Arkansas Utility News.*

A Cool Day

"Tell me," said the lady to the old soldier, "were you cool in battle?"

"Cool?" said the truthful veteran, "why I fairly shivered."

—*Christian Register (Boston).*

Giving a Character

A shopkeeper had in his employ a man so lazy as to be utterly worthless.

One day, his patience exhausted, he discharged him.

"Will you give me a character?" asked the lazy one.

The employer sat down to write a noncommittal letter. His effort resulted as follows:

"The bearer of this letter has worked for me one week and I am satisfied."

—*London Telegraph.*

The Other Viewpoint

A successful Chautauqua lecturer, who is also a lawyer, was presented to his audience as follows: "I am very glad to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. B., who will give his lecture, 'The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint.' I can imagine only one lecture which might prove more interesting to this audience than the one announced. That would be 'The Trial of a Lawyer from Jesus' Standpoint.'"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Contentment

"But can't you and your husband live happily together without fighting?"

"No, not 'appily."

—*The Bulletin (Sydney).*

The Bigoted Boss

"How d'yer like yer new boss, Mame?" asked one stenographer of another on the elevated.

"Oh, he ain't so bad, only he's kind of bigoted."

"What yer mean, bigoted?"

"He seems ter think that words can only be spelled in his way."

—*Boston Transcript.*

No Baptists Need Apply

The mayor of a far inland town was about to engage a preacher for the new church.

"Parson, ye aren't by any chance a Baptist, be ye?"

"No, not necessarily. Why?"

"Wal, I was just a-goin' to say we have to haul our water twelve miles."

—*Central Christian Advocate (Kansas City).*

The Lucky Bird

It was in the little but overcrowded classroom of an East Side New York public school. The teacher looked out upon a group of eager faces as she put the question:

"And now, children, can any of you tell me what is a stoic?"

Only one hand went up.

"Does only Abie Glutz know what a stoic is?"

Silence.

"Well, Abie, tell your classmates what is a stoic?"

"Please, teacher," said Abie triumphantly. "A stoic is a boid whot brings it th' babies."

—*Judge.*

The Battle Royal

While Horace Mann, the famous educator, was sitting in his study one day, an insane man rushed into the room and challenged him to fight.

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Mann, "it would give me great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it, the odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature—that's two against one."

"Oh, come ahead!" the insane man answered. "I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."

—*Boston Transcript.*

True Art

SHE (petulantly)—"Jack, you make love like an amateur."
HE—"That's where the art comes in."

—Boston Transcript.

Now, Don't Be Nervous

"Don't be afraid," said an aviator to a timid passenger. "All you have to do is to sit quiet."

"I know all about that," retorted the passenger. "But suppose something happens and we begin to fall?"

"Oh, in that case," the aviator reassured him, "you are to grasp the first solid thing we pass and hold tight."

—The American Legion Weekly.

The Hoodoo

THE CADGER—"I ain't never 'ad a chance. No matter where I go or wot I works at, my unlucky number bobs up and does me in, some'ow."

THE HOUSEHOLDER—"What do you mean? What's your unlucky number?"

THE CADGER—"Thirteen, lady. Twelve jurymen an' a judge."

—London Mail.

In a New Field

A young country minister, noted for his jollity, was dining at a farmhouse one Sunday and when his plate of roast chicken was passed to him, he remarked facetiously:

"Well, here's where that chicken enters the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than it did in lay work," rejoined the bright boy of the family.

—Boston Transcript.

The Limit

The devil looked up from his daily register. "I see you got a fellow named Sherman here."

"Yes," said Beelzebub, "he came in with the last lot."

"Well, see if he is any relation to a General of that name who said war was hell, and if he is, give him the limit. I ain't going to stand for people slandering hell that way!"

—Dallas News.

Woman's Work

We question whether the greenest of green young brides could be so absolutely verdant, but here's the story as it comes to us:

"I have some particularly fine asparagus to-day," said the marketman to Mrs. Youngbride, and he displayed a bunch for her admiration. "Picked not three hours ago," he added.

Mrs. Youngbride looked at it with unaffected amazement.

"Does it grow like that?" she asked. "I always supposed the cook braided the ends of it."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Dynamic

"Sambo, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly and so well."

"I'll tell yuh how 'tis, boss. I sticks de match of enthusiasm to de fuse ov yenergy—and jest natchurally explodes, I does."

—*New York Evening Mail*

All in Due Time

Two Irishmen had just laid a wreath of flowers on a comrade's grave, and while crossing another section of the cemetery they saw a Jap lay some rice on the grave of a countryman.

One of the Irishmen asked, "When do you expect your friend to come and eat the rice."

"When your friend comes to smell the flowers," was the quick reply.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Rapid Promotion

Pete Wilkins had just entered the service, and his young wife was the proudest woman in forty-eight States. She was boasting of his achievements to her brother.

"Isn't Tom wonderful?" she exclaimed. "He's already been promoted to field marshal!"

"From private to field marshal in two months!" ejaculated the brother. "Why, that's impossible! The thing can't be did!"

"Did I say field marshal?" murmured the girl. "Well, maybe it's court martial. I know it's one or the other."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

His Chance

An old negro woman stood by the grave of her husband and said mournfully, "Po' Rastus! I hope he's gone where I 'spec he ain't."

—*The Lawyer and Banker (New Orleans).*

Both Ways

"What I say is that if a woman is good-looking the higher education is unnecessary."

"Yes, and if she isn't, it is inadequate."

—*Life.*

The Truth Will Out

A movie actor was suing a company for an immense sum for breach of contract. Upon being asked why he demanded such a sum, he replied, "Because I am the greatest actor in the world." Later, one of his friends took him to task for so loudly singing his own praises. "I know," replied the actor, "it must have sounded somewhat conceited, but I was under oath, so what could I do?"

—*The Kansas City Star.*

Caught

"That young man of yours," said father as daughter came down to breakfast, "should be in a museum for living curiosities."

"Why, father!" exclaimed the young lady in tones of indignation, "what do you mean?"

"I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night," answered the parent, "that he had two heads upon his shoulders."

—*The Soldier-Worker (Butte).*

No Escape

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were circulated among the police. The chief in a small town wrote headquarters a few days later, saying, "I duly received the pictures of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them; the sixth is under observation and will be taken soon."

—*The Christian Advocate.*

Not So S-L-O-W

A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Banking Economy

FIRST SCOT—"I saw ye at the bank, yesterday."
SECOND SCOT—"Aye."
FIRST SCOT—"Did you put in some money?"
SECOND SCOT—"Nae."
FIRST SCOT—"Take some oot?"
SECOND SCOT—"Nae."
FIRST SCOT—"Then ye borrit some money?"
SECOND SCOT—"Nae."
FIRST SCOT—"Then what did ye?"
SECOND SCOT—"I fillet my foontain pen."

Cooperation

A burglar who had entered a clergyman's house was disturbed by the occupant of the room sitting up in bed.

Drawing a knife he said: "If you stir you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."

The Game of Golf

"I hear, Si, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"

"Wall, tol'able. It's a leetle harder than hoein' corn, an' a leetle easier than diggin' potatoes."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Corrective Measures

"James, have you whispered today without permission?"
"Only wunst."
"Leroy, should James have said wunst?"
"No'm, he should have said twict."

Fisherman's Luck

An ardent angler took a friend fishing. He knew nothing of the gentle art, but was set up with the necessary tackle and a nice, comfortable seat on the bank.

The experienced hand started fishing a few yards higher up stream.

Presently the novice said, "How much do those red things cost?"

"I suppose you mean the float?" said the angler. "That costs about ten cents."

"Well, I owe you ten cents," said the novice. "The one you let me take has sunk."

A Rising Market

A speculator on the stock exchange was sitting in a friend's office, and during the conversation, which was mostly about stocks and bonds, he informed his friend that he had picked up a cheap thing during the winter.

"It stood at thirty-three then, and yesterday it touched eighty-four!" he said.

"By Jove! You are lucky. What is it?" asked his friend.

"A thermometer," was the reply.

Making His Mark in the World

Booth Tarkington tells of an old colored man who appeared as a witness before one of our committees. In the course of his examination these questions were put to the man: "What is your name?" "Calhoun Clay, sah." "Can you sign your name?" "Sah?" "I ask if you can write your name." "Well, no, sah. Ah nebber writes ma name. Ah dictates it, sah."

—*Atlanta Chronicle.*

Don't Forget, Now

Smith is a young lawyer, clever in many respects, but very forgetful. He had been sent to a distant city to interview an important client, when the head of his firm received this telegram: "Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

The reply he received was a masterpiece of sarcasm, irony or something. It ran: "Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."

—*The Lawyer and Banker (New Orleans).*

The Doctor Brought Him

A southern colored woman calls her little boy "Prescription." "What an odd name," some one said to her. "Why do you call him that?"

"Ah calls him dat, becauz Ah has such hahd work gettin' him filled."

Promising

MORRIS—"How's business with you, Bernie?"
BERNIE—"Oh, lookin' up."
MORRIS—"What do you mean, lookin' up?"
BERNIE—"Well, it's flat on its back, ain't it?"

—*St. John (N. B.) Eve. Times and Star.*

One Safe Bet

WEATHER EXPERT—"When I say it's going to be fine, it's wet; and when I say wet, it's fine! They'll sack me next!"

COLLEAGUE—"Stick to local showers, old man; there must be some local showers somewhere."

—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Sherlock Holmes, Inc.

DETECTIVE—"You can't remember what night this happened?"

LADY—"No, I was so excited at the time; I only remember I was in my bath."

DETECTIVE—"Say no more, lady—I have it—it was Saturday night."

—*Life.*

Too Easily Damaged

"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, mamma," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broken when it tips over."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Draftee

HOSPITAL CALLER—"Poor man, you certainly have been all shot up."

THE VICTIM—"Yes, I had so many bullet holes bored through me the boys behind me complained of the draft."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Pointer, In Fact

Grandmother had come to visit her son, the pastor, and Mary her five-year-old granddaughter was entertaining her with the story of a wonderful dog.

MARY—"And the dog flew and f-l-e-w and f-l-e-e-e-w away up into the sky."

GRANDMOTHER (reprovingly)—"Now Mary, tell it right; you know a dog can't fly."

MARY (triumphantly)—"Oh, yes, grandmother, that dog could fly; it was a bird dog."

—*St. Louis Christian-Evangelist.*

Timely Directions

A gentleman having business with a back-country farmer inquired of the farmer's boy where the old man was to be found. "He's out in the pig-pen doctoring a sick shoat," replied the boy, and added as an illuminating after-thought, "Pop's the one with a hat on."

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Throw on The Brakes

A rich man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur who had been in his service for years, and said:

"Ah, Sykes. I am going on a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."

"Well, sir," consoled the chauffeur. "There's one comfort. It's all down hill."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Full Directions

SINGLETON—"It's such a bother deciding about vacation."

WEDMORE—"It doesn't bother me. The boss tells me when to go and my wife tells me where."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Which?

A negro went fishing. He hooked a big catfish which pulled him overboard. As he crawled back into the boat, he said, philosophically: "What I wanna know is dis: Is dis niggah fishin' or is dis fish niggern'?"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Easy Money

AUNT ETHEL—"Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?"

BEATRICE—"Yes, auntie, I was."

AUNT ETHEL—"Then there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."

BEATRICE—"He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"

—*Punch.*

And Then Jump

Overheard at a directors' meeting: "While we are sitting here let us see how we stand on running expenses."

—*Boston Transcript.*

We Can't See This

Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."

—*Vancouver Province.*

Weather Variable

Betty Brown, the prettiest girl in the village, was blest with a father who snubbed all the young men who came to see her. One evening a bashful young man named Samuel Green called.

After the trio had sat together in silence for some time, the young man ventured to remark:

"It looks as tho it might rain, sir."

"It's not going to rain," was Father Brown's gruff reply.

For nearly half an hour there was complete silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"Samuel Green," was the response.

"What? Not old Tom Green's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," exclaimed the father, thawing, "it may rain, it may rain."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Improving with Age

The newly elected president of a banking institution was being introduced to the employees. He singled out one of the men in the cashier's cage, questioning him in detail about his work, etc.

"I have been here forty years," said the cashier's assistant, with conscious pride, "and in all that time I only made one slight mistake."

"Good," replied the president. "Let me congratulate you. But hereafter be more careful."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

How Could He Be?

The Protestant pastor of a neighboring town was rather new in the place, and his clerical dress resembled that of a priest. As he passed several little Catholic boys on the street, some of them tipped their hats and said in a chorus: "Good evenin,' Fader." The minister had hardly passed when one of the youngsters who had not touched his hat turned on the others in disgust with: "Fader! he's no Fader; he's got tree kids."

—*The Witness.*

That's Often Enough

Two little English girls were quarreling over the success of their fathers.

"My father can preach better than yours because he is a bishop," said the first.

The second little girl could not answer her back, but she suddenly recovered and said: "Well, anyhow, we've got a hen in our yard which lays an egg every day."

"That's nothing," said the bishop's daughter; "my father lays a corner-stone every week."

—*The Van Raalte Vanguard.*

The Civil Ceremony

"It's no wonder you're such a sissy," declared the bad boy. "Your pa and ma were married by a justice of the peace."

"Well," retorted independent Mary, "from the noise I hear coming from your house, your pa and ma must have been married by the secretary of war."

—*The Continent* (*Chicago*).

Honest Sympathy

A big burly man called at the rectory, and when the door was opened asked to see the rector's wife, a woman well known for her charitable impulses.

"Madam," he addrest her in a broken voice, "I wish to draw your attention to the terrible plight of a poor family in this district. The father is dead, the mother is too ill to work, and the nine children are starving. They are about to be turned into the cold, cold streets unless some one pays their arrears in rent, which amounts to fifty dollars."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the lady. "May I ask who you are?"

The sympathetic visitor applied his handkerchief to his eyes. "I'm the landlord," he sobbed.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Was It a Bargain?

An Englishman walked into a Berlin bank, laid down a sovereign and said, "How many marks can I get for this?"

"Hi, there!" cried the manager, addressing his staff, "clear out, the lot of you. This gentleman's bought the bank."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Please Observe the Speed Laws

Before our agrarian population had taken so enthusiastically to the automobile, two farmers drove into town in an old spring wagon pulled by a very bony nag. The little burg had just been incorporated, and among the evidences of this was a brand-new sign at the town line: "Speed limit, 10 miles an hour." Observing this, the driver began whipping up his steed vigorously.

"What's yo' hurry?" demanded his companion in mild astonishment.

"See that sign?" returned the other. "But I dunno if I can make it or not."

A Moral Loss

VISITOR—"What's up? Had a bad day?"

FINANCIER—"Yes. I've lost over £5,000, and the worst of it is that £20 of it was my own money!"

—*Passing Show (London).*

Cruel

A certain town had bought a new fire-engine, and the superintendent, after gathering all his men together, suggested that an appropriate motto should be placed over the station.

The thing was debated at some length and several suggestions were made. Finally one man rose and said:

"I move the following motto: 'May this fire-engine be like all the old maids in our village—always ready, but never called for.'"

—*Tit-Bits.*

Two Feet Too Close

The fussy station-master of a small village near Edinburgh found one night a fellow-countryman standing, nonchalantly smoking, with his feet half over the edge of the "up" platform.

"Don't you know that the Edinburgh express is passing here directly at sixty miles an hour?" said the station-master. "Come back, come back!"

The other slowly turned his head, and, taking the pipe out of his mouth, replied: "You're awfy feered for your train!"

—*Dominion (New York).*

What's the Difference?

"One should always decide which side is right before he proceeds," advised the philosophical friend.

"But, bedad," objected Murphy, "the foight might be over by that time."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Truth, at All Costs

The notice in the rooms of hotels which reads, "Have you left anything?" should be changed to "Have you anything left?"

—*Detroit Motorist.*

Another Diplomat

CONDUCTOR—"Pardon me, madam, but your girl seems more than twelve."

HER MOTHER—"Conductor! Would you take me to be the mother of a girl that age?"

CONDUCTOR—"Lady, don't tell me you're her grandmother!"

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

French Politeness

Marshal Foch made a witty reply to a man who, when one of the guests at a dinner party in Denver, given by a party of Americans, took exception to French politeness.

"There is nothing in it but wind," he said with questionable taste.

"Neither is there anything but wind in a pneumatic tire," retorted the gallant Marshal, "yet it eases the jolts along life's highway wonderfully."

—*The Argonaut.*

Claiming the Prize

A certain automobile manufacturer claimed to have put a car together in seven minutes.

A few weeks after this event was heralded in the newspapers, a voice on the telephone asked:

"Is it true that your factory put a car together in seven minutes?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I have the car."

—*Southern Telephone News (Atlanta, Ga.).*

Willow Away

A concert had been arranged by the workers of a certain mill in Blackburn, and all the local "stars" were booked to appear.

Miss Handloom, the favorite soprano, was announced to sing, and before she began, apologized for her cold. Then she started:

"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-e-e-ahem!

"On a willow tree-e-e-oh!"

Her voice broke on the high note each time. She tried twice more. Then a voice came from the back of the hall:

"Try hanging it on a lower branch, lass!"

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

An Even Chance

FARE—"Say, driver, not so fast—this is my first trip in a taxi."

DRIVER—"Mine, too."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Stet!"

"Bill," the poet gasped to his friend, "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the first verse with these words, 'My son, my pigmy counterpart.'"

"Yes, yes?"

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket. "Read," he blazed, "see what that compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud: "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

—*Central Wesleyan Star.*

Cheaper to Rent than Buy

"Dear John," the wife wrote from a fashionable resort, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Mary," he responded, "I enclose check to cover the bill, but please do not buy any more hotels at this figure—they are cheating you."

—*Life.*

Patience Pays

CITIZEN—"That's my car. A thief is just fixing a blowout."

POLICEMAN—"All right, I'll go over and arrest him."

CITIZEN—"Sh-h-h! Wait till he gets the tire pumped up."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Remember to Forget

WIFE—"My dear, you've forgotten again that to-day is my birthday."

HUSBAND—"Er—listen, love, I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

—*London Opinion.*

Growth

"And has he learned to talk yet?"

"My, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now."

—*Life.*

All Questions Answered

COLLEGE STUDENT (writing home)—"How do you spell 'financially'?"

ROOMMATE—"F-I-N-A-N-C-I-A-L-L-Y, and there are two 'Rs' in embarrassed."

—*Dry Goods Economist (New York).*

The Commuters

"Call on Mrs. Canberra Villa? My dear! Why, her husband goes to town by the 7:55!"

"That's where you're mistaken. He goes by the 8:30 now, and next year he'll be going by the 9:15, my husband says—and then we'll simply *have* to call on her."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Gay Dogs, these Druggists

OLD LADY (to druggist)—"I want a box of canine pills."

DRUGGIST—"What's the matter with the dog?"

OLD LADY (indignantly)—"I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman."

The druggist put up some quinine pills in profound silence.

—*Congregationalist.*

Emergency, Please

"Is this the Fire Department," yelled the excited chemistry professor over the phone.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"How far is it to the nearest alarm box? My laboratory is on fire and I must turn in the call at once."

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

No Bargain

KIND FRIEND—"I'll give you a penny for a kiss, Elizabeth."

BRIGHT KID—"No, thank you! I can earn more takin' cod-liver oil."

—*Life.*

And Goats, Too, Swallow Anything

At a political gathering in England an orator waxing indignant said, "To ridicule the idea of this country being invaded is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches."

The rival speaker rose and retorted, "Surely the gentleman in giving utterance to this apothegm, must have meant to refer to the ostrich which, in those circumstances, has a habit of putting its eye through a needle."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Time Piece Work

A negro called upon an old friend, who received him in a rocking-chair. The visitor observed not only that his host did not rise, but that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way.

"Yo' ain't sick, is yo', Harrison?" asked the caller, anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.

There was a moment's silence, during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure.

"Den," continued Mose, "why does yo' rock yo'self dat way all de time?"

Harrison explained:

"Yo' know Bill Blott? Well, he sold me a silver watch cheap, an' if I stops moving like dis, dat watch don't go!"

—*Good Hardware.*

Satisfaction Guaranteed

A new suburbanite was asked why he didn't make a garden.

"I prefer," he replied, "to depend on the grocer for my vegetables. When I ask him for beans, he doesn't give me jimson weed instead."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Page Diogenes

"If I lend you ten dollars, what security will you be able to give me?"

"The word of an honest man."

"All right, bring him along, and I'll see what I can do for you."

—*Banther.*

Vitality

A professor says that sedentary work tends to lessen the endurance. In other words, the more one sits the less one can stand.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Or the Wheelbarrow Sedan

"Somebody has invented a motorcycle with limousine body."

"A great many people conduct their entire careers on that principle."

—*Dayton News.*

The Corporation Office

MRS. WARWEALTH—"I rang up your office at twelve, and your secretary said you was at lunch. I rang up again at three, but you was still at lunch."

MR. WARWEALTH—"Yes, I did 'ave rather a distended time at lunch."

—London Opinion.

Three Cheers for the Poor!

"What does the professor of Greek get?"

"Oh, about $3,000 a year."

"And the football coach?"

"About $12,000 a year."

"Quite a discrepancy."

"Well, did you ever hear 40,000 people cheering a Greek recitation?"

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Before and After

"Chickens, sah," said the negro sage, "is de usefulest animal dere is. You c'n eat 'em fo' dey is bo'n an' after dey's dead."

—The Progressive Grocer.

Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde?

NEWSBOY (on railroad car, to gentleman occupant)—"Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?"

GENTLEMAN—"No! I am Edgar Guest himself."

NEWSBOY—"Well, buy 'Man in Lower Ten.' You ain't Mary Roberts Rinehart, are you?"

—Writer's Monthly.

When Blacksmiths Were Tailors

Sir Lancelot, in days of old,
  Wore armor made of steel.
And everywhere this knight did go,
  Right noble did he feel.
He was invited into court
  To dine with Lady Hausers.
He spilled some water on his suit,
  And rusted his best trousers.

—Fun

Don't Hoot

A portly man, laden with traveling-rug and several bags, was endeavoring to make a dignified exit from a crowded railway carriage.

At the door he stumbled on the pet corn of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the latter. "Canna ye look whauer ye're goin? Hoot, toot, mon, hoot!"

After he had slammed the door behind him the overburdened traveler put his head through the window.

"Hoot, yerself," he retorted. "I'm a traveler, not a motor-car."

—*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

Jack of All Trades

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

—*Mississippi Bulletin.*

The Movie Vamp

"You take your husband with you when you order a hat?"

"Yes."

"I do not like that vampire they have in the millinery department."

"She will only vamp my husband long enough to help me get an expensive hat picked out. After all she has the heart of a true woman."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Painless Dentistry at Last

DENTIST (applying a tool to his car)—"Now this is going to hurt just a little."

—*The Hardware Man's Idea Book.*

The Lesser of Two Evils

ANNA—"Is having the ears pierced for earrings painful?"

BELLA—"Not half so much as allowing them to be bored for an engagement ring."

—*London Punch.*

Educated Cows

The city girl boarding in the country spoke to the farmer about the savage way in which the cow regarded her.

"Well," said the farmer, "it must be on account of that red waist you're wearing."

"Dear me!" cried the girl. "Of course I know it's terribly out of style, but I had no idea a country cow would notice it."

—*Country Gentleman.*

This is Light Humor

In London they were discussing advertising. "Great stuff, these electric signs on Broadway," said the Yankee. "They've got one advertising Wrigley's gum, runs a whole block, 250,000 electric bulbs."

"How many?" cried the astonished Londoner.

"250,000," answered the Yankee.

The Londoner observed, "But I say, old chap, isn't that a bit conspicuous?"

—*The Kan-Sun.*

Reorganizing

A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news said to her little daughter: "Marjorie, dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Honest Immigrants

Mrs. Reilly—"What makes these sardines so high?"

Grocer—"They're imported, mum."

Mrs. Reilly—"I'll take the domestic ones—them as had the brains to swim acrost to this country."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Cards and Spades

"Phwat was the last card Oi delt ye, Mike?"

"A spade."

"Oi knew it. Oi saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up."

—*The Leatherneck.*

Office Help

TELEPHONE OPERATOR—"Sorry, sir, Mr. McConnell is at an important conference and is likely to be away all afternoon."

CUSTOMER—"Can you tell me when he will be back?"

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (to office boy)—"When is the baseball game over, Johnny? Five o'clock?" (over the phone): "No, I don't think he will be back before half-past five. This is an important conference. I'll tell him you called."

—*Cohoes (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

The Versatile Answer

The irate customer shook his portrait in the photographer's face.

"Do I look this picture? The thing's an outrage. Why, you've given me an awful squint and the look of a prize fighter. Now, answer me, and no nonsense about it. Do you call that a good likeness?"

The photographer scanned the print, then looked at the customer.

"The answer," he said, "is in the negative."

—*The Christian Advocate (New York).*

The Parental Advice

"Well," cried Mrs. Henpeck, "our son is engaged to be married. We will write to the dear lad and congratulate him." Mr. H. agreed; he dared not do otherwise. "My darling boy," read the son the next day, "what glorious news! Your father and I rejoice in your happiness. It has long been our greatest wish that you should marry. A good woman is heaven's precious gift to man. She brings out all the best in him, and helps him to suppress all that is evil." Then there was a postscript in a different handwriting: "Your mother has gone for a stamp. Keep single, you young noodle."

—*Argonaut.*

Household Hints

Abbie, the little girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual eggs were served.

Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the bill of fare, for very earnestly and soberly she remarked:

"I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Why to See America First

An American, gazing at the stupendous and lace-like masses of the Spanish cathedral of Toledo, said to his guide: "How long did it take to run up this affair?" "Five hundred years, señor," the guide answered. The American gave a contemptuous laugh. "Five hundred years? Why, over in God's own country we could build a structure like that and have it fall to pieces on our hands, all inside of two or three years."

—*The Christian-Evangelist* (*St. Louis*).

The Sun Never Sets

SCENE—A hotel in Buenos Aires.

HOTEL CLERK (registering new guest)—"Foreigner, sir?"

NEW ARRIVAL (testily)—"Certainly not. English."

—*London Express.*

Music Hath Charms

It was a soirée musical. A singer had just finished "My Old Kentucky Home."

The hostess, seeing one of her guests weeping in a remote corner, went to him and inquired in a sympathetic voice:

"Are you a Kentuckian?"

And the answer came quickly: "No, madam, I am a musician."

—*Montreal Gazette.*

A Tale of the Zoo

It was Robert's first visit to the Zoo.

"What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied, "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."

—*Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate.*

On a Clear Day You Can See

"I tell you," said the real estate agent, "there isn't a finer residence on earth than this. Just look at the wonderful scenery."

"The scenery is all right," replied the home searcher. "The only trouble is there is too much of it between here and the city."

—*The Christian Register* (*Boston*).

The College Widows

WIFE—"Do you know that you haven't kissed me for six weeks?"

PROF. (who is absent-minded)—"Good heavens, whom have I been kissing then?"

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Help Wanted

"Come, come, my man. You have been looking around a long time without buying. What do you want?"

"Guess I want another floorwalker," stated the gentleman addrest. "I'm the owner of this outfit."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Army Contracts

There are two things better than working for yourself. Dodging work altogether, and having somebody else do it for you.

The advance of a division under fire in the none-too-late war had been halted and orders were given to dig in. Earth began to fly except at one point where, behind a natural mound, the top of a doughboy's head was to be seen, while cigaret smoke curled lazily upward.

"Dig in! Dig in!" yelled a lieutenant on a tour of inspection.

"Hush," replied the soldier reproachfully. "Don't disturb my contractor."

Peering over the edge of the mound, the lieutenant saw a German soldier digging away as if his life depended on it—which it did—only a few inches from the end of the doughboy's rifle.

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

The Wonders of Nature

HARVARD GRADUATE—"The members of my class who have married have had an average of a little less than two children."

VASSAR GRADUATE—"Isn't that remarkable? The married women of my class have averaged almost three. I wonder what that proves?"

HARVARD GRADUATE—"Oh, not much. Simply that women have more children than men."

—*Life.*

The Final Answer

He had called on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. "Ethel," he said, as they were taking a moonlight stroll one evening. "I am—er—going to ask you an important question."

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "this is so sudden. Why, I——"

"What I want to ask you is this," he interrupted. "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

—*Argonaut.*

General Retreat

A negro was beating it for the back areas as fast as he could go, when he was stopt by a white officer.

"Don't delay me, suh," said the negro. "I's gotta be on my way."

"Boy," replied the officer, "do you know who I am? I'm a general."

"Go on, white man, you ain't no general."

"I certainly am," insisted the officer, angrily.

"Lordy!" exclaimed the negro, taking a second look. "You sure is! I musta been travelin' some, 'cause I didn't think I'd got back that far yit."

—*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

The Neighbors Will Talk

"Why do you go on the balcony when I sing? Don't you like to hear me?"

"It isn't that. I want the neighbors to see that I'm not beating my wife!"

—*Passing Show.*

Patient Papa

DAUGHTER—"Oh, papah, what is your birthstone?"

FATHER OF SEVEN—"My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it's a grindstone."

—*Southwestern Collegian.*

No Offers

"Prisoner, have you anything to offer in your own behalf?"

"No, your Honor, I've turned every cent I own over to my lawyer and a couple of jurymen."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

What Were You Saying?

CLERGYMAN—"I brought back the second-hand car I bought from you last week. It is too obstreperous."

DEALER—"What's wrong? Can't you run it?"

CLERGYMAN—"Not and stay in the ministry."

—*Motor Life.*

The Worst of Luck

MRS. BROWN—"Yer ain't lookin' too happy to-day, Mrs. Jones. What's up?"

MRS. JONES—"What's up? Jones has been promising all the week to take me and Billy to see Charlie Chaplin, and this morning, half an hour ago, just as we was getting ready, his strike was declared off, and he had to go back to work. That's what's up!"

—*Highway Engineer and Contractor.*

The Shot Went Wild

JUDGE PRIEST—"Parson, that turkey you sold me yesterday wasn't a tame one as you claimed it to be, for I found shot in it."

PARSON BROWN—"Judge, dat was a tame turkey jest like I sed it was; dem shot was meant for me."

—*Judge.*

The Vicious Circle

Rags make paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty, and
Poverty makes rags.

—*Parrakeet.*

Handicapped

A New York friend of mine returned from his golfing the other day. "Have a good game?" he was asked. "Rotten!" he replied. "What was the trouble?" "Oh, it was all my caddy's fault. He had the hiccups. Every time he hiccupped, I'd miss my stroke; and every time he didn't hiccup, I'd miss it just because I was waiting for the hiccup to come!"

—*Christian Work.*

His Last Request

A pretty nurse had for a patient a crabbed old millionaire who kept her running in and out on trivial errands. He wanted the window opened and then he wanted it closed. The pretty nurse was kept busy.

"Never mind," said the house doctor, trying to be jocular. "He may ask you to marry him."

"Yes, he may," said the nurse. "He has about run out of other requests."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Just Crying for Joy

He—"Oh, Peggy, I shall be so miserable all the while I'm away from you."

She—"Oh, darling, if I could be sure of that it would make me so happy!"

—*London Mail.*

A Plurality

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what is the plural of man?"

"Men," answered the small pupil.

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply.

—*Central Wesleyan Star.*

The Artistic Temperament

Some years ago I watched a sign-painting genius while he put the final artistries on a masterpiece: "Ladie's and Gent's Restaurant."

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said I, "but why do you put the apostrophe before the s?"

"The which before the what?" he questioned courteously.

"The little curly-tailed mark after that e and that t. Some call it an apostrophe."

"Posserphe, is it? Well, young feller, I seen and I make that dingus a hundred times, and I never knew that it had a name. Posserphe! That's a good one; I'll have to spring it on the gang. Some painters always paint it after the s, but I always put it before the s, because I think that it looks more artistic there. Otherwise, it don't make no difference where you put it."

—*De Laval Monthly.*

Persuasion

LAWYER—"Now that we have won, will you tell me confidentially if you stole the money?"

CLIENT—"Well, after hearing you talk in court yesterday, I am beginning to think I didn't."

—*Melbourne Punch.*

The Following

The speaker waxed eloquent, and after his peroration on women's rights, he said, "When they take our girls, as they threaten, away from the coeducational colleges, what will follow? What will follow, I repeat?"

And a loud masculine voice in the audience replied, "I will."

—*Brown Bull.*

One in a Thousand

A man rushed into a tobacco store.

"This cigar you sold me," he said, "it's—it's simply frightful."

"Well, you needn't complain," said the tobacconist. "You've only got one. I've got thousands of them."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Fresh or Strictly Fresh?

GROCER'S CLERK—"Should I order some more fresh eggs?"

GROCER—"No. We have enough fresh eggs in the cellar to last us a couple o' months."

—*The Progressive Grocer*

Sex in Egypt

MOTHER (leaving Egyptian room in museum)—"What did you think of it, dear?"

DOROTHY—"Well, it was all right, but I don't see why there were so many mummies and no daddies."

—*Life.*

Start 'Em Early

"Mother, dear, I want a fiver. Will you ask pater for it?"

"No! you must ask him yourself. You'll have a husband yourself one day, so you might as well start getting in some practice!"

—*London Mail.*

What Started It

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Why did you tell the neighbors that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you knew I couldn't even boil a potato?"

MR. NEWLYWED—"I had to make some excuse, my dear."

—The Lyre.

As He Was Saying

SHE—"Papa says you have more money than brains."

REGGIE—"Ha! Shows what an ass he is. I'm broke."

SHE—"Yes, Papa added that you were."

—London Mail.

The Miner's Union

Tad Lewis says the mosquitoes are terrible up in the St. Joe vicinity this summer. They have formed a trust with the lightning bugs and work in pairs. The lightning bug lights up the place and the mosquito makes the excavation.

—Kansas Exchange quoted by the Boston Transcript.

Treating and Treatment

DOCTOR—"But, my dear sir, I can't prescribe whisky for you unless I am convinced that you need it. What are your symptoms?"

PATIENT—"What symptoms would you suggest, Doctor?"

—Life.

A Cutting Remark

Mrs. Jones was entertaining some of her son's little friends. "Willie," she said, addressing a six-year-old who was enjoying a plate of cold beef, "are you sure you can cut your own meat?"

The child, who was making desperate efforts with his knife and fork, replied:

"Yes, thanks. I've often had it as tough as this at home."

—The Christian Evangelist.

No Answer

THE INTERVIEWER—"And please, sir, what have you to say on the subject of anonymous letters?"

THE GREAT MAN—"Stupid missives! I admit I invariably read anonymous letters—but I never answer them."

—Paris L'Illustration.

This Man's Army

General Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner on his yacht *Romola,* told a war story. "What was true of the Civil War will be true of the World War some day," he began. "In a hotel smoking-room back in the '90s a number of veterans got into a dispute over a certain battle. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued very turbulently. But a quiet man spoke up and said: 'Gentlemen, I happened to be there at that engagement, and I think I can settle the point at issue.' And settle he did. The hotel proprietor, much imprest, said to him when he got through: 'My dear sir, what may have been your rank in the army?' 'I was a private, sir, a full private,' was the calm reply. A short time afterward the full private asked for his bill, as he was about to depart, but the proprietor said to him: 'Not a penny, sir! Not a penny! You owe me nothing.' 'Why, how is that?' the other demanded in bewilderment. 'I couldn't dream of charging you, sir,' said the proprietor warmly. 'You are the first private I have ever met.'"

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

The Whispering Gallery

Jack and Mary had just been to the grown-ups' church for the first time. A day or two afterward they were found in the nursery whispering audibly to each other.

"What are you children doing?" their nurse asked.

"We're playing church," replied Jack.

"But you shouldn't whisper in church," admonished nurse.

"Oh, we're the choir," said Mary.

—*Christian Advocate.*

The Staff of Life

Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack o' flour; I'm all out, an' my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you need a sack of flour and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake, "I got the circus money saved up already."

—*Progressive Grocer.*

A Crying Need

"What's the trouble, son?" said the kindly stranger.

"My pa and ma won't take me to the movies," sobbed the opprest child.

"Do they ever take you when you make a noise like that?" inquired the stranger.

"Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't," sobbed the poor boy; "but it ain't any trouble to yell."

—*Wallaces' Farmer.*

Which Was Which

At a transfer station a man was waiting patiently for a street-car, when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him and cried: "Are you the man here?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Are you the man here?" she repeated.

"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."

—*Capper's Farmer.*

Making Him Feel at Home

"But surely," said the haughty dame, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?"

"Of course, madam," the guard replied politely, "provided he does not put his feet on it."

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Office System

CALLER—"Is the editor in?"

OFFICE BOY—"No."

CALLER—"Well, throw this poem in the waste basket."

—*Awgwan.*

Choice

TRAVELER—"I often wondered why the English were such tea-hounds."

FRIEND—"Yes?"

TRAVELER—"Yeah, but I know now. I had some of their coffee."

—*Awgwan.*

Nervousness

"Why do you jump at the sound of a motor-car?"

"Well, some time ago my chauffeur eloped with my wife, and every time I hear a horn I think he is bringing her back."

—The Passing Show (London).

The Will

"I've just been reading about the power of the will. It's a wonderful thing."

"Indeed, yes. I know of a will that makes seven children and twenty-two grandchildren behave themselves."

—Dry Goods Economist (New York).

Solicitous

McTavish—"How is your husband to-night, Mrs. McIntosh?"

Mrs. McIntosh—"Oh, he be about well again, thank 'ee, Mr. McTavish."

McTavish—"What! well again? after me walking five miles to inquire!"

—The Passing Show (London).

Down—and Out

Magistrate of Irish Court (after a turbulent scene amongst general public)—"The next person that shouts 'Down with England,' I'll have thrown out into the street."

Prisoner (excitedly)—"Down wid England!"

—London Opinion.

Bravery

Pugilist—"I'd rather not take gas."

Dentist—"I daresay! But I won't risk attending you without."

—Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).

The Diet of the Rich

One traveling man to another in Thompson's restaurant:

"What's the matter, Bill? You are only eating crackers and milk. Are you on a diet?"

"No, on commission."

—The Harrisonian.

Sweet Percival

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day, he carried the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher: Our sweet little Percival is a very delicate, nervous child, and if he is naughty—and he is likely to be naughty at times—just punish the boy next to him, and that will frighten him so he'll be good."

—*Wayside Tales.*

Six Months in the Electric Chair!

MISS JENKINS—"Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

KNECHT—"I have, Miss Jenkins."

MISS JENKINS—"What is it?"

KNECHT—"Thirty days."

—*Albright Bulletin.*

No Reward Wanted

CADDIE—"I got that ball we lost this morning, sir—got it from a small kid."

GOLFER—"Good! I'll hand you what you gave him for it."

CADDIE—"No, thanks; I gave him a punch in the eye."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Now is the Time

The host was nervous and inexperienced and he rose hurriedly at the conclusion of a song with which one of the guests had been obliging.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "Before Mrs. Smith started to sing she—ah—told me her ah—voice was not in the best condition and—ah—asked me to apologize for it, but I neglected to do so and—ah—I apologize now."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Dining Economy

"Waiter, here's a half-crown for you."

"Thank you, sir. Did you wish to reserve a table?"

"No. In a few minutes I shall come in with two ladies, and I want you to tell us that every table is engaged."

—*London Passing Show.*

The Odor of Gold

A well-drest woman stopt in front of the perfume counter.

"I would like some good perfume," she told the clerk.

Pointing to a bottle filled with perfume costing $8 an ounce, she asked to sample it.

Because the woman looked as if she might make a purchase, the clerk permitted the woman to take a whiff of it.

"Now, that's pretty good," the customer replied, "I think I'll take a quarter's worth."

"Why, madam," the astonished clerk managed to answer, "you've already had a quarter's worth."

—*The White Star.*

A Change of Diet

First Cannibal—"Our chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal—"What brought it on?"

First Cannibal—"He ate a grass widow."

—*Journal American Medical Association.*

Like One of the Family

"The maid I require must be very economical."

"My last mistress discharged me for that very reason, ma'am."

"What! For being economical?"

"Yes'm. I used to wear her clothes."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Old School

An old physician was noted for his brusk manner and methods. A woman called him to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil. "But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Literature

Newrich—"Now, le'see, I've ordered sets of Scott, Dickens, Irving an' all them boys. Now show me somethin' to read."

—*Life.*

The Big Finish

It was his first great speech, and he wanted to make it tell—something to label him for once and all as the greatest orator since ever.

His oration was long and passionate, and he wished to end it with a warning. He could have couched his warning in the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse was stolen, but that was too commonplace. He wanted something original.

He quickly thought of something better. Then he shouted—

"Don't, fellow-countrymen and citizens, I beg you—don't wait till the house takes fire before you summon the firemen."

—*The Congregationalist.*

One Price Only

A Highlander from Tobermory asked at the Oban railway station the price of a ticket to Killin.

"Hoot awa'," replied Donald; "it's far ower dear! I'd rather walk!" and off he started.

He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it neared a station.

"Ye needna whistle for me!" said Donald. "I made ye an offer aince, and ye wadna tak' it; sae you can gang on. I'm no comin'."

—*Canadian Magazine.*

Radio Variation

A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a negro soldier.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh," answered the negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."

—*The Christian Evangelist (St. Louis).*

The Rich Voice

Mrs. Newgilt (to daughter at reception)—"Jane, dear, sing the song the French professor charged fifty dollars an hour to teach you."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

An Excellent Memory

Blinks, after inviting his friend Jinks to dinner, was telling him about the remarkable memory of his little son, Bobby. "And do you think he will remember me?" asked Jinks.

"Remember you? Why, certainly he will."

An hour later they entered the house, and after Jinks had greeted Mrs. Blinks, he called Bobby over to him.

"And do you remember me, my little man?"

"'Course, I do. You're the man that pa brought home last year, and made ma so wild about it that she didn't speak to pa for a week."

—Mobile Register.

Submerged

When "Bill" Travers went to a regatta off Newport one summer, and promptly observed that most of the yachts in the big squadron belonged to Wall Street brokers, he seemed to fall into a reverie, from which he emerged to put the disconcerting query, "I s-s-say, where are the c-c-customers' yachts?"

—Boston Globe.

Diplomacy

Hubby—"Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine, but do you think it's possible that there's ever such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?"

—London Opinion.

Paris the Dictator

"Why do we permit Paris to dictate our fashions?"

"We wouldn't dare make the kind of clothes we like to wear," answered Miss Cayenne. "So we pay Paris a little extra for taking the blame."

—Washington Evening Star.

How to Save Money

"Sandy, lad," said MacDougal to his son, "you're getting marrit th' mornin'. Here's a wee moose trap for ye. If there's anything a woman hates more than a moose, 'tis a moose trap. Tak an' auld man's advice, Sandy, an' set it every nicht when ye gang to bed. Then put the siller from yer pocket under the spring."

—American Legion Weekly.

The Burden of the Dead

A writer of popular stories was one day being shown through a book-shop in New York. A small table was devoted to the new books, and all the rest of the space was taken up with gorgeous editions of Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Fielding, etc.—fine leather-bound volumes at very modest prices. The writer indicated with a sweep of his arm this collection of books and observed, "Literature would pay better if there were not so many dead men in the business."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Trouble at the Source

Dear Mrs. McGowan across the hall was speaking of the trouble she's been having with her car.

"But everybody has trouble lately," she said; "and it's nothing in the world but them using these raw materials at the factories."

—*Motor Life.*

The Greek Letter Fraternity

Said the friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an A.M. degree.

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph.D. next?"

"No, he will be looking for a J.O.B."

—*The Christian-Evangelist (St. Louis).*

The Mirror of Fashion

"The difference between a woman and a glass," said the funny fellow, "is that the glass reflects without speaking, while a woman speaks without reflecting."

"And the difference between you and a glass," said the sharp girl, "is that the glass is polished."

—*Auckland Weekly News (New Zealand).*

An Answer Wanted

A kindly looking old gentleman was stopt by a very little girl carrying a parcel.

"Please, sir," she said politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

This Way to Bangor

A motorist and his wife traveling over a familiar road came to a sign pointing to Bangor. The reversed arrow pointed to Monroe.

"That sign is exactly reversed," said the driver to his wife. "Bangor is the other way."

"I guess the sign is more apt to be right than you, Fred," answered his wife, with conjugal emphasis. "Go right in and inquire at that farmhouse."

Fred obeyed, and the farmer answered, "Yes, that sign ought to be over on this side the road, but when we tried to set it, we struck a ledge, so we stuck her over there."

"But," remonstrated Fred, "it makes the directions the wrong way around."

"I know it does," said the farmer, "but anybody knows enough to git to Bangor."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Fired Sale

The head of a large shop, while passing through the packing-room, observed a boy lounging against a case of goods and whistling cheerily.

The chief stopt and looked at him.

"How much do you get a week?" he demanded.

"Five dollars."

"Then here's a week's money; now clear out."

The boy pocketed the money and departed.

"When did we hire that boy?" the chief inquired of the departmental manager.

"Never," was the reply. "He had just brought a note from another firm."

—*The Christian Evangelist.*

Complete Darkness

"How did you keep your donation secret?"

"I sent in an anonymous check."

—*Lampoon.*

The Age Old Story

A grocer says that some people who buy on time don't seem to know when time leaves off and eternity begins.

—*Progressive Grocer.*

Politeness the Best Policy

DILAPIDATED DODGEWORK—"Pardon me, sir, but have you seen a policeman round here?"

POLITE PEDESTRIAN—"No. I am sorry."

DILAPIDATED DODGEWORK—"Thank you. Now, will you kindly hand over your watch and purse?"

—Scotsman, Edinburgh.

Moving an Audience

"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?"

"No. I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did."

—The Epworth Herald.

Getting There

"I taught school among my own people in the Tennessee mountains for several years after I graduated from college," said a Southern lecturer. "Funny things happened. Hearing a boy say, 'I ain't gwine thar,' I said to him, 'That's no way to talk. Listen: "I am not going there; thou art not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there." Do you get the idea?'

"'Yessur, I gits it all right. *They ain't nobody gwine.*'"

—The Outlook.

No Smoking Allowed

"This room is small and seems poorly furnished—one chair and a folding bed."

"That, sir, is the telephone booth."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hurrying Him Along

An old Scotchman, David Gordon, was seriously ill, with scant hope for recovery. He had been wheedled into making a will by relatives, and these were now gathered about his bedside watching him laboriously sign it. He got as far as D-A-V-I—then fell back exhausted.

"D, Uncle David, D," exhorted a nephew.

"Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot feebly, but with indignation. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

—The Forest.

Young—and Fresh

"I asked you to send me young lettuce."
"Yes, ma'am. Wasn't it young you got?"
"Young? It's almost old enough to wash and dress itself."
—*Boston Transcript.*

With or Without

"Tea or coffee?"
"Coffee without cream."
"You'll have to take it, sir, without milk, sir; we're out of cream."
—*Puppet.*

The Fourth Estate

REPORTER—"I have come to interview you, sir."
GREAT STATESMAN—"Well, go back and write your interview and let me see it."
REPORTER—"Here it is."
—*Life.*

The Technique of the Law

COMEDIAN (dictating his will)—"What money I have, if any, such as it is, or might be, that is to say——"
LAWYER—"I can put that in more legal language."
COMEDIAN—"I know, but I want to get a laugh."
—*Punch (London).*

The Ark Keeper's Troubles

MRS. NOAH—"Noah, dear, what can be the matter with the camel?"
NOAH—"The poor beast has both the fleas."
—*Wasp.*

Unbiased

It was during the impaneling of a jury; the following colloquy occurred: "You are a property-holder?"
"Yes, your honor."
"Married or single?"
"I have been married for five years, your honor."
"Have you formed or exprest any opinion?"
"Not for five years, your honor."
—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

The Winner

A young but exceptionally brilliant professor in a Western college was dismissed from the faculty because of his inordinate betting. The president, interested in his career, secured him a position in an Eastern college. To the president there he wrote: "The young man has a promising future, and anything you can do to cure him of betting will be a benefit to society."

The professor went East, and was cordially received. Conversation had proceeded but a few moments when he said to the president, "I'll bet you seventy-five dollars you have a wart between your shoulder blades."

The president hesitated. "Young man," he said, "I never bet; but just to teach you a lesson I will take you up."

He thereupon proved to the young man's satisfaction that he was in error, and the professor paid the seventy-five.

The president wrote West relating the incident, concluding—"I hope that I have cured him."

The other wrote back: "I fear the case is hopeless. The very day he left here he bet me one hundred dollars that he could make you take off your shirt."

—*Judge.*

The Useful Youth

An Eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp and was assigned to one end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At the end of an hour the veteran stopt sawing and regarded his weary partner with pitying eyes.

"Sonny," he said, "I don't mind your riding on this saw, but if it's just the same to you, I wish you'd quit scraping your feet on the ground."

—*The Forecast.*

Worthless Credit

"Sir," sternly began old Festus Pester, "you waste as if they were naught the precious hours in loafing and lopping. You are a sluggard and a worthless cumberer of the earth!" "Just so!" replied the worthless man addressed. "But you will give me credit for not wasting the precious hours in chiding other sluggards who would care no more for my opinion than I do for yours."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Baby's Rule

"Oh, no!" soliloquized Johnny bitterly; "there ain't any favorites in this family. Oh, no! If I bite my finger-nails, I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Unlawful Truth

"This law is a queer business."

"How so?"

"They swear a man to tell the truth."

"What then?"

"And every time he shows signs of doing so some lawyer objects."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Rum Go

"Do you get many reorders in your business?"

"No," replied the old bootlegger. "If any of my customers come back, it's only to haunt me."

—*Judge.*

Hold It!

Wanted—I am in a position to hatch your eggs at 5c per egg. Phone 626 or write.

—*A Classified Ad in The Osage (Ia.) News.*

The Report

A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows: "This is not an appeal. It is a report. I have no pants."

—*Houston Post.*

"Full Many a Mouth," etc.

I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go.

Mama's Darling

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party, and had been brought into the parlor to be exhibited before the dinner guests.

"Tell the pretty ladies what mama's darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said Lucy.

The Power of Association

A certain house employe, who makes very little money, has just returned from a buzz around the Florida health resorts. Other employes, at a loss to understand why he should spend his money in such riotous living, asked him to explain.

"Well," he said, "I like the association of big men."

"What do you mean association?" Bill Kenny, one of the doorkeepers, asked.

"Well," he replied, "one day Boies Penrose's automobile almost ran over me, and another day, when I was in swimming, I kicked Mayor Hylan on the ankle."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Aiming to Please

"Scientific salesmanship," said Irving Fletcher, the brilliant raconteur, at a Sphinx Club dinner, "may be carried too far.

"In a hardware shop the other day I was buying a wrench for my car when a morbid-looking chap came in and said:

" 'Quarter's worth of carbolic acid, please.'

"The scientific salesman smiled and shook his head regretfully.

" 'This is a hardware shop, not a drug store,' he cooed, 'but is there nothing we can do for you in the razor, revolver or hemp rope line?"

Remember, Now!

The Doctor (to patient)—You go to your druggist and ask him for some iodhydrargyrate of iodide of potassium, some ankydroglucochloral and some dioxyamidoarseno-benzol—and I should not be surprised if with those we shall be able to triumph over your loss of memory.

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

A Limb o' the Law

There was a little lawyer man
Who gently smiled as he began
Her dear husband's will to scan,
And, thinking of his coming fee,
He said to her quite tenderly,
"You have a nice fat legacy."
Next morning as he lay in bed,
With plasters on his broken head,
He wondered what on earth he'd said.

—*Mink.*

Maturity in New York

Leading by the hand a boy who looked about twelve years old, a well-dressed woman attempted to pass through the gate of the uptown platform of the subway station at Fulton street with but one ticket, which was for herself. The ticket chopper halted her stately progress and asked:

"How old is the young man?"

"The child is not yet five," said the woman sweetly.

"Five!" returned the stunned ticket taker, "you'd better buy him long pants and a safety razor when he's six."

—*New York Evening Post.*

Tender and True

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powder painted,
How am I, sweetheart, to know?

Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaners—won't you darling
Love me more and powder less?

Realism

FRIEND (viewing picture)—"How realistic! It makes my mouth water?"

THE ARTIST—"A sunset makes your mouth water?"

FRIEND—"Dear me! I thought it was a fried egg!"

—*Pathfinder.*

Fair Warning

The elevator boy was only ten years old and small for his age. Into the building wheezed a regular fat man, one of the kind that nobody loves. He eyed the lad for a moment and then observed:

"You're a pretty small boy to be runnin' an elevator, ain't you, bub?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, and there was a twinkle in his eye. "But you see they hired me 'cause the ropes broke with the heavier boys." The fat man painfully wheezed his way up the winding stairway.

—*New York Evening Post.*

The Lessons of Nature

"Waiter," said Joe Berger, after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whizzing by you."

The Difference to Him

Frederick was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice old collie," sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks!" said Billy. 'My grandmother's been dead a week and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand and, looking up at Billy, sobbed, despairingly:

"Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Diplomat

"You wish to marry my daughter?" she asked. "Not so much that, madam. The keynote of my ambition is to be able to point to you one day as my mother-in-law."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Metaphorically Speaking

"And what do we do?" he cried. "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves but ashes in our empty hands!"

The Good Provider

A negro swain entered his sweetheart's parlor one evening with the assured manner of a conqueror or a Croesus.

"I's got sumpen fur yer, honey," he remarked at once.

"Lemme see it, Rastus," she pleaded.

"Hol' out yer lef' han', Mandy. I'se gwine ter put it whar it b'longs."

"Oh, Rastus! Is it er shore-'nuf diamun'?"

"Yes, it is, honey, an' I means jis' whut it means dar on yer finger."

"But is it er shore-'nuf diamun', Rastus?" she asked, examining it closely.

"If it tain't, honey," he replied, "dis here nigger's dun been skun outen a perfec'ly good half-dollar."

"Oh, Rastus," she sighed, contentedly, "youse a wunderful man! I always b'lieved you'd be a good pervider—When we goin' ter git married, Rastus?"

—Harper's Magazine.

The Informal Dinner

The bride was poring over a volume. "What are you reading, dearie?" "An article on how to cook goulash." "Now if you go to getting formal with it, you'll spoil it."

—Louisville Courier Journal.

Homeopathy

CHILD—"Mother, may I have some water to christen my dolly?"

MOTHER—"No, dear."

CHILD—"Then may I have some wax to waxinate her?"

—London Bystander.

Sweet Sixteen

TEACHER—"Now, children, how old would a person be who was born in 1890?"

PUPILS (in chorus)—"Man or woman?"

—Answers, London.

The Gentlest Answer

BEGINNER (after repeated failure)—"Funny game, golf."

CADDIE—" 'Tain't meant to be."

—Punch (London).

Etiquette

YOUNG LADY (stopping near subway entrance)—"Little boy, does your father know that you smoke cigarettes?"

URCHIN—"Naw! No more'n yers knows you talk to strange gents on de Common widout de proper interduction."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Full Permission

It was obvious that they were fond of each other. He was very solicitous for her comfort. "Will this table suit you? Will you sit here or there? Is that chair quite comfortable? Shall I ask for a cushion?" were samples of his solicitude.

The waitress brought tea, but forgot the teaspoons.

He noticed it at once. "Can we have a spoon?" he asked.

The waitress couldn't help it. "Certainly, sir," she said. "As soon as I have cleared this tray away you will have the room to yourselves!"

—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

On the Honeymoon

An Englishman was traveling in the same compartment with a young German professor, who was very communicative and in boisterously high spirits.

He explained that he was embarking on a journey to which he had been looking forward for a long time, and added: "The fact is, I have just been married and am on my honeymoon."

"On your honeymoon?" said the Englishman, looking at him interrogatively. "But where is——"

"Ah!" replied the professor, "my wife. She is not with me. The money wouldn't run to two."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

The Long Lost Friend

A lady entered a shop and asked to see some tea-kettles. The assistant showed her kettles of every size and shape. Nothing seemed to suit her.

At last she said—"Thank you so much, I was just looking for a friend."

"One minute, madam," said the long-suffering assistant, "here is a bigger kettle. Perhaps you will find your friend in that."

Bringing Home the Bacon

An old Negress went to a prison governor in Tennessee and said: "Massa, we's mighty poor this winter and Ah wish you would pardon mah 'usband."

"What was he put in for?" asked the governor.

"'Stead of workin' fo' it, that good-fo'-nothin' fellow done stole some bacon."

"If he's good for nothing, why do you want him back?"

"Well, you see, we's out of bacon agen," said the Negress innocently.

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Thoughtful Daughter

"Hard at it, I see, Mrs. Grey."

"Yes, Mrs. Blucher; this is my washing day, and looking after a family of ten doesn't leave much time on my hands."

"Is that Kitty's voice that I hear at the piano in the parlor?"

"Yes, that's her. I don't see how I'd get along without that girl. Always on these days when I have the most tiring work she picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet Rest By-and-By,' 'Mother's Growing Old,' 'Love Will Roll the Clouds Away,' and sings them for me while I'm running the clothes through the first water. 'Tain't every girl who'd be so thoughtful, I can tell you."

—*London Telegraph.*

No Trust

PASSERBY (to beggar)—"I have no small change at present, but I'll hand you something coming back."

BEGGAR (dolorously)—"Ah, sir, it was doin' business on credit that redooced me to this."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Giving Him a Chance

"Rastus," said the judge sternly, "you're plain no-account and shiftless, and for this fight I'm going to send you away for a year at hard labor."

"Please, jedge," interrupted Mrs. Rastus from the rear of the court room, "will yo' Honah jes' kinder split dat sentence? Don't send him away from home, but let dat hard labor stand."

The Last Word

A feminine voice was heard from the steps of a crowded car: "Oh, get in, dear; some one will give you a seat."

The next moment two young women entered. The men were on their mettle. They read papers sternly. Those who had no papers closed their eyes and pretended to slumber. The too certain women glared down the car in vain. The car went on for half a mile, and then a man alighted.

"There's a seat for one," said the conductor.

"Don't take it, dear," said one of the young women, "some man will want it."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

What Are You Playing?

A young woman on her first visit to Scotland was passing a few hours away by attempting to play the national game of golf.

She was not very good, though her style was powerful.

It was the fourth time she had attempted to drive, and for the fourth time the ball was undisturbed and her driver slipped out of her hands and flew away over the furze bushes.

"If you keep on at that rate," remarked the caddie, "you will soon be champion of Scotland."

"Do you mean that?" she simpered in wonderment.

"Aye," replied the caddie, "at throwing the hammer!"

—*Glasgow Sun.*

All Questions Answered

"Mamma, why has papa no hair?"

"Because he thinks so much, my dear."

"But why have you so much?"

"Because—Oh, go away, and do your lessons, you naughty boy."

—*Southern California Trojan.*

Soup Testers

An Englishman has invented a "silent soup spoon." Now let Mr. Burbank cultivate for us a noiseless celery. Speaking of the former, we recall the story of a man in a restaurant saying to his friend: "That soup sounds good, Joe; how does it taste?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Mess Call

"You say you served in France?" asked the restaurant proprietor, as he sampled the new cook's first soup.

"Yes, sir, officers' cook for two years and wounded twice."

"You're lucky, man. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

The Joker

Hoffy said he didn't care for euchre. They wanted to know why. "Well, it's a slow game at best and then I'm all the time holding such good poker hands."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Used

Mrs. Goodsole: "I am soliciting for the poor. What do you do with your cast-off clothing?"

Mr. Longsufferer: "I hang them up carefully and put on my pajamas. Then I resume them in the morning."

Ambition's Reward

"Johnny," said the teacher reprovingly, "you misspelled most of the words in your composition." "Yes, sir; I'm going to be a dialect writer."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

An Even Temperature

To the clerk who had just sold her a thermometer a woman said: "Would you be so kind as to set it at 65? That's what the doctor says I'm to keep the room at."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Better Policy

"Yessuh, I's done proved dat honesty is de best policy after all."

"How?" demanded his friend.

"You remembers dat dawg dat I took?"

"Shore, I remembers."

"Well, sur, I tries fo' two whole days to sell dat dawg and nobody offers more'n a dollah. So, like an honest man, I goes to de lady dat owned him an' she gives me $3.50."

—*The Christian Register (Boston).*

Take Your Time

Said the Judge: "I sentence you to be taken from this Court to the prison, where you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead, on Thursday, April 17." Said the darky prisoner—: "You all doesn't mean dis comin' April, does you, Judge?"

—Wichita Eagle.

Hope

MRS. QUIVERFUL—"Forty years old, Mr. Singleton, and never been married? It's remarkable. But surely you have not given up hope."

SINGLETON—"Oh, no indeed. I hope I am safe for another 40 years, anyway."

—Boston Transcript.

Why Father Left Home

MR. BROWN—"I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you."

MRS. BROWN—"And what did you say to him?"

MR. BROWN—"I asked him what he was running for."

And Now Look at Me!

"I was told," he said, "in my early youth, that if I didn't quit smoking cigarettes I'd be feeble-minded when I grew up."

"Well," answered she, "why didn't you quit?"

—Farm Life.

In Spotless Town

"Eliza," said a friend of the family to the old colored washerwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's fiance?" Eliza pondered for a moment, then bent over the laundry tubs once more. "Na, ma'am," she said, "it ain't been in the wash yet."

—St. Louis Christian Evangelist.

A Clean Break

Some time ago a parson in an industrial town arranged a special service for workingmen. The service was well attended, and the preacher began his sermon with the remark: "Rarely, indeed, have I been privileged to address so many tons of soil."

—Toronto Telegram.

Discretion

In Wilmington, North Carolina, there was a middle-aged negress employed as cook in a white family. At her earnest solicitation her daughter about seventeen years of age had been engaged as a housemaid. One morning last spring the lady of the house overheard the mother scolding her daughter for some neglect of her duties.

"You sho is one no 'count nigger," she said. "Shiffless, dat's what you is; shiffless an' onery. Lazy is what you is, nothin' else but. You is jus' zackly like your pa. I suttinly is glad I didn't marry dat nigger; I never had no use for him nohow."

It's the Principle of the Thing

Old English Boatman (to tourist)—"Ye'll perhaps think I'm tellin' ye a lie, but I ain't never seen a railway train, an' I don't want to—I 'ates the sight of 'em!"

—*Answers.*

Puzzling

Helen annoyed her father with questions while he tried to read the newspaper. One evening among other things she demanded, "Papa, what do you do at the store all day?"

"Oh," he answered briefly, "nothing."

Helen was silent a moment, and then asked, "But how do you know when you are done?"

—*Harper's Monthly.*

Aiming to Please

Prospective Guest (engaging rooms in a hotel)—"This room's too dark—it reminds me of a prison."

Hotel Clerk—"Yes, sir, it's just a question of what one is used to."

—*London Opinion.*

Guaranteed Interest

"The boss offered me an interest in the business to-day."

"He did!"

"Yes, he said that if I didn't take an interest pretty soon he'd fire me."

—*Sour Owl.*

Bearing Up

Two sisters—apparently all in all to each other—had lived together for many years. Then, when the one was ninety-eight and the other ninety-six, the elder died. The relative who undertook the task of breaking the painful news to the survivor feared the shock would be fatal to her. But the old lady bore up wonderfully. "Ah, well," she replied, "now I suppose I shall be able to have my tea made as *I* like it."

—*Royal Magazine.*

Keen Sensibilities

Two students on a train were telling about their abilities to see and hear. The one says: "Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of that barn?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them."

—*Awgwan.*

Talking to Himself

A Texas attorney was delivering a Fourth of July address. He had held forth prosily for nearly an hour, apparently without getting anywhere. At length he stopt, and then said in impressive tones: "I pause to ask myself a question."

A voice from the back of the hall shouted: "Better not. You'll only get a fool answer."

—*The Lawyer and Banker (New Orleans).*

The Decoy

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar-rail.

After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered.

The verger looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? Why, I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Selfishness

A young husband who had not found married life exactly a path of roses, and who sincerely wished to prove to his wife the depth of his affection, went home one evening and said, cheerily: "Well, 'Tilda, you can't guess what I have done to-day."

"Made a fool of yourself, as usual!" replied 'Tilda, ungraciously.

" 'Tilda, dearest, I have insured my life."

"Well," said the irate little woman, "I always knew you were mean. Insured your life, indeed! Ah! Always looking out for yourself first!"

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

One Story Higher

"One of them city fellers tried to sell me the Woolworth building."

"What did you say?"

"I sez, 'All right, young feller, wrap it up.' "

—*Judge.*

The Atom and the Molecule

Sometimes the Yankee's humor of exaggeration is met by as good as he gave. An American in London stopt at a coster's stall and lifting up a good-sized melon said: "Are these the largest apples you have?"

"Put that bloomin' grape dahn, will yer?" said the coster.

—*Boston Transcript.*

They're All Like That

"Do you suffer from the climate?"

"Yes. I know a man from California who refuses to talk about anything else."

—*Washington Star.*

Perfect Satisfaction

CLERK—"Can you let me off to-morrow afternoon, sir? My wife wants me to go shopping with her."

EMPLOYER—"Certainly not; we are much too busy."

CLERK—"Thank you very much, sir; that'll suit me very nicely!"

—*The Passing Show (London).*

Tit for Tat

A perspicacious young man, passing where an old colored man was busy setting fire to the dead grass in a meadow, accosted him thus:

"Don't do that, Uncle Eb; don't do that!"

"Why so, sah; why so?"

"You will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Never mind dat, sah, never mind dat! Dat grass will all grow out an' be as green as you is."

Still Good

Amos Whittaker, a miserly millionaire, was approached by a friend, who used his most persuasive powers to have him dress more in accordance with his station in life.

"I am surprised, Amos," said the friend, "that you should allow yourself to become shabby."

"But I'm not shabby," firmly interposed the millionaire miser.

"Oh, but you are," returned his old friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elaborately, dressed. His clothes were always finely tailored and of the best material."

"Why," shouted the miser triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"

—*London Sketch.*

His Misfortune

A large map was spread upon the wall, and the teacher was instructing the class in geography. "Horace," she said to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north, you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?"

"A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."

—*The Visitor.*

He Knew the Meaning

"Willie," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the term 'etc.' used for?"

"It is used to make people believe that we know a lot more than we really do," replied the bright youngster.

—*The United Presbyterian.*

Wisdom

"That man wants his photographs to look as natural as possible," whispered the assistant to the proprietor of the studio.

"Then make it as handsome as you can," came the quick reply.

"But—but he's awfully ugly, and insists he doesn't want the portrait to flatter him at all."

"He won't think it flatters him," said the proprietor knowingly. "He'll only feel sure that at last someone has managed to catch him looking just right."

Overstuffed

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher. "I can, teacher!" shouted Tommy. "Well, Tommy, what is it?" "An upholstered worm."

—*Our Animals.*

Proved His Case

I was holding an oral examination in my intermediate geography class one day, and asked, "What is the difference between the people of a state and those of a territory?"

Only one hand was raised; but a radiant smile illuminated the face of little Donald as he rose and said, "The people of a territory cannot sing."

This answer was puzzling to all; so I asked him to explain. Whereupon he said, "The geography says that the people of a territory have no voice; so how could they sing?"

His Coming Fare

"James, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that moldy cheese to-day?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir," was the youth's reply.

"And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?"

"Mrs. Brown bought it cheap, sir," was the answer.

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?"

"Mrs. Brown. Are you ill, sir?" asked James, as the grocer turned green and groaned.

"No, no; only I'm going to tea at Browns' to-night," replied the unhappy man as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.

—*London Opinion.*

Ambiguous

Kate Douglas Wiggin's choicest possession, she said, was a letter which she once received from the superintendent of a home for the feeble-minded. He spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure with which the "inmates" had read her little book, "Marm Lisa," and ended thus superbly:

"In fact, madam, I think I may safely say that you are the favorite author of the feeble-minded!"

The Ambuscade Brand

Lytwayt, the grocer, had been very busy for a few moments with a dictionary. Suddenly he closed it with a snap, and glowered at his wife at the cash-desk. "That Mrs. Smarte is getting too clever," he growled. "What's the matter?" asked the good lady, surprised at this criticism of a good customer. "When she came in just now she told me I ought to rename my butter 'Ambuscade Brand.'" "Well, why?" "I've just looked up the word," went on the infuriated man, "and the dictionary says that ambuscade means to lie in weight."

Efficiency

Everything in the dear old village seemed the same to Jones after his absence of four years. The old church, the village pump, the ducks on the green, the old men smoking while their wives gossip—it was so restful after the rush and bustle of the city. Suddenly he missed something.

"Where's Hodge's windmill?" he asked in surprise. "I can only see one mill, and there used to be two."

The native gazed thoughtfully around, as if to verify the statement. Then he said slowly:

"They pulled one down. There weren't enough wind for two on 'em!"

Explained

The rapid disappearance of coal from his bin alarmed Major Higgins, and he determined to trace it. He questioned the man who tended the furnace.

"Rastus," he asked, "where do you reckon my coal has disappeared to?"

Rastus scratched his head thoughtfully. "Wall, suh," he replied, "Ah—Ah—Ah reckon dem squihels took it. Yassir, squihels, Major Higgins. Dat was nut coal, suh."

The Wedding Music

A little girl 6 years old was much interested in the preparation for her sister's marriage. "Sister, I want to sing at your wedding," she said. "No, dear, you can't sing." "But I can and I want to," she pleaded. "What would you sing?" her father asked her. "'Heaven Look With Pity,'" was her rejoinder, and her father hasn't got over it yet.

—*Boston Transcript.*

His Ancient Plaudit

After many long years they met again, the old tragedian and the dear old lady who was once a lovely Rosalind. And since they had been sweethearts once he embraced her. Then he started back. "Woman," he cried, "what's that noise you're making?" She trembled at the anger in his voice. "It's only asthma," she faltered. With a sigh of relief he turned and mopped his brow. "Heavens!" he murmured, "I thought you were hissing me."

—*London Express.*

Full Information in Scripture

A gentleman remarked to a lady sitting next to him at a dinner, on the usefulness of wars in one direction—they disseminated a knowledge of geography. He confessed that he himself was deplorably ignorant of the Philippine Islands until the Spanish-American war broke out. The lady's face, proceeds the *Christian Register,* was a picture of horror. "Why," said she, "do you mean to say you have never read Saint Paul's Epistle to the Philippians?"

"Hen" Eggs

Mrs. X—— relates that while in London she inquired in a shop if they had any fresh eggs.

"Yes, mum, plenty," said the clerk; "them with a hen on 'em are fresh."

"I don't see any with a hen on them," said Mrs. X——, looking around for a nest.

"The letter 'hen,' mum, not the bird. 'Hen' stands for 'noo-laid,' mum."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Coming Together

Little Mary had been sent to the store to get some sticky fly-paper. She was gone a long time, and her mother began to feel anxious. Going to the door, she spied the little girl coming up the street, and called, "Mary, have you got the fly-paper?"

"No, mother," replied Mary; "it's got me, but we are coming together."

To Take a Chance

A Scotch minister in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation:

"Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

—*Tid-Bits.*

How He Declined

A young woman from an Ohio town, prominent in the social set, tells of a young man who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence to the fullest extent. When on one occasion he found it necessary to decline an invitation, he did so in the following terms: "Mr. Henry Blank declines with pleasure Mrs. Wood's invitation for the nineteenth, and thanks her for giving him the opportunity of doing so."

The Dreadful Truth

"You look fed up, old man."

"Yes, I've had a tiring day.

"That little beast of an office boy of mine came to me with the old gag about getting off for his grandmother's funeral, so just to teach him a lesson I said I would accompany him."

"Ah, not so bad; was it a good game?"

"No, it WAS his grandmother's funeral!"

—*The Passing Show (London).*

Why Should He?

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Jobson.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive, and practise constantly," said the mother. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

Food for Reflection

"Dat wasn't a bad epigram of de judge's," said Plodding Pete.

"What did he say?"

"Thoity days."

"Dat ain't no epigram, is it?"

"Sure it is. I asked a fellow what an epigram is, and he says it's a short sentence dat sounds light, but gives you considerable to think about."

—*The Ingleside.*

A Bootless Fabrication

The other day little Philip wanted a pair of rubber boots. Papa tried to reason him out of it, but the youngster persisted in his demand. Finally papa told him a little story—one he had read in the newspaper. The boy was all attention, and the story proceeded:

"A little boy in Baltimore had been given a pair of rubber boots by his father. He waded in the water with them—water ran over the tops of the boots—boy took cold—mother put his feet in hot water—grew worse—doctor came—little boy died—undertaker—funeral."

The small boy listened attentively to the end of the story, and the father was congratulating himself on the impression he had made, when, with a long breath, Philip asked:

"What did they do with the boots?"

For a Good Cause

Two young folks attended a tea. They had bought tickets at fifteen cents each. The profits were to go toward the Belgian fund. One of them, after consuming four cups of tea, six sandwiches, a plate of bread and butter, two teacakes, five jam tarts, and four buns, was passing his cup for the fifth time when he turned to his friend and said: "I think everyone should encourage a thing of this sort. It's for a good cause, you know."

What's in the Doctor's Case

"Why did they select the stork to couple with the doctor? Why not the eagle or the owl?"

"The stork is the bird with the biggest bill."

—*Kansas City Journal.*

Not so Green a Witness After All

At a recent trial, the *Western Christian Advocate* notes that one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed:

"Mr. Killins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

Now, Let's See

"This check is doubtless all right," said the bank cashier, politely, "but have you anything about you by which you could be identified?"

The pretty young thing faltered: "I have a mole on my left elbow."

He Was Unanimously Elected

When the term of the old negro preacher had expired, the New York *American* reports that he rose and said:

"Breddren, de time am heah fo' de relection ob yo' pastoh for anudder yeah. All dose faborin' me fo' yo' pastoh will please say 'Aye.'"

The old preacher had made himself rather unpopular and there was no response.

"Ha," he said; "silence gibs consent allus. I'se yo pastoh fo' anudder yeah."

Not Carnivorous

An American tells of a visit to a zoo in Ireland, on which occasion he was much interested in a solitary sea-lion.

Turning to one of the keepers, the American asked as he pointed to the solitary beast, "Where's his mate?"

"He has no mate, sor," responded the Celt. "We just feed him on fish."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Fearful Occurrence

A gentleman farmer tells of a city lad who once worked for him.

The lad was called one winter morning before dawn and told to harness the mule to the dearborn.

The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house:

"Billy! Billy! What on earth are you doing?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head!" yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen!"

—*Collier's Weekly.*

A Misapprehension

Mr. Common Citizen stepped into the butcher shop with a do-or-die look on his face.

"A pound of steak," he ordered.

The steak, mostly bone, was thrown on the scales.

"Looky here," remonstrated Mr. Common Citizen in as firm and determined a voice as he could command, "you're giving me a big piece of bone."

"Oh, no, I ain't," returned the butcher blandly; "yer payin' fer it."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Just Her Size

A lady in Scotland once took her little five-year-old daughter to see her father. She had never seen him in his kilts before, and she said: "O mamma, when father finds the man that stole his trousers can I have that wee frock?"

The Weakling

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
  She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
  She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could golf from morn till evening,
  And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother
  'Cause she wasn't very strong.

—*London Opinion.*

A Strange Animal

TOMMY—"Pa, what is an equinox?"

PA—"Why, er—it is—ahem! For goodness' sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words 'equine' and 'ox.' It does seem as if these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays!"

Ask Doctor Wiley

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

There was silence till one maiden held up her hand and replied:

"Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

The Useful Conjunction

TEACHER—"Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?"

THOMAS (after reflection)—"A conjunction is a word connecting anything such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.' Halter's a conjunction, because it connects the horse and the fence."

Safety First

"Why," asked a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

"Because," says another paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."

No Wonder He Said, Yes

Here is a story which if it is not true ought to be. The soldier in the train was dilating on his changed life.

"They took me from my home," he said, "and put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 575'; they took me to church, where I'd never been before, and they made me listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Then the parson said, 'No. 575 art thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days' C. B. for giving him a civil answer."

—*Manchester Guardian.*

Modest Genius

"Some of the grandest discoveries of the age," says the great scientist sonorously, "have been the result of accidents."

"I can readily believe that," said the fair lady. "I once made one that way myself."

The great man blinked his amazement.

"May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly," replied the fair one. "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you can use a fountain pen just like any other pen, without all the trouble of filling it."

—*Providence Journal.*

Nothing Home-made for Daughter

MRS. WHITTIER—"What delightful manners your daughter has!"

MRS. BILER (proudly)—"Yes. You see she has been away from home so much."

—*Smart Set.*

A Natural Inference

A four-year-old boy, noticing for the first time a lock of gray hair on his father's head, asked, "Papa, why are some of your hairs gray?"

Thinking to drive home a moral lesson, the father answered, "Papa gets a gray hair every time his little boy is naughty."

The child seemed lost in thought, but after a short pause said naïvely, "Well, then grandpapa must have had awful naughty boys."

Her Countenance Denotes Wisdom

MRS. GOODSOUL (answering ring)—"What is it, little girl?"

MARY—"Please, ma'am, we've lost our kitty. She left yesterday, and we're hunting her. We want to know if you have seen a cat by the name of Minerva go by your house."

—*Puck.*

One Way to Become Slender

AUNT HETTY—"Sakes alive! I don't believe no woman could ever be'n so fat."

UNCLE HIRAM—"What y' readin' now, Hetty?"

AUNT HETTY—"Why, this paper tells about an English woman what lost two thousand pounds."

—*Ledger.*

She Drew the Line

The wife of a prominent judge was making arrangements with the colored laundress of the village to take charge of their washing for the summer. Now, the judge was pompous and extremely fat. He tipped the scales at three hundred pounds.

"Missus," said the woman, "I'll do your washing, but I'se goin' ter charge you double for your husband's shirts."

"What is your reason for that, Nancy?" questioned the mistress.

"Well," said the laundress, "I'se don't mind washing for an ordinary man, but I draws the line on circus tents. I sho' do."

No Use

Last summer, says a British weekly, a number of masons left Scotland to settle in America. Recently one of them wrote to his wife and instructed her to sell most of their household property and to take passage out to him.

The good wife had a neighbor in to help in the packing. In the midst of the business they fell upon Sandy's watch. The neighbor examined it closely, and then said:

"It's a grand watch, Janet. Ye'll be takin' it wi' ye?"

"Na! na!" was the reply. "It wad be o' nae use oot there, for Sandy tells me in his letter that there is some 'oors o' difference between the time here and in California, so I needna be takin' lumber."

Unnecessary Preparation

"Tommy," cautioned his mother, "be sure to come in at four this afternoon to get your bath before you go to the Joneses' to supper."

"But, mother," protested the lad, "I don't need a bath for that. They said it was to be most informal."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Gone, but Not Forgotten

"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner-table.

"No," said his father; "what makes you ask a question like that while we are eating?"

"You had one on your lettuce, but it's gone now," replied Tommy.

Where Was His "Better Half"?

Timothy came last, looking half scared, half sheepish, and half amused.

—*Young's Magazine.*

Timothy must have been a big chap, at least.

—*New York Tribune.*

Puzzled the Philosopher

Old Mr. Brompton is a very clever man. He has enough degrees after his name to supply a platoon of scientists. Yet the other day his little granddaughter utterly confounded him.

"Grandpa," said she, "I saw something so funny running across the kitchen floor without any legs. What do you think it was?"

Grandpa thought and thought, but at last he had to give it up.

"What was it?" he asked.

"Water," replied the little lady triumphantly.

—*Selected.*

So Shiftless!

Dorothy was visiting her grandparents in the country for the first time. Seeing a quantity of feathers scattered about the hen-yard, she shook her head in disapproval.

"Grandfather," she told him gravely, "you really ought to do something to keep your chickens from wearing out so."

—*King's Own.*

Protecting the Birds

A kind-hearted little city girl, visiting in the country, saw one evening a mother hen about to gather her brood under her wings. The little girl rushed up to the hen and shouted: "Shoo, you naughty thing! How dare you sit down on those beautiful little birds?"

—*Young Folks.*

Suspicious

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarreling with the milkman this morning?" "Sure not. His hired girl's sick, an' I was inquiring after her. But he's an impolite wretch." "How's that?" "Says I, 'How's your milkmaid?' An' he looked mad an' says, 'That's a thrade secret.'"

—*Kansas City Journal.*

Easy Answer

INSTRUCTOR—"Give a sentence with the word 'metaphysician' in it."

"On his way home Mr. Jones metaphysician."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Condensed It

EDITOR—"How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible."

ASSISTANT—"He did. Here's his account of yesterday afternoon's tea: 'Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored, and Mrs. Embonpoint snored.'"

A Sprinter

Harold, aged four, was trudging the distance of many blocks with his father to Sunday-school, and the long tramp was almost too much for him. The father, glancing back, noticed the small boy's fatigue and, slackening his pace, asked:

"Am I walking too fast, son?"

"No," returned the small boy, puffing and panting breathlessly, "it's me, papa."

—*The Christian Herald.*

Feminine Finance

When the agent came around to collect for the husband's life insurance the wife met him at the door.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Ten dollars," replied the agent.

"Oh, I haven't that much change in the house," she exclaimed. "Tell the company to charge it and deduct it from what they will owe me when my husband dies."

Excuse It, Please

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the well-known artist who died recently, used to tell an amusing story of a London art-dealer. This man, says *Der Reckford,* had two beautiful reproductions of the painting, "The Approaching Storm."

One of the pictures he placed in the show-window; but it did not sell. At length, in order to draw attention to the picture, he put a card on it, bearing the words, "'The Approaching Storm,' especially suitable for a wedding present."

Genuine Scotch

"Mac, would you like a little of something Scotch—the real thing?"

"Well, now—I never——"

"Of course you would. Mary, bring out that pot of Dundee marmalade."

—*Life.*

Politeness and Safety

ENGLISH LADY (traveling in western America)—"The idea of calling this the 'Wild West'! Why, I never saw such politeness anywhere."

COWBOY—"We're allers perlite to ladies, ma'am."

ENGLISH LADY—"Oh, as for that, there is plenty of politeness everywhere. But I refer to the men. Why, in London the men behave horribly toward one another, but here they treat one another as delicately as gentlemen in a drawing-room."

COWBOY—"Yes, ma'am, it's safer."

A Fair Chance

The flapper had just powdered her nose and was taking a hurried look at herself in the mirror. To the image therein she said:

"Clothes, I am going to town; if you want to come along, just hang on."

How'd It Happen?

MEDICAL EXAMINER—What disease did your father die of?

APPLICANT FOR LIFE INSURANCE—I don't remember, doctor, but it was nothing serious.

Easily Done

Jack had returned to his ship apparently under the influence of drink, and was being interviewed by the officer of the watch.

That worthy, to prove whether Jack was drunk or not, ordered him to repeat the sentence: "The Irish constabulary extinguished the conflagration."

Jack stood for a minute, blinking, apparently stunned by the magnitude of the task.

Then, with a smile of triumph, he blurted out:

"The Irish coppers put the fire out!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Selections from Previous Editions

A Successful Husband

The wife of a Western Congressman is sensitive on the subject of her deficient orthography, and her demands for information as to correct spelling sometimes place her peace-loving husband in a delicate position.

One day, as she was writing a letter at her desk, she glanced up to ask:

"Henry, do you spell 'graphic' with one 'f' or two?"

"My dear," was the diplomatic reply, "if you're going to use any, you might as well use two."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Bedeviled Editor

A business house, having been solicited for some advertising by a newspaper, wrote back asking what territory the paper covered. The editor replied: "This paper goes from New York to San Francisco, from Canada to the Gulf, and it keeps me working until two o'clock in the morning to keep it from going to Hades."

A Miscogynistic Guide

The members of the excursion party gathered round the guide, eager to hear any legends of the mountain which they had been climbing.

"They call this yere bluff Lover's Leap," he said. "I sorter forgit jest why; but 'pears like the story goes that an old maid proposed to a feller on this spot, and he give a yell and jumped off."

A Diplomat

After the morning service the new minister found several buttons among the coins in the collection plates, and at the opening of the evening service he said: "I wish to remind you that there will be a collection at the close of the service. The text I have chosen for this evening's sermon may be found in the thirteenth verse of the second chapter of Joel: 'Rend your heart, and not your garments.'"

If Pharaoh Now Could Rise!

The Sunday-school superintendent was reviewing the lesson. "Who let the children of Israel out of Egypt?" he asked. There was no answer.

Pointing to a little boy at the end of the seat, he demanded, a little crossly, "Little boy, who let the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

The little boy was ready to cry as he piped out with a quavering voice: "Please, sir, it wasn't me. We just moved here last week. We're from Missouri."

—*Forbes.*

She Had The Great Knave's Number

The famous visiting architect met a woman acquaintance in the street and, in reply to her question, said he had been to see the great nave in the new church.

"Don't mention names," the woman interrupted. "I know the man you refer to."

And We a Thousand

The Secretary of the New England Anti-Tobacco league said in an address in Portland: "Carefully compiled statistics show us that for every cigar a man smokes he shortens his life three days, while with every cigarette he smokes he shortens his life a week."

At this point a prominent Portland physician rose in the rear of the hall.

"Are those statistics absolutely accurate?" he asked.

"Absolutely sir," said the Secretary. "Why?"

"Because it's rather important," explained the physician. "You see, if your statistics are accurate, I've been dead over 300 years."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Matrimony = Purgatory

Archbishop Ryan was visiting a small parish in a mining district one day for the purpose of administering Confirmation, and asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was.

"It is a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo to prepare themselves for a brighter and better world," she said.

"No, no," remonstrated her pastor, "that isn't matrimony, that's the definition for purgatory."

—*The Tidings.*

Gambling for Grace

Two strange ministers were dining at Freddie's home. Mother glanced from one to the other, not knowing which to invite to say grace. Freddie, divining her perplexity, shot out an index finger, saying, "Eenie, meenie, minie, mo,-*you're* it!" as the finger halted before one of the visitors.

—*Alabama Christian Advocate.*

A Futile Terrestrialist

He had been around the world. On his return his friends gave him a dinner. He was asked to tell about his journey. Rising, he said, "Friends, I have been all over, and saw everything," and sat down. He couldn't talk at all. The suggestion was made by some one, "Suppose we ask him some questions and then maybe we can get him to talk to us." But you know how timid people are in the mountains. Finally one fellow over in the corner who was full of that Kentucky mountain dew that in New York sells for Scotch whiskey at $12 a bottle, said, "My friend, did you ever have the delirium tremens?" He said "No." "By God, then," retorted his questioner, "you haven't been nowhere and you ain't seen nothing!"

His Blessed Anchor in a Sin-Scarred Life

An old darky got up one night at a revival meeting and said: "Brudders an' sisters, you knows an' I knows dat I ain't been what I oughter been. Ise robbed hen-roosts and stole hawgs, an' tole lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folks wi' mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed an' swor; but I thank the Lord der's one thing I ain't nebber done: I ain't nebber lost mah religion."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A Connoisseur of Battle

An Irishman was gazing at a cast of the "Winged Victory" in the Metropolitan Museum in New York when his employer chanced to come up. "Well, Pat," said he, "that's a fine statue, isn't it?"

"And they tell me it's Victhory," said Pat.

"Yes, so it is."

"Then begorra, I'd like to see the other chap."

The Casual Dad and His Red-Headed Casualty

A Wall Street broker was the father of a small family which he rarely was able to see, as he was too engrossed in making a fortune. One night, however, he was to stay home and take care of the several young offspring alone. The next morning his wife asked him if he had met with any difficulties. "Oh," he said, "I got them all to bed o. k. except that little red-headed one. I had to lick her before she'd go." "Why, James!" his wife exclaimed, "that isn't our child; she lives across the street!"

The Jocular Captain's Cameled Whisker

"It was the good ship Equator, a-sailing round the world, and the lady asked the captain to point out the equator. For a joke he got out his bifocals, or whatever they call 'em, pulled a hair from his whiskers, and held it in front of the glass for the lady. 'Now do you see the equator?' 'Yes, indeed,' yessed she, 'and look at the camel walking on it.' "

—*George Buck.*

Little Nell and Her Minister

"Mama, I'se got a stomach-ache," said Nellie Bly, six years old.

"That's because you've been without lunch. It's because your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the minister called, and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a very severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."

—*Short Stories.*

"What a Telephone is Thinking About"

I am a telephone. While I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver. I have a mouthpiece, but unlike a woman I never use it. Fellows use me to make dates with girls and girls use me to break said dates. Husbands call up their wives over me and wives call their husbands down over me. I never get to call anywhere, but sometimes the company comes and takes me out. I am not a bee, but I often buzz. I am the "Bell" of the town, and while I do not get jewelry, I often get rings.

—Sent from Duluth.—The Northwestern Bell.

"The Home Over There"

He was more religious than educated and so not to be too greatly censured for this "testimony" at prayer meeting: "I thank the Lord that I have three wives in heaven."

—The Epworth Herald.

Millions Are Like Him

"I have no use for faith," said the man; "what I know I know!" Then he went out and bought some wildcat mining stock and a second hand motor car.

—Christian Life.

A Floral Stutterer

"What does young Bjinks mean by sending me one carnation a day, right along?"

"Why, don't you know? He's saying it with flowers, and he stutters."

—Oral Hygiene.

Likes Tender Fare—But Isn't Finical

FOR SALE—Bull dog. Very fond of children. Will eat anything. 928 North 40th Street.

—A classified ad in the Southwest American.

Advice For Petty Husbands

A restaurant in Butler, Mo., displays this sign:

DON'T DIVORCE YOUR WIFE BECAUSE SHE CAN'T COOK. EAT HERE AND KEEP HER FOR A PET.

—Pacific Retail Adviser.

Honey and The Bathroom

She left her hubby alone in their room at the hotel while she did some shopping. She returned. The many doors and numbers confused her. But she soon decided which was her room.

She knocked and called: "I'm back, honey—let me in!"

No answer.

"Honey, honey—let me in!" she called again, knocking harder. "Honey, it's me—please, honey!"

Brief silence, then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madam, this is not a beehive, it's a bathroom."

—*Capper's Weekly.*

Why the Bird Caught That Worm

Cuthbert had been listening for half an hour to a lecture from his father on the evils of late nights and late risings in the morning.

"You will never amount to anything," said the father, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Cuthbert. "How about the worm? What did he get for turning out so early?"

"My son," replied the father, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night; he was on his way home."

—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Folksy Johnny

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny," said he; "how's your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all *your* folks?"

Profitable Candor

The late Joseph Jefferson once received a cable dispatch from his son, Thomas, who was in London, asking his father to remit to him one hundred pounds.

The father was doubtful, and so he wired back: "What do you want it for?"

Back came the answer: "For Tom."

This so tickled the old man that the money was forthcoming.

Again the Savage Sergeant

A cavalry sergeant at a Western post had endured the stupidity of a recruit for many days. One day the "rookie" was thus greeted when he had violated the sergeant's orders:

"Say, don't ever come at the horses from behind without speakin' to them!" exclaimed the sergeant. "They'll be kicking in that thick head of yours! Then, the first thing you know, there'll be a lot o' lame horses in the squadron!"

Chauffeur Wit

She was garbed in a dress that resembled nothing so much as a checkerboard. The squares, red and black, vied in size with any worn by minstrels in the palmiest days of minstrelsy. Naturally she was the center of attraction.

She thought she saw a chance to gain the other side, and started on her journey just as a jolly-looking chauffeur started his automobile. The woman retreated to the curb stone, but, with an appreciative glance at her dress, the driver of the electric vehicle brought it to a standstill and bawled out admiringly, much to the enjoyment of the bystanders: "Go right on lady, it's your move!"

Sarcasming the Doctor

DOCTOR—I think I'll have to call in some other physicians for consultation.

PATIENT—Go ahead. Get as many accomplices as you wish.

—*Town Topics.*

Libeling Joisey

Great men are not always good spellers, as is instanced in the case of an eastern Congressman who, last session, was making out with his secretary a list of appointments for speeches in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

"What's the matter with Trenton?" asked the secretary, as he ran his eye down the list.

"Nothing at all!" exclaimed the solon, surprised. "Why do you ask?"

"I see you have marked it 'N. G.'"

"Well, that's all right, isn't it?" asked the statesman, irritated. "'N. G.' stands for 'New Jersey,' doesn't it?"

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"Wronga End Up!"

"Help Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud-flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek! Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He no canna walk! He wronga end up!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Easy Payment Plan

The young son of a prominent New York family had just read to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, a one-act play he had written for her. Mrs. Campbell was enthusiastic, but could not persuade the young author to accept any remuneration. When she insisted he as firmly refused. Was not the play written for her, and was not her gratitude sufficient payment for any lover of art?

Mrs. Campbell wrung her hands. "But," she insisted, "you must let me make you some return. No, no, no! Don't say a word. I must give you something. What can it be? Ah, I have it!" she finally exclaimed.

In answer to her ring her maid brought in the famous little dog.

"Now," said Mrs. Campbell rapturously to the young leader of society, "you may *kiss* my dog."

Blinkety, Blankety Fool

WIFE (introducing ailing husband)—"I dunno what's the matter with him, Doctor, but I think he must have got hold of some of that good-natured alcohol."

—*New York World.*

A Versatile Cow

FOR SALE—Fine Jersey cow giving milk, furniture, and chickens. 208 South Ash Street.

—*From the Ponca City "News," Okla.*

The Old Hen's Rotten Song

A friend was first telling me of his experience in attending a reception in Indianapolis some time ago. During the progress of the function an elaborately gowned woman sang for the guests. Her voice wasn't anything to brag on, and my friend, who is very plain spoken, turned to a meek-looking little man sitting at his right and asked in a low voice: "Who was that old hen who has just squawked for us?"

"That," replied the man addressed, "is my wife."

My friend gasped. "Oh, b-b-beg your pardon," he stuttered. "She's really a rather nice looking woman and I know she'd sing beautifully if she made a better selection of her music. Who do you suppose ever wrote a rotten song like that?"

"I am the author of that song," replied the meek-looking little man.

—*Louisville Times.*

Patient Patient

A physician, upon opening the door of his consultation room, said: "Next patient, please. Who has been waiting the longest?"

A tailor who had called to present his bill rose and said: "I have, Doctor; I delivered your clothes to you three years ago."

—*Journal of American Medical Associations.*

Every Printer's Plague

Charley Harris of Fort Worth, Texas, a friend of Mr. Nubbiners in the printing business, got slightly peeved at a letter from a doctor who wanted a bid on several thousand letter heads, different sizes, different grades, and different colors, and wanted the printing form held standing. So Charley took his typewriter in hand and wrote:

"Am in the market for bids on one operation for appendicitis. One, two or five inch incision—with or without ether—also with or without nurse. If appendix is found to be sound, want quotation to include putting same back and canceling order. If removed, successful bidder is expected to hold incision open for about sixty days, as I expect to be in the market for an operation for gallstones at that time and want to save the extra cost of cutting."

—*Kansas City Post.*

Hounding an Honest Man

"You say that this man has a grudge against you?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, your honor," replied Bill the Beggar. "When I was blind, he useta steal the pennies from my cup, and when I was a cripple he'd run down the street with my box of pencils."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, your honor. Once when I was deaf and dumb, he shot off a firecracker underneath me."

No Place For Her

A young woman who was not familiar with the language of railroad men happened to be walking near a depot where a freight train was being made up. As the freight train was being backed up, one of the brakemen, who appeared to be glaring at her, shouted: "Jump on her when she comes by, run her down beyond the elevator, cut her in two, and bring the head end up to the depot."

Screaming "Murder!" the young woman turned and fled from the spot for dear life.

Frank and Starving

During the absence of our pastor we enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing a good sermon, when Mr. J. A. McM—— supplied our pulpit. We hope he will come again.

—*The Presbyterian League Leader.*

Not His Kind of Funeral

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the sympathetic motorist of a man who was looking unutterable thoughts at a disabled car.

"How is your vocabulary?"

"I'm a minister, sir."

"Drive on!"

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"You May Lead a Horse to Water," in Bostonese

To oxygen and hydrogen combined
A quadruped—the genus equus kind—
Although conducted with a firm decision,
May thwart you by declining imbibition.

Yale — Yail

Mrs. Gottawad was showing Hilda, the new Swedish maid, over the house, and explaining her duties. "This," she said, "is my son's room. But he is not at home now. He is in Yale."

"Yah?" Hilda's stolid face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brother ban there, too."

"Is that so? What year?"

"Ach, he not ban there year. Da Yudge yust say, 'You, Axel, sixty days in yail.'"

The Moral for YOU: "Never Say 'Die' Until You're Dead!"

"Biggest fun'al ever was around heah," said Wash. "It was Mose Grindle's. All dem lodges and societies what Mose belong' to was out in dey full regalium. Dey had four choruses to sing de hymns, and dey had three preachers to preach the summons. Den dey had a band and a long peerade all de way to de grave-yahd, and more flowers dan you ever see, piled up around de grave. Dey put dat coffin on dem sticks across de grave—and den dat Mose Grindle did de blamdest thing you eveh seen at a fun'al."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He des kicked de lid off dat coffin and set right up straight and looked at de crowd!"

"My goodness," I said, "did they bury him?"

"Gawd knows—I don't!"

—*Kablegram.*

Direct to the Consumer

A dusky lady went into a drug store and asked for one cent's worth of insect powder.

"But that isn't enough to wrap up," objected the drug clerk.

"Man," exclaimed the dark lady, "I ain't asked you to wrap it up. Jes' blow it down my back."

—*Rock Island Argus.*

And His Epitaph—"Descendsior!"

The shades of night were falling fast,
The fool "stepped on it" and rushed past.
A crash—he died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior.

Finding His Level

A college graduate, the day after commencement, swaggered into a bank, and asked to see the President. He was told to wait in the ante-room, where a small boy was chewing gum.

"Boy," he said, after a bit, "do you know if there's an opening in the bank for a college graduate?"

The boy, chewing grimly, answered:

"Dere will be if dey don't slip de extra five spot what I'm askin' fur in me next pay envelope, see?"

Truly a Kind Word

An American went into a London tea shop, took his seat and waited.

Presently a bright-eyed waitress approached him and asked:

"Can I take your order?"

"Yes, two boiled eggs and a kind word."

The waitress brought the eggs and was moving on when the American said:

"Say! What about the kind word?"

The waitress leaned over and whispered:

"Don't eat the eggs."

—*Daily News, New York.*

A Murderous Editor

A certain editor recently received from a lady some verses, daintily tied up with pink ribbon, "I wonder if he'll miss me?"

After reading them he returned the effort to the sender with the following note:

"Dear Madam: If he does he ought never to be trusted with firearms again."

And Wanted to Egg Him On

William H. Crane, the actor, was recently asked how it was that with all actors having an ambition to essay Shakespeare, he never tried.

"But I did once," replied the comedian. "Years ago, in the West, I played 'Hamlet.'"

"Did you indeed?" said an admirer and friend. "Didn't you have a great success? Didn't the audience call you before the curtain?"

"Call me," replied Crane. "Why, man, they *dared* me!"

Dickens of a Porter

Pasted on the window of the book-publisher's store was the sign, "Porter wanted," and in the window itself on a pile of books the placard, "Dickens's Works All This Week for $4." The able-looking Irishman read first the sign and then the placard. He scratched his head and blurted out: "Dickens may take the job! Dickens can wur-rk ahl the week fer foor dollars if he wants to, but I'm a union man. I'll not touch it. Ye'd betther kape Dickens."

Lloyd George Illustrates Diplomacy

"You Americans do not look before you leap. That is why you are poor diplomats," said Lloyd George at a dinner in London recently. "In fact, diplomacy calls to mind the conversation I once overheard between two American gentlemen at a house party:

" 'Beastly bore, isn't it?' said the first.

" 'Yes. It is anything but exciting.'

" 'I say, old chap,' added the first, 'why not get away from the infernal place? What say if we jump into my car and take a run down to the club?'

" 'Sorry, dear boy, but I can't. You see I'm the host.' "

—*London Answers.*

An Accommodating Music Shop

A pretty young woman stepped into a music shop in the city the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music, and in her sweetest tones asked: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned, looked, and said: "It must have been the man at the other counter. I've only been here a week."

Yankee Owl Makes Cockney 'Owl'

A cockney and his American friend were walking down the street of an American village one night when an owl set up his ancient "W-h-o! W-h-o! W-h-o!" The Englishman asked: "What is that?"

"Oh, that's an owl," answered the American casually.

"Well," stormed the insulted Englishman, "I know it's an 'owl. But what the 'ell is it that's 'owling?"

How Mose Beat the Devil

A negro was arrested down in our country some time back, for maiming another negro in a fight. When the case was called the victim of the assault was truly a sight. An eye gouged out, a lip hanging by a thread, and an ear that looked like it might have gone through a sausage grinder. The judge was horrified at the sight, and said to the prisoner, "Mose, certainly you must have been inspired by fiends from the very depths of Hell. Indeed, the Devil himself must have been whispering advice in your ear when you committed such atrocities."

"Well, yo' hono'," said Mose, brightening up, "the old Devil he did tell me to gouge out his eye, and he told me to teah off his lip—but Jedge, dat chawed up ear of his'n—*that's mah own idee.*"

Unsatisfactory Fleas

A traveler putting up at a small hotel out in California, brought the porter up to his room with his angry storming.

"Want your room changed, sir? What is the matter?"

"The room's all right," fumed the guest, scorchingly. "It's the fleas I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Hawkins!" shouted the porter, in an uninterested sort of a voice, "the gent in No. 7 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the fleas changed."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

My Salary

The hours you spend with me, dear "Mon,"
  Are very few, it seems to me;
I count you over, every dime apart,
  MY SALARY! My salary!
Ten cents a dime, ten dimes a "plunk."
  To earn them is an awful grind;
I count each dime unto the end, and there—
  A "dun" I find.
Oh, toil that is so poorly paid!
  Oh, salary spent before we greet!
I kiss each dime, and try to find a way
  To make ends meet—
  Ye gods! To make ends meet!

—*Anne Alfreda Mellish.*

Just So!

There isn't much to life but this:
A baby's smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a pipe, a fire, a friend,
And just a little cash to lend.
—*The Grotto.*

You say that's all there is to life—
The things you mention and a wife?
Well, you ungrateful little runt,
What the hell more do you want?
—*The Kablegram.*

Auntie Find's a Sure Protector

During an epidemic in a small Southern town, every infected house was put under quarantine. After the disease had been checked, an old negress protested vigorously when the health officers started to take down the sign on her house.

"Why, auntie," exclaimed the officer, "why don't you want me to take it down?"

"Well, sah," she answered, "dey ain' be'n a bill-collectah neah dis house sence dat sign went up. You-all let it alone!"

—*Harper's.*

Bridget Whist

"Phwere hov yez been this avenin'?" asked O'Tunder of O'Toole.

"Sure, I've been playin' Bridget Whist."

"Bridget Whist? An' how do yez play thot?"

"I sit in the kitchen wid Bridget an' ate pie an' cake an' chicken, an' whin Bridget hears th' missus comin' she says 'Whist!' an' I hide in th' pantry."

The Unaccommodating Pill

A doctor brought a dyspeptic farmer a big brown pill. "I want you to try this pill at bedtime," he said. "It's a new treatment, and if you can retain it on your stomach it ought to cure you."

The next day the doctor called again. "Did you manage to retain that pill on your stomach?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, the pill was all right as long as I kept awake," said the farmer, "but every time I fell asleep it rolled off."

A Lesson in Thrift

"Ikey," said his father, "What for you go up dem shtairs two at a time?"

"To safe my shoes, fader," Ikey replied.

"Vell," said his father, "Dot's right, my son; but look oudt you don't shplit your pants."

Western Justice—Western Guile

Some years ago in a Western State, then a territory, a popular citizen became involved with an influential and overbearing character and killed him.

Public sentiment leaned toward the defendant, but the law was against him, and when the day of trial came the defendant, his counsel, and friends held a consultation, and, fearful of the consequences, they decided that the defendant should plead guilty and beg the court's mercy.

The jury was charged by the court and retired. Presently it returned, and the foreman said:

"We find defendant not guilty."

The judge viewed the jury in surprise and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, how be it? This defendant pleads guilty, and you find him not guilty?"

The foreman answered:

"Well, Your Honor, the defendant is such a liar we can't believe him under oath."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

The Colonel's Perfect Hospitality

A friend from the North had gone to visit the Colonel, who lived in the swampy Mississippi River bottoms of Louisiana. There was no mosquito-netting over the bed, and in the morning, when the negro came with the water and towels, the tortured visitor asked: "Sam, why is it that you have no mosquito-netting over the beds? Doesn't the Colonel have any in his room?"

"No, suh," replied Sam.

"I don't see how he stands it."

"Well, suh," said Sam, "I reckon it's jes' dis way: in de fo' part uv de night, suh, the Colonel's mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat he don't pay no 'tention to de skeeters; an' in de last part uv de night, suh, de skeeters is mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat dey don't pay no 'tention to de Colonel."

Found—Notebook on Stenography

A bit of humor from the Rotarian Weekly Letter tells of a sheet from a notebook which was picked up by a member last Monday.

The notebook tabulations read:

Oct. 3	—Advertisement for girl stenog	$ .50
Oct. 5	—Violets for new stenog	.65
Oct. 8	—Week's salary for new stenog	15.00
Oct. 11	—Roses for new stenog	3.00
Oct. 15	—Week's salary for Miss ———	20.00
Oct. 15	—Candy for wife over Sunday	.75
Oct. 19	—Lunch for Miss ———	10.60
Oct. 22	—Lillian's salary	25.00
Oct. 25	—Theater and supper with Lillian	22.00
Oct. 26	—Fur coat for wife	625.00
Oct. 27	—Advertisement for male stenog	.50

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Paddy's Lost Labor

An officer of a certain regiment was one morning inspecting his company on parade, when he came to an Irishman who had evidently not shaved for some days.

Halting in front of the man, he said:

"Doyle, how is it you've not shaved this morning?"

"Oi have, sorr," was the reply.

"How dare you tell me that," said the officer, "with a beard on you like that?"

"Well, sorr," said Paddy, "it's loike this. There's only one shaving-glass in our room, and there was nine of us shaving at the same time, and maybe Oi shaved some other chap's face."

—*Human Life.*

The Makings of a Cosmopolitan

JOE—"'Ere, Curly! You know everything—what's a cosmopolitan?"

CURLY—"Well, it's like this—suppose you was a Russian Jew livin' in England, married to a black woman, an' you'd just finished a bit of Irish stew an' was smoking an Egyptian cigaret, while a German band outside was playin' the Blue Bells of Scotland—you'd be a cosmopolitan."

—*The Bystander.*

A Baptist?

As a "mixed metaphor," not from the rostrum, but from the pulpit, I think the following can hardly be beaten. A preacher who was rebuking his flock for their apathy declared that but a spark of grace remained to show that they were alive at all. Then in a parenthesis, "Lord, water that spark!"

—*London Spectator.*

The Lamb and His Five-Legged Brother

Mrs. Barron was one of the new "summer folk" and not acquainted with the vernacular. Consequently, she was somewhat surprised, upon sending in an order for a roast of lamb to the nearest butcher, to receive the following note in reply: "Dear Mam: I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but I can get you a good leg off my brother (the butcher at the farther end of the town). He's full up of what you want. I seen him last night with five legs. Yours respectful, George Gunton."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Variation of the Umbrella Joke

Patrons of a Boston restaurant noticed tacked on the wall a sheet of paper on which was printed in bold characters:

"The umbrella in the stand below belongs to the champion heavyweight fighter of the world. He is coming right back."

Five minutes later umbrella and paper had disappeared. In their place was another notice:

"Umbrella is now in possession of the champion Marathon runner of the world. He is not coming back."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Ducks and Dumplings

A country housewife of good intentions, but with little culinary knowledge, decided to try her hand at dumplings. The result was somewhat on the heavy side, and, after offering it to the various members of her household, she threw it to the ducks in disgust. A short time afterward two urchins tapped at her door. "I say, missus," they shouted, "your ducks have sunk!"

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

The Real Reason for Ankles

Barney Phelan, Father Healey's servant, was celebrated for his ready wit. One day while he was serving at dinner one of the guests said to him: "Barney, why is my ankle placed between my calf and my foot?" "Begorra, I dunno," replied Barney; "unless it is to keep your calf from eatin' your corn."

—*Boston Transcript.*

She Warnt No Pigeon!

An old dame at a railway station asked a porter where she could get her ticket. The man pointed in the direction of the ticket-office.

"You can get it there," he said, "through the pigeon-hole."

"Get away with you, idiot!" she exclaimed. "How can I get through that little hole? I ain't no pigeon!"

—*Houston Post.*

Logic

"Say, mama, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Um. They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"

—*The Legionaire.*

Flushing the Quail

A Virginia editor threatened to publish the name of a certain young man who was seen hugging and kissing a girl in the park unless his subscription to the paper was paid up in a week. Fifty-nine young men called and paid up the next day, while two even paid a year in advance.

—*The Labor Clarion (San Francisco).*

Saving Susie from Fool Laws

Uncle Alec Wilson was jogging slowly into town behind old Susie. Susie isn't geared to do more than four miles an hour. Anything more than that makes her sweat under the breast band. Uncle Alec noticed a sign along the road which said: "CITY LIMITS. Speed 15 Miles Per Hour."

"They can make their fool laws if they want to," exclaimed Alec, "but so fer as I'm concerned I pay no attention to that. Why, old Susie could never make that speed, and I'll be durned if I try to urge her to, even if th' law DOES require it."

—*Hay Rake.*

Congress First

A story of Lincoln's early political life is told in John Wesley Hill's new book, "Abraham Lincoln, Man of God" (Putnam). It seems that in 1846, during a canvass for Congress, Lincoln attended a preaching service of Peter Cartwright's. Cartwright called on all desiring to go to heaven to stand up. All arose but Lincoln. Then he asked all to rise who did not want to go to hell. Lincoln remained still seated. "I am surprised," said Cartwright, "to see Abe Lincoln sitting back there unmoved by these appeals. If Mr. Lincoln does not want to go to heaven and does not want to escape hell, perhaps he will tell us where he does want to go?" Lincoln slowly arose and replied, "I am going to Congress."

—*The Christian Register* (*Boston*).

Tooting the Cow in Japan

A traveler in Japan tells of curious notices he saw in shop-windows, and especially an official municipal notice to motorists: "If a cow obstruct, toot 'er soothingly; if she continue to obstruct, toot 'er with vigor; if she still obstruct, wait till she pass away!"

—*The Christian Advocate* (*New York*).

A Satisfying Verdict

"I understand," remarked Callahan to his friend Casey, "that the judge fined ye $10 for assaultin' Coughlin the other day."

"He did that," answered Mr. Casey, "an' it was a proud moment, I'll tell ye, whin I heard the sintince."

"How's that?"

"I'm thinkin'," continued Mr. Casey, "that it showed which one of us had the best of the fight."

—*The Argonaut* (*San Francisco*).

When Uncle Walked and Talked

A schoolgirl was required to write 200 words about a motor-car. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought a motor car. He was out riding in the country, when it busted going up a hill. The other 180 words are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but I know you wouldn't want me to repeat them."

—*Boston Transcript.*

By Autosuggestion

The grammar-school principal went from room to room explaining what to do in case of fire. The pupils listened with respectful attention until he came to his final instruction. "Above all things," he said, "if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."

—*The Christian Register (Boston).*

He'll Need 'Em!

Here is a unique and probably appropriate news item: "The church presented Dr. Blank with a splendid car. He asks the prayers of all Christian people."

—*The Watchman-Examiner (New York).*

How Eve Ruined Us

A philanthropist has given this version by an East-End child of the story of Eden. She was sitting with other children on the curb outside a public house in Shoreditch, and her version of the story proceeded:

"Eve ses: 'Adam, 'ave a bite?' 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite!' 'Garn!' ses Eve; 'go on, 'ave a bite!' 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam."

The child repeated this dialog, her voice rising to a shrill shriek. "An' then Adam took a bite," she finished up. "An' the flamin' angel come along with 'is sword, an' 'e ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then—ahtside!'"

—*Evening News (London).*

Quaker's Quiet Craft

The politician who was running for re-election called upon a Quaker family and asked the wife, who came to the door, to see her husband.

"Have a seat and my husband will see thee," the Quaker lady responded.

The politician waited for several minutes, but the husband did not show up.

"I thought you said your husband would see me?" he said.

"He has seen thee," responded the Quaker lady, "but he did not like thy looks, so he went another way."

—*The Non-Partizan Leader.*

Second Best

A Scotchwoman had much trouble with her gardeners. She could not find one who was capable of keeping sober. She appealed to her brother, who promised to do his best to help her. At last he announced that he had found just the man she needed.

"I'll only ask one question, James," said his sister. "Is he a teetotaler?"

"Well," said James, deliberately, "he's no juist what ye'd ca' a teetotaler, but he's a mon ye canna fill."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

A Frequently Fruitful Method

"Sages tell us that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

"Why not choose the latter and get both?"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

The Helpless Sex

A recent experience of a Virginia clergyman throws light on the old English law requiring that marriages should be celebrated before noon. A colored couple appeared before him, asking to be married, the man in a considerably muddled state. The minister said to the woman, "I won't perform this ceremony."

"Why is dat, boss?" she queried. "Ain't de licenses all right? An' we is of age."

"Yes, but the man is drunk. Take him away and come back again." Several days later the couple again presented themselves, the man once more obviously intoxicated. "See here, I told you I wouldn't marry you when this man was drunk," the minister said testily. "Don't you come back here till he's sober."

"Well, you see, suh," the woman replied apologetically, "de trufe is dat he won't come less'n he's lit up."

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

She Knew Him

JOE—"Sweets to the sweet?"

SEPHINE—"Oh, thank you; may I pass you the nuts?"

—*Goblin.*

Drew Back From the Abyss

"Dr. Mott," says the palpably antilegal *Yale News,* "had intended to take up the study of law, but his Y. M. C. A. work, while a student at Cornell, influenced him to follow Christian pursuits."

—*F. P. A., Conning Tower, New York Tribune.*

The Thrifty Scot

Dugald M'Tavish, the all-round athlete and sportsman in the village, entered his name for all events in the local Highland games. The first event on the program was the half mile, and of eight runners Dugald finished eighth. "Dugald, Dugald," said a fellow Scot, "why do you no run faster?"

"Run faster!" he said scornfully, "an' me reservin' mysel' for the bagpipe competition?"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Hot Music

A very deaf old lady, walking along the street, saw an Italian turning a peanut roaster. She stood looking at it awhile, shook her head and said: "No, I shan't give you any money for such music as that. I can't hear any of the tunes, and besides it smells as if there were something burning inside!"

—*The Congregationalist.*

No, Indeed, Mamie!

First Stenog. (reading)—"Think of those Spaniards going 3,000 miles on a galleon!"

Second Stenog.—"Aw, forget it. Yuh can't believe all yuh hear about them foreign cars."

—*New York American.*

A Ring-nose Harem

She—"You refuse to buy me a single hat, and then you tell me that while you were in the Congo you had a harem of half a dozen wives. Oh! la! la! How could you afford to pay for the clothes of all those women?"

The Returned Soldier—"Oh, that was easy. When they wished to dress up, they simply put rings in their noses."

—*Le Regiment.*

Little Mary Sees A Chicken in Bloom

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in the country. Walking in the garden, she chanced to see a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing in silent admiration, she ran quickly into the house and cried out: "Oh, granny, come and see! One of your chickens is in bloom."

—The Christian Register.

A Meticulous Purist

An American tourist in Scotland took a great fancy to a handsome collie he saw, and offered to buy it. The owner asked some questions, and on learning that it was the would-be purchaser's intention to take "Jock" to America he refused to part with the dog.

Just then an English tourist came along, and he also made a bid for the collie, which, tho less than the first offer, was accepted. The American was annoyed, and when the Englishman had departed, he said: "You told me you wouldn't sell your dog."

"Na, na," replied the canny Scot. "I said I couldna *part* wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or two, never fear. But he couldna swim the Atlantic."

—London Opinion.

Seductive Relativity

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder where you are;
High above I see you shine,
But, according to Einstein,
You are not where you pretend,
You are just around the bend;
And your sweet seductive ray
Has been leading men astray
All these years—O little star,
Don't you know how bad you are?

—Science and Invention.

A Profiteering Lover

"So you loved and lost?"

"Well, no, I didn't lose exactly. You see, when she returned my presents, she accidentally put in some of the other fellow's."

—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Filial Respect

Turning a corner at full speed he collided with the minister.

"Where are you running to, my little man?" asked the minister, when he had regained his breath.

"Home!" panted the boy. "Ma's going to spank me."

"What!" gasped the astonished minister. 'Are you eager to have your mother spank you that you run home so fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulder, as he resumed his homeward flight, "but if I don't get there before pa, he'll do it!"

—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Another Dig at Professorial Memory

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Diggs.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Professor Diggs. "Did I take the car out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it to town."

"How odd! I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift and wondered where he had gone."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Unusual

A lank, disconsolate looking person stood on the steps of the town hall during a political meeting. "Do you know who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger briskly, pausing for a moment beside him. "Or are you just going in?"

"No, sir; I've come out," said the man decidedly. "Congressman Sniffkins is talking in there."

"What about?" asked the stranger.

"Well," continued the man, passing his hand across his forehead in a puzzled manner, "he didn't say."

—*The Argonaut.*

Amen!

"I consider New York to be the most wonderful city in the world, and I hope that its prosperity, uninterrupted, may be forever continued by Providence. In this connection I also express the earnest hope that God may take care of Chicago in the future, so as to enable it to live down its miserable past and wretched present."

—*From the will of the late A. Toxen Worm, as quoted in the N. Y. Herald.*

We Have 'Em Here, Too

GUEST—"Do you make a reduction to people in the same line of business?"

MANAGER—"Yes. Are you a restaurateur?"

GUEST—"No. I'm a thief by profession."

—*La Baionnette.*

Preferred a Little Wickedness

HE—"Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

SHE—"But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

—*London Opinion.*

He Reads the Papers

"Tommy," asked the teacher, "what can you tell me of America's foreign relations at the present time?"

"They're all broke," answered the brightest boy in the class.

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Celestial Partnership

Mrs. Worth had just learned that her colored workwoman, Aunt Dinah, had at the age of seventy married for the fourth time. "Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again!"

"Yassum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Jes' as of'en as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"Cash and Carry"

The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet?" the storekeeper asked.

"No," the girl replied, "I wanta carry it."

He Got His "Recommend"

A gentleman lately dismissed a clever but dishonest gardener. For the sake of his wife and family he gave him a good character, and this is how he worded it:

"I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any other man I ever employed."

Jimmy Jones' Flapper Sister

"Did yer hear that Jimmy Jones has got a new baby up to his house?"

"What is it?"

"A flapper!"

—*New York World.*

Fixing the Grocer's Boy

MRS. COBB—"Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again when you telephoned your order this morning?"

MAID—"Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixed him this time. I sez, who the h—l do you think you're talkin' to? This is Mrs. Cobb. at the 'phone talkin'."

Begs Children for Hooch

A minister opened his Sunday school class with the well-known hymn, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." In the middle of the first verse he stopped the singing and complained strongly of the half-hearted manner in which it was rendered. He made a fresh start.

"Now, then," he shouted, " 'Little drops of water,' and, for goodness' sake, put some spirit into it!"

The Sure Test

Two fishermen were angling in a river, when one suddenly dropped his rod.

"Say!" he ejaculated. "Did you see that feller fall off that cliff over there into the river?"

"Don't get excited, Bill," soothed the other. "Mebbe it was a movie actor makin' pictures."

"But, my stars! How kin we tell?"

"Well," counseled the judicious one, "if he drowns, he ain't."

—*Epworth Herald.*

The Tribe of Tedious Toastmasters Is Numerous

A Bishop introduced at a dinner a noted speaker from Detroit. He used up an hour in his introduction, and then said: "We will now have the address of the speaker." The speaker arose, and said: "My address is Detroit, Michigan. Good-night!" And he strode out.

"The Lord Is My Policeman—I Should Worry"

Down on the East Side in New York the teacher in the Mission School was trying to explain the 23d Psalm, but none of the children had ever seen sheep or heard of a shepherd. So she likened the shepherd to the traffic policeman who helped them across the street. That was an illustration they understood. The next Sunday she asked them if they understood about the shepherd. And one little girl excitedly threw up her hand, and the teacher said, "Tell me, Jennie." "The Lord is my policeman, I should worry."

Autosuggestion

Somebody has been spoofing Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers of Emile Coue's "The Practice of Autosuggestion." A recent order for a copy of this book ended with the following postscript: "My daughter has a case of autosuggestion and I fear it will cost me the price of a Ford."

—*New York Times.*

Pat's Lengthy Alighting

Pat was employed on an engineering job a few miles out of Los Angeles, and was carried to his work by an express train, which accommodatingly slowed up near the scene of his labors.

One morning, however, the train rushed through the cut without reducing speed, and the superintendent of the job looked in vain for Pat. At last he saw a much-battered Irishman limping back down the ties.

"Hello, Pat!" he cried. "Where did you get off?"

Pat turned stiffly, and waving his hand toward the steep embankment sighed, "Oh—all along here!"

"A Prophet Is Not Without Honor," Etc.

Everybody in the movie world knows that Cecil and William De Mille, the prominent directors, are brothers.

Cecil has a charming young daughter. At a Hollywood tea recently she was introduced to a lady who asked if she were related to the "great De Mille."

"And did you say he was your father?" asked Cecil proudly, when she told him of the incident.

"No," replied his daughter; "I said he was my uncle."

The Freuded Damosel

She was innocence, unalloyed;
But she took up the writings of Freud.
So now when you meet her
And playfully greet her,
No subject you need to avoid.

A Hardened Bill Collector

She was telling an acquaintance about her girl friends.

"Yes," she said, "my friend Maud is only twenty-five, but she's been married three times. And all her husbands have been named William."

"You don't say!" replied he. "Why she must be a regular Bill collector!"

—*New York American.*

The Modern Joshua

An aged colored man was arrested for the illicit distilling of liquor among the hills of Eastern Kentucky, and while loudly protesting his innocence was taken before the local judge for the preliminary hearing.

JUDGE—"Prisoner, what is your name?"

PRISONER—"My name is Joshua, jedge; Joshua."

JUDGE—"Aha! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

PRISONER—"No sar, jedge, no sar; Ise da Joshua what made da moonshine still."

And the Audience Howled!

INTERLOCUTOR—"Say, Bones, I understand that you once belonged to a life-saving crew."

BONES—"Yassah, yassah, deed ah did, sah."

INTERLOCUTOR—"Suppose a young lady had fallen overboard and each big wave was washing her further out to sea, what would you do?"

BONES—"What would ah do?"

INTERLOCUTOR—"Yes, what would you do?"

BONES—"Well, sah, ah'd jess th'ow her a piece of soap."

INTERLOCUTOR—"Soap? What could she do with a piece of soap?"

BONES—"Well, sah, she could use the soap to wash her back."

"Safety First!"

On the new brakeman's first run there was a very steep grade. The engineer always had trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking altogether. Eventually, however, he reached the top.

Looking out of the cab he saw the new brakeman, and said, with a sigh of relief, "We had a hard job getting up, didn't we."

"We sure did," assented the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brake we'd have slipped back."

Piscatorial Morals Contaminated

Tom Dreier, publisher of *The Vagabond,* a purely Bostonese magazine, tells this one about a fisherman who was causing quite a stir in front of the hotel by showing an enormous string of fish.

"How did you catch so many fish without using a net?" he was asked by the fair young things.

"Well," replied the fisherman, "I takes the boat, and goes out a good ways, and then I throws my chewing tobacco into the water. Them fish chew tobacco, and when they come to the top to spit, I hit 'em with an oar."

True to Life!—Drat 'Em!

First Politician—"There's a place down my way that's got a forest, a deep quarry, and a swamp. I wonder if there's anything we can use it for?"

Second Politician—"Sure. Just the thing to use as a detour while we repair the State road."

—Detroit Motor News.

"Oh, Bring Back My Bonnie to Me!"

Evidently Poor Percival was not the only one who got into trouble by bringing a light too near his gasoline tank. One of our contributors sends us in the following:

My Bonnie leaned over her gas tank
The height of its contents to see.
She lighted a match to assist her.
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

—Traveler's "Protection."

The Wages of Virtue

"Doctor," called the small boy, "come up to our house quick."

"Who is sick at your house?" asked the doctor.

"Everybody but me. I'd been naughty, so they wouldn't give me any of the nice mushrooms pa picked in the woods."

A Just and Pertinent Question!

At a banquet given by a large body of educators the speaker of the evening rose and began his address with the words, "Long live the teachers!" He was interrupted by a tall, emaciated young man who rose from the rear of the room and in a sepulchral voice queried, "On what?"

And Fatty Ida Sighed

History Lecturer—"Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Corpulent Ida—"I don't know, or I would take some myself."

—*London Opinion.*

The Providential Stutterer

"Now, min," said the Irish foreman, after the accident, "we will hov t' hov some wan t' break th' news gradual t' Mike's woife. Who wull we sind?"

"Sind Hanrahan," said Casey; "he's just th' mon t' break it gradual. Look how he stutters."

—*Exchange.*

City and Chorus Girl

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true;
A city's built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is, too.

Compulsory Virtue

Ethel used to play a good deal in school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise,

"Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good girl to-day."

"Yeth'm," responded Ethel. "I couldn't help it. I dot a stiff neck."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Candid Mary

Soon after a certain judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself.

"Mary," he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was stopping, "you've been in this country how long?"

"Two years, sir," she said.

"Do you like it?"

"Sure, it's well enough," answered Mary.

"But, Mary," the judge continued, "you have many privileges in this country which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a justice of the supreme court, and chatting familiarly with him."

"But, sure, sir," said Mary, quite in earnest, "you'd never be a judge at home."

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A North Carolina Practicalist

Here is a letter from a small cotton planter of North Carolina to a fertilizer shipper, which succinctly expresses the spirit of the times:

"I received your letter about what I owes you. Now be pachent. I ain't forgot you. As soon as folks pay me, I'll pay you. If this was Judgment Day and you no more prepared to meet your God than I am to meet your account, you sho going to hell."

—*The Wall Street Journal Straws.*

Tobey, the Hospitable

Uncle Tobey was a hospitable soul. He wanted no guest in his house to be stinted. "Have some, have some," he invited cordially at the supper-table, sending around the platter for the third time; "we're going to give it to the pigs, anyway."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Gallows—Destined

GEORGIE—"Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would they give him a big bass voice like a frog?"

MOTHER—"Good gracious, no! They would kill him!"

GEORGIE—"Well, they didn't!"

—*Answers.*

Why Doggie Waggles His Tail

The blue eyes of Shirley see everything. One day, with a puzzled expression on her face, she tugged at my sleeve and queried:

"Why does the dog waggle his tail?"

A reply not forthcoming, she suddenly brightened and answered her own question:

"The dog waggles his tail because the doggie is stronger than the tail. If he wasn't the tail would waggle the dog."

If It Be Not Now, It Is to Come

MOTORIST (after hitting pedestrian)—"You were trying to cross in the middle of the block."

PEDESTRIAN—"What difference does it make? If I cross at the corner you will knock me into the middle of the block, and we might just as well begin there."

Sam's Better Half

A Topeka business man employs two negroes to work on his garden, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.

"In de hospital, sah."

"In the hospital? Why, how did that happen?"

"Well, Sam he been atellin' me ev'ry mornin' for ten days he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

"Well?"

"Well, yestiddy she done ovahheah him, da's all."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Properly Dispatched

A clergyman who was not disinclined toward an occasional glass hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. He brought out a number of empty bottles, and as he lifted each one looked to see if there was anything in it.

The clergyman, who was walking on the lawn, noticed him and said: "They are all dead ones, Mike."

"They are," answered Mike. "But there is one good thing about it; they all had the minister with them when they passed away."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

And He Wouldn't Tell

Young Franklington found himself facing an audience of voters. He had prepared a fervid oration in support of his father's candidacy, but could do nothing but gasp. Then, in response to an encouraging cheer, he began to speak. "Mr.—Mr. Chairman," he stammered, "when I—when I left home this evening, only two—God and myself—knew what I was going to say; but now—now—well, now, only God knows."

Laggard Lambs

It was the custom of the congregation to repeat the 23d Psalm in concert, and Mrs. Armstrong's habit was to keep about a dozen words ahead all the way through.

A stranger was asking one day about Mrs. Armstrong. "Who," he inquired, "was the lady who was already by the still waters while the rest of us were lying down in green pastures?"

—*Metropolitan.*

Omar and Chianti and Cheese

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump; it's a cheese."

—*Wroe's Writing.*

Saving Moike

Pat, after swimming rapidly to shore, dashed back into the water as though pursued. A spectator called out:

"What are you plunging back into the water for now, Pat? You just swam ashore."

"Shure, Oi had to save myself first. Now Oi'm going back to save Moike."

"Scratched His Pancakes"

TEACHER—"Give an example of an absent-minded man."

PUPIL—"The fellow who itched and poured the molasses down his back while he scratched his pancakes."

An Illuminating Revelation

"Don't you know you cannot write insurance without a license?" inquired the commissioner, of a colored culprit.

"Bos, you sho' done spoke a mouthful," replied the negro solemnly. "I knowed I couldn't write no insurance, but I didn't know why."

"Two Months to Make a Squash"

When James A. Garfield was president of Hiram College, says the *Christian Register,* a man brought up his son to be entered as a student. He wanted the boy to take a course shorter than the regular one.

"My son can never take all of those studies," said the father. "He wants to get through more quickly. Can't you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, but he takes only two months to make a squash."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Corned Beef and Cabbage

In the olden days the physician took his apprentice with him to the bedside of his patient. The Irish patient's face was red and his temperature was high. The physician slapped him on the back. "Get up and eat some corned beef and cabbage," said the physician. The next day the Irishman was able to go to work.

The apprentice made a note in his memo. book: "Red face. High temperature. Give corned beef and cabbage."

Shortly afterward, in the absence of the physician the apprentice himself was summoned to the bedside of a German. The patient's face was red and his temperature was high. The apprentice prescribed "corned beef and cabbage." The next day they notified him the patient was dead. He at once entered in his record book: "Corned beef and cabbage good for Irishmen. Kills Dutchmen."

And Then He Stared at Her

GENTLEMAN (buying a cigar)—"By Jove! If I haven't left my pocketbook at home."

SALESWOMAN—"That's all right; you may pay me to-morrow."

GENTLEMAN—"Yes, but suppose I should get run over or get hit by a falling brick?"

SALESWOMAN—"Well, it wouldn't be any great calamity, anyhow."

Greater Faith Hath No Man Than This

The little four-year-old miss, being told to pray for her absent father, for her small brother who was ill, and the servant who had sprained her ankle, did so, and to her mother's astonishment, concluded as follows: "And now, God, please take good care of yourself, for if anything happens to you we'll be in the soup."

Surely a Wee Lost Soul

A clergyman was in the habit of going up to his little girl's bedside each evening and telling her a story before she went to sleep.

One evening he told her such a thrilling tale that the child, sitting up in bed, looked very straight at her father and asked:

"Daddy, is that a true story, or are you preaching?"

—*Pearson's Weekly* (*London*).

Common Example of Life Insurance Promptness

Two insurance agents—a Yankee and an Englishman—were bragging about their rival methods. The Britisher was holding forth on the system of prompt payment carried out by his people—no trouble, no fuss, no attempt to wriggle out of settlement.

"If the man died to-night," he continued, "his widow would receive her money by the first post to-morrow morning."

"You don't say?" drawled the Yankee. "See here, now, you talk of prompt payment. Well, our office is on the third floor of a building forty-nine stories high. One of our clients lived in that forty-ninth story, and he fell out of the window. We handed him his check as he passed."

—*Boston Globe.*

Her Audience Exploded

Our Llewellyn Jones, the Marconi of book editors, has at least had warning of the dangers of speaking by radio. Just before entering the broadcasting room, he told us of a noted actress' first radio reading. It seems that the preceding act had been a band concert. While she dictated to the invisible public, the musicians one by one tiptoed into the chamber to get their instruments. Finally the outraged lady eyed the manager in righteous indignation and, raising her voice half an octave, she cried, "I can't go on with this reading unless you keep that blankety blank door shut."

—*Pillar to Post, Chicago Evening News.*

Too Darned Observant

"Mother, was your name Pullman before you married daddy?" asked little Frances.

"No, dear," replied her mother, "what made you think so?"

"Well, I just wondered. I see that name on most of our towels."

Russ or Yank, Folks Is Queer

5,000,000 Rubles for Pair of Shoes.—Lots of folks that laugh because it takes that much to buy a pair of shoes in Russia are saving cigar coupons over here to get a grand piano.

—*Life.*

A Spirituous Alarm

Two Englishmen, calling late at night at a Scottish inn, were told that the house was full. The kirk beadle, who overheard their requests for accommodation, said, "I'll put them up somehow at the kirk." He departed with the travellers. At 2 A. M. there was an animated clanging of the church bell, and the boots of the hotel rushed to the church thinking it must be on fire. Returning to the inn, he reported, "It's a'richt. Two large whiskies and soda for Pew No. 2."

Vocational Jockeying

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent, "I am sure I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man faintly.

"Ninety-one dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the purchasing agent. "I have a better price from the undertaker."

Casey's Vicarious Courage

"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure painless extraction you'll have to take gas, and that's 50 cents extra."

"Oh!" said Casey, "I guess the old way'll be best; never mind the gas."

"You're a brave man," said the dentist.

"Oh!" said Casey, "it ain't me that has got the tooth; it's me wife."

—*New York Central Magazine.*

The Dun Artistic

KNICKER—"That florist surely keeps in touch with the slogan, 'Say it with flowers.'"

KNOCKER—"What's his method?"

KNICKER—"Sends a bunch of forget-me-nots with each bill."

Bringing Ikey Up Righdt

"Hey, papa, there's a fly in my soup."

"Vell, Ikey, eat the soup until you come to the fly. Then tell the waiter and he'll give you another plate."

Reason Enough

"What makes you scratch your head?"

"Because," said the youngster, "I'm the only one that knows it itches."

—*Country Gentleman.*

You Become a Door Jamb

SHOPKEEPER—"Yes, I want a good, useful lad to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

APPLICANT—"And what becomes of me when the door slams?"

—*Daily News, New York.*

A Compensatory Affliction

DEAF MUTE (by sign language)—"What did your wife say when you got home last night?"

SECOND MUTE (by sign language)—"She couldn't say a word—I turned off the light."

—*Daily News, New York.*

A Brute of a Step

Sandy and Donald were paying their first visit to the metropolis and found the ways of the big hotel not their ways. The morning found them prepared to fare forth but unable to locate the stairway. Sandy discovered the elevator shaft with the door open and very promptly tumbled to the bottom. Leaning over the opening, Donald called to his friend sprawled out below:

"Did ye get doon a' richt, Sandy?"

"Aye, thot I did," replied Sandy. "But, mon, be careful o' that first step—'tis a brute!"

Embarrassing

"The duchess has a glass eye."

"How do you know?"

"I was talking with her the other evening and it came out in the course of the conversation."

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

Traitor!

"Marjorie, have you been smoking?"

"No, mother."

"But your breath smells of tobacco."

"Father kissed me good-bye."

"But father doesn't smoke."

"I know, mother, but his stenographer does."

—*Siren.*

Duck and Cotton

A new story is going around the financial district about an old southern negro who was asked by the proprietor of a store how he happened to need credit when he'd such a good cotton crop.

"De ducks got 'bout all dat cotton, sah," was the mournful reply.

"What do you mean the ducks got it?"

"Well, you see," explained the old man, "I sent dat cotton up to Memphis an' dey deducks the freight, an' dey deducks the storage charges, an' dey deducks the commission, an' dey deducks the taxes—yes sah, de ducks got 'bout all dat cotton an' dat's why I'm here."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Ford Owner Meek?—How Did He Get That Way?

It was the Judgment Day, and throngs of people were crowded around the Pearly Gates trying to convince St. Peter that they were entitled to enter Heaven.

To the first applicant St. Peter said: "What kind of a car do you own?"

"A Packard," was the reply.

"All right," said St. Peter, "you go over there with the Presbyterians."

The next in line testified that he owned a Buick, and was told to stand over with the Congregationalists.

Behind him was the owner of a Dodge, who was ordered to stand with the Baptists.

Finally a meek little individual came along.

"What kind of a car do you own?" was the question.

"A Ford," was the answer.

"You just think you own a car. You go over there with the Christian Scientists."

And Kipling Grinned

To Kipling an American once wrote: "Hearing that you are retailing literature at $1 a word I am enclosing $1 for a sample." Mr. Kipling complied with "Thanks!" and kept the dollar.

Two weeks later the American wrote him: "Sold the 'Thanks' anecdote for $2. Enclosed please find 46 cts. in stamps, being half the profits on the transaction."

—*Field.*

A Leonine Artist Now

"Is your lazy son working nowadays?"

"Yes, my son's in work now," said the pleased mother. "Makes good money, so he does. All he has to do is go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. Rest of the time he has to hisself."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Hee-Haw!

The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had got under the professor's skin.

"Class is dismissed," he said, exasperatedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."

—*Froth.*

Only Thing That Saves Us

A small boy in the visitors' gallery was watching the proceedings of the Senate chamber.

"Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked, pointing to the chaplain.

"That, my son, is the chaplain," replied the father.

"Does he pray for the Senators?" asked the boy.

The father thought a moment and then said: "No, my son! when he goes in he looks around and sees the Senators sitting there, and then he prays for the country."

Hard-headed Lawyer

Most lawyers know the troublesome rich man who, having an eternal grievance, insists on taking the solicitor's advice on every possible occasion. Such a one entered the office of a busy man of law the other day. "Johnson of Mudtown has insulted me!" he announced loudly. "He has threatened to pull my nose whenever he meets me. What would you advise me to do?" The busy writer did not look up from his writing. "If he really threatened to do that," he said judicially, "my advice is that you soap your nose well; then it will slip through his fingers. Good-day; I will send my bill in due course."

—*The Argonaut.*

Poor Old Bible!

"Father, who was Shylock?"

"Goodness, boy! You attend the finest school in the district, and don't know who Shylock was!" cried his father, with a look of surprise and horror. "Go and read your Bible, sir!"

Why Tb. Patients Grow Thin and How to Cure Them

Letter received by a university instructor from a corresponding student.

"I am thinking that these bugs eat glycerin from the body. We grow tb. usually in glycerin and tb. patients become so thin. Iodine is a good germicide, it has been found in the body, too. Since the bugs grow in glycerin is there any way we could put glycerin and iodine (mixed) into the body? the bugs would like the glycerin and seek it, that would liberate the iodine and kill the bugs."

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

West Milwaukee's Symbolic Tongue

Judge Blenski speaks Polish, German, English, and French, but he can't talk West Milwaukee. He tried to understand it in court and he made a bad failure.

A brakeman was being tried for assault and battery on a switchman. The brakeman was on the stand and testifying:

"Judge, I high-balled the hogshead to slip the rattlers over the transfer, and this pie-eyed geek"——

"Hold on!" exclaimed the court. "What kind of language do you talk?"

"The same as every person in West Milwaukee," answered the brakeman.

"Is there an interpreter present who can speak West Milwaukee?" asked the court.

There was, and the trial proceeded.

—*The Maize.*

Where She Was Vaccinated

She (giving her Flipper an outing in her roadster)—"Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

He (expectantly)—"Yes, indeed."

She—"Well, keep your eyes open; we'll drive by there pretty soon."

A Treat for Connecticut

(*Hartford Times*)

WOMEN'S UNION SUITS 95c.

Athletic Style

A "new idea" in women's underwear. Athletic cut with strap over shoulder effect. Very cool and comfortable. Sizes 36 to 44. You'll wear nothing else once you try them.

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

A Madcap Brotherhood

The following bit of "English as she is wrote" is said to be copied from a placard posted above an alms box in the cathedral of Milan, Italy:

"Appele to Charitables. The Brothers (so-called of Mercy) ask some slender Arms for their Hospital. They harbour all kinds of diseases and have no respect for religion."

—*Christian Advocate.*

A Miraculous Operation

Dr. Miginiac describes a case in which, entering the chest cavity, he slit the pericardium, turned it back and so approached a stab wound, made with tailors' scissors, in the right auricle. This wound was about half an inch wide and the black blood spurted from it to a height of ten inches. He checked the hemorrhage with forceps and sewed up the wound with six stitches.

The woman's pulse was soon normal, and within six months she bore a healthy baby.

—*New York Journal.*

We've Looked It Up! It's a Blisterer!

I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to all those who contributed to the comfort of my brother during his illness and assisted his family in their bereavement; and to all those who profited by their misfortune, would refer for consolation to the 14th verse of the 23rd chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew.

CHAS. A. DEACH.

—*Newberg (Ore.) Graphic.*

A Complaisant Curate

A Hyde Park orator returning home flushed with his efforts, and also from certain spirituous causes, found a mild curate seated opposite in the tram-car. "It may interest you to know," he said truculently, "that I don't believe in the existence of a heaven." The curate merely nodded and went on reading his newspaper. "You don't quite realize what I'm trying to make clear. I want you to understand that I don't believe for a single, solitary moment that such a place as 'eaven exists." "All right, all right," answered the curate pleasantly, "go to hell, only don't make quite so much fuss about it."

In Every Home

"Willie!"

"Yes, pop."

"Can you carry a tune?"

"Certainly, I can carry a tune, pop."

"Well, carry that one you're whistling out in the back yard and bury it."

Rehabilitating the Pie-knife

It was in the dining room of one of the smaller steamers that travel between Chicago and Duluth. The few passengers who had the courage to descend from the cheerful deck to the stuffy little dining saloon where a table d'hôte meal was being served were hurrying to get through, eager to be out in the open air again.

Suddenly the rattling of dishes in the galley ceased. The chef appeared clad in a none-too-immaculate apron.

"Keep your knives, everybody," he bellowed warningly, "we're gonna have pie for dessert."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Ingrate

DOCTOR—"You cough with much greater ease this morning."

PATIENT—"I ought to; I have been practising all night."

Reasonable Objection

In Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of negroes to the cities. One of these applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies.

"There's a job open at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Tell you how it is, boss," he said, finally. "I sure does want a job mightily bad, but I ain't never washed a eagle."

Our Long-Suffering English

An English newspaper is printing choice bits of broken English as overheard by its readers. Two examples follow, which are considered the most amusing: A coffee-room waiter, who said he was a Swiss, replying to a guest ordering breakfast:

"Tongue iss no more, shickken never vos. How you like your eggs, voilt, tight, or loose?"

The other concerns an enraged Portuguese, who turned upon his opponent and spat out:

"If I did know ze English for ze box, I would blow your nose, by damn, I am."

—*New York Evening Post.*

Brute!

An old farmer and his wife were standing before their pigsty looking at their only pig, when the old lady said, "Say, John, it will be our silver wedding to-morrow. Let's kill the pig."

John replied with disgust: "What is the use of murdering the pig for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

Aha!

MOTHER—"Come, Bobbie, don't be a little savage; kiss the lady."

BOBBIE—"No, she's a naughty lady. If I kiss her she may give me a slap just as she did papa."

Taffy Better Than Epitaphy

The man was marrying a widow. His brother said to him on the wedding morn:

"I could never bear to be a widow's second husband."

"Well, for my part," the prospective bridegroom answered, "I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first."

—*Daily News, New York.*

We Hear the Preachers Sigh!

Three boys were boasting about the earning capacity of their fathers.

The first said, "My father can write a few lines and call it poetry and sell it for $10."

The second said, "My father can draw a few lines and put a few dots on them and call it music and sell it for $25."

The third said, "That is nothing. My father is a preacher, and he can write a few lines and get up in church and say them and it takes six men to carry the money down the aisle."

Pat's Frog

A section foreman on a railroad was ordering a list of supplies. He had completed his letter, when he found he was in need of a "frog" for a switch, so his letter ran as follows:

Mr. Supervisor:

Dear Sir—You will please ship me some pick handles, spike mauls, spikes, and wrenches. Yours truly,

Pat Hogan and a frog.

He Would and He Is

MRS. O'FLANAGAN—"Come here, ye obstinate young Irish raskil, an' put yer hat on! Shure, if ye hadn't got one ye'd always be wearin' it, ye're that contrairy!"

And Perhaps He Does

The cheery caller tried to persuade old Aunt Martha not to dwell upon her troubles, telling her she would feel happier if she ignored them.

"Well, honey," said the old lady, "I dunno 'bout dat. I allus 'lowed when the Lord send me tribulation He done spec' me to tribulate."

—Boston Transcript.

An Immortal, Inevadable Fact

"Of course, there is no such thing as woman's supremacy."

"Think not? From the time a boy sits under a street light playing with toads until he is blind and old and toothless, he has to explain to some woman why he didn't come home earlier."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Another Angina

"I don't like your heart action," said the doctor, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man, sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."

His Horse Hoarsed Him

A veterinary surgeon was instructing a farmer as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse.

"Simply place this powder in a gas pipe about two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth, and blow the powder down his throat."

Shortly thereafter the farmer came running into the veterinary's office in a very distressed condition.

"What's the matter?" asked the veterinary.

"I'm dying!" cried the farmer hoarsely. "The horse blew first."

—Edgell Shafer.

Graphic Code

When the later quotas of selective service men were being rushed to Camp Sherman, Ohio, during the hottest weather of the summer of 1918, an Indianapolis youth was in one of the drafts. When he reached camp he found that through some mistake he had brought along only heavy winter underwear. With the mercury playing around the upper nineties, something had to be done.

Hunting up a telegraph office, a rather green operator told him he could send ten letters. The draftee, also green, thought it strange, but supposing it to be some new wrinkle in Army regulations, tried to figure out a ten-letter message that would convey the meaning of the usual-ten word one. After puzzling over the problem for half an hour, this was the message he wrote and filed:

"G!—B V D—P D Q—S O S."

All Right, Deary—Rub It In!

PEGGY—"Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?"
DADDY—"Oh, I don't know, dear."
PEGGY—"Daddy, where do the Zeppelins start from?"
DADDY—"I don't know."
PEGGY—"Daddy, when will the war end?"
DADDY—"I don't know."
PEGGY—"I say, daddy, who made you an editor?"

—*The Sketch.*

Yes, and "Wives Sometimes Object to Life Insurance, but Widows Never Do"

A book agent walked unsuspectingly into a life insurance office and before he got through struggling he had signed an application for a policy.

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Coffins for Six, a Bit Later

Two men full of moonshine were whizzing around a sharp corner in an auto, and one of them yelled out, "Careful, Jim, hol' 'er sheddy!" and the other fellow said, "Whatta know 'bout that! I thought *you* was drivin'!"

—*Daily News, New York.*

A Brickproof Bonehead

A bricklayer was laying bricks on the third story of an unfinished house, and unfortunately dropped a brick on the head of a colored man who was mixing mortar down below. The bricklayer, his heart in his mouth, leaned over the parapet. He thought he had killed the poor colored man. But the latter looked up at him with a goodnatured and forgiving grin.

"Hey, w'at you doin', white man?" he shouted. "You done made me bite mah tongue."

Solomon of Israel—Solomon of London

A Sunday school teacher in London was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom. "When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl, who evidently had had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

" 'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"

Rabbit Arithmetic

On returning home from school one day, Jackie at once proceeded to the rabbit hutch. From inside the house his mother could hear him questioning the rabbits thus: "Twice two?" No answer. Again, "Twice two?" Still no answer.

"Why on earth are you talking to the rabbit in that fashion, Jackie?" she asked.

"Well, mother, teacher told us this morning that rabbits multiply very quickly, but I thought all along she was wrong."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Thank You, Kind Sir," She Said

"No," said Uncle Henry, the one-armed fiddler, "it may not be 'zactly watcher call a elevatin' job, but no movie ticket seller is as bad as she is painted."

Better Take 'Em Off the Hinges

On one of the tombstones in an old New England cemetery appears the following inscription:

Here Lies Jonathan Steele—Good and Uright Citizen. Weighed 250 pounds. Open Wide Ye Golden Gates.

Squelching the Heckler

"Don't beat about the bush! Answer my question, 'Yes' or 'No!'" shouted an excited elector at a political meeting.

"Well," said the candidate, mildly, "perhaps my friends down there will allow me to point out that there are some questions which cannot be answered 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Bosh!" exclaimed the excited elector, with withering sarcasm.

"I am prepared to prove my assertion," answered the candidate. "Now," he continued, turning to his interrogator, "the question I will put to my friend as a test is this: 'Have you left off beating your wife?'"

"'Yes' or 'No!'" shouted the delighted meeting, and the excited elector collapsed.

A Name That Fits

A Britisher, while touring the United States, remarked to a man in the west: "You have an extr'ord'nary country here, you know; very extr'ord'nary—stunnin' women, rippin' big cities, and a bally lot of other things, but you have no aristocracy."

"No what?" asked the westerner.

"No aristocracy," replied the Britisher.

"Aristocracy? Aristocracy? And what's that?" inquired the mystified native.

"Oh," drawled the son of Albion, "people who never did anything—and whose parents and grandparents never did anything—whose families have always been people of leisure."

"Oh, yes; we have 'em here, but we call 'em 'tramps.'"

—*Megaphone.*

Embalmers' Cadaverous Humor!

The chief statistician of the State of Wisconsin made some peculiar discoveries in examining death certificates. One report is this: "Went to bed feeling well, but woke up dead." Another says: "Don't know the cause of death, but patient fully recovered from last illness." A third reported: "Last illness caused by chronic rheumatism, but was cured before death." Still another: "Deceased never had been fatally sick." And this: "Died suddenly; nothing serious."

—*Embalmers' Monthly.*

A Wasteful Hero

A small boy of the Jewish persuasion, who was playing at the end of the pier, fell into the sea and was only rescued after great difficulty by an intrepid swimmer, who dived off the end of the pier and succeeded in getting the boy into a rowboat.

Half an hour afterward, much exhausted by his effort, the rescuer was walking off the pier when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the man vot saved my son Ikey's life?" he said.

"Yes," answered the much-exhausted hero.

"Then," said the Hebrew, in indignant tones, "v'ere's his cap?"

A Divvle of a Minister

Late one night after a certain Protestant minister had just fallen into the first deep sleep, he was aroused by loud and persistent knocking on the front door.

Suppressing a few earnest remarks in the original Greek or Hebrew, he rose, apologized politely to the rocking chair for hitting his shin against it, ditto to the baby's tin horse for crushing it under his bare foot, made his way to the front window and called out into the darkness below:

"Who's there, and what do you want?"

"Sure, an' it's mesilf, yer riv'rence, an' I'm after wantin' to git married!"

"Well," said the minister, "why did you come to me? From your manner of speech I presume you are a Catholic. Why didn't you rout out the priest?"

"Faith, an' I did, yer riv'rence, and he stuck his head out of the windy and told me to go to the divvle, and so I came here!"

Irish Boston

A little Italian girl, playing on the beach with other children, was much put out when they taunted her with being a "Dago."

"I'm not," she cried, stamping her foot.

"You are," they cried. "Your mother and father are Italians and you're an Italian and you're a Dago."

"My father and mother are Italians, but I'm not. I was born in Boston."

"What difference does that make?"

"Difference!" shrieked the little Italian-American. "Why that makes me Irish."

Another Bucolic Libel

"Samanthy," said puzzled Farmer Jobbins, reading over a letter from the city, "what d'ye suppose Nephew Robert's stylish wife means by puttin' at the end of this note asking us to come to their anniversary dinner, 'R. S. V. P.'?"

"I guess, Samuel," replied Mrs. Jobbins, after a prolonged study of the cryptic letters "sence its an invitation to dinner, them letters is a hint. They mean 'Right Smart Vittles Prepared."

Ethereal Psychology

When I recovered from the effects of the opiate, I found myself in a darkened room, and wondered where I was and what it was all about. The kindly-featured nurse quickly discovered that my consciousness had returned, and came to my bedside, and then I remembered everything. "But why this dark room? It was early morning when they operated on me, but now it can't be night."

"No, it isn't," she seriously responded, "but we were afraid of the shock you might get."

"Why, what shock?"

"Well, there was a big fire just across the street, and we were afraid if you awoke, and saw the flames, you might think that the operation hadn't been successful."

George H. Ham in "Reminiscences of a Raconteur."—

Obeyed Orders at Last

More than once the editor of a Kansas paper had had occasion to send warnings of a forthcoming discharge to a certain country correspondent who persistently neglected to use names in his stories. That the warnings were not without effect was evidenced by the receipt of this dispatch:

"Yesterday afternoon a severe storm struck this place. Lightning struck a barbed-wire fence on the place of Hosea Gilkins, killing three cows, their names being Mary, Lulu, and Harriett."

—American Legion Weekly.

Shrewd!

Said the prosperous business man to a friend: "When I started in business I took for my motto, 'Get behind me, Satan!'"

The friend observed, "Nothing like having a good backer."

After She Had Made Adam Fall

When Adam in bliss
Asked Eve for a kiss,
She puckered her lips with a coo;
With looks quite ecstatic,
She answered emphatic:
"I don't care, Adam, if I do!"

—*Samis Cauldron.*

"Hill?"—Hell!

GRIGGS—"When I don't catch the name of a person I've been introduced to, I ask if it's spelled with an 'e' or an 'i.' It generally works too."

BRIGGS—"I used to try that dodge myself until I was introduced to a young lady at a party. When I put the question about an 'e' or an 'i' she flushed angrily and wouldn't speak the whole evening."

"What was her name?"

"I found out later it was—Hill!"

A Promise or a Threat?

The minister had just preached his farewell sermon to the congregation with whom he had had much trouble.

"How beautiful!" said a visitor to one of the deacons, "and how appropriate for a farewell sermon!"

"Think so?" said the deacon gruffly.

"Why, yes. What better text could he find than, 'In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you.' By the way, where is he going?"

The deacon smiled sourly as he answered: "He becomes chaplain of the State penitentiary."

The Right Medicine Sometimes

Mollie came home after a visit for the afternoon with five-year-old Nellie.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "Nellie was rude and cross all the afternoon. She just quarreled and quarreled!"

"Well," said mother, "if a little girl had treated me that way when I was a little girl, I should have come home."

"Well, I didn't," said Mollie. "I just slapped her face and stayed."

—*Life.*

Trustful Tony's Disillusion

An Italian working with a construction gang in Wyoming was sitting on a log eating his lunch, when he spied a rattlesnake close by. He had been told that a "rattler" never strikes without giving a warning rattle, so he made no effort to move.

This one didn't run true to form, or was irritated by the strong odor of garlic. Anyhow, he made a lunge for the Italian's leg, failing entirely to furnish any previous notice.

Tony, who just managed to swing his leg to the safe side of the log, was righteously indignant, and shaking his fist in the general direction of the now fast disappearing reptile, he howled:

"Dama you! Why you no ringa da bell?"

His Market Price

Chief Big Smoke was a copper-colored native employed as a missionary to his fellow smokes out in Oklahoma. A curious tourist asked him what he did for a living.

"Me preachum," Big Smoke told him.

"That so?" remarked the tourist. "What do you get for preaching?"

"Me get ten dollars a year."

"Well," commented the white man, "that's damn poor pay."

"Me damn poor preacher."

—*The Kablegram.*

As Near Right as the Rest of Us

"Pop," inquired little Clarence Lilywhite, "what am a millenium?"

"Sho," said his parent. "Doan' you know what a millenium am, chile? It's jes' about de same as a centennial, on'y it's got mo' legs."

—*Floating Around.*

That Maternal Instinct!

"I've left my baby in there to die!" shrieked a frantic woman who was rescued from the burning building.

Policemen were asking the number of her room when a 294 pound man, in pyjamas and a jaunty hat, appeared on a balcony and called down, "Don't worry, Lou, I'm safe!"

"My baby!" gasped the woman, thankfully.

—*Tit-Bits.*

A Tonsorial Elysium

What surprises me most about Scotland (writes a visitor) is not the absence of haggis and the kilt or the presence of finely metalled roads, but the silence of the barbers' shops. Artist and client say nothing more to each other than the few words necessary for the success of the operation in hand. When I remarked upon this phenomenon to a much-traveled Scot, "Aye," he commented, "they're both thinking hard about the tip."

—*Loomis News.*

Holy Abie

"I vish I vas as religious as Abie."

"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open ven der collection box comes aroundt."

Expensive Arithmetic

A schoolteacher received the following note:

"Dear madam, please excuse my Tommy today. He won't come to skul because he is acting as timekeeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a example if a field is 5 miles around, how long will it take a man walking three and one-half miles per hour to walk two and one-fourth times around it? Tommy ain't a man, so we sent father. They went early this morning, and father will walk around the field, and Tommy will time him, but please don't give my boy such an example again, because my husband must go to work every day to support his family."

—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Generous Sandy

Maggie's sweetheart, a proverbially tight-fisted Scot, had taken her out for the afternoon, and that was about all. They rode some distance on the trolley, turned around and rode home again. Never was mention made of food or entertainment.

Back within her own gateway, Maggie, who had keenly felt the neglect, sarcastically proffered Sandy a dime.

"For the carfare you spent on me," she said meaningly.

"Hoots, toots, woman," returned Sandy, pocketing the coin. "There was nae hurry. Saturday wad hae been time enough."

A Wise Six-Year-Old

A six-year-old girl submitted the following composition on "People" to her teacher:

"People are composed of girls and boys, also men and women. Boys are no good until they grow up and get married. Men who don't get married are no good either. Girls are young women who will be ladies when they graduate. Boys are an awful bother; they want everything they see except soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls, and the other half dolls. My ma is a woman and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown-up girl with children. My pa is such a nice man I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Why Lawyers Look Grim

A young foreigner was being tried in court and the questioning by the lawyer for the prosecution began.

"Now, Laszky, what do you do?"

"Vat do I do ven?"

"When you work, of course."

"Vy, vork."

"I know, but what at?"

"At a bench."

"I know—I know, but where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"Ah, now we're getting there. The factory makes bricks?"

"No, de factory is made of bricks."

"Oh lord, Laszky, what do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"No, no! What does the factory make?"

"I dunno. A lot of money, I tink."

"No, listen. What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Oh, good goods."

"But what kind of good goods?"

"The best dere is."

"Of what?"

"Of dose goods."

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, "I give up."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Yes, "Phwy the Divil Didn't He?"

A merchant was recently persuaded to purchase an excellent parrot. This one had traveled far and could jabber in several foreign lingoes. He ordered it sent home. That same day his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for dinner. On leaving the house she said to the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Wring its neck and have it fried hot for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and Mary followed instructions. At dinner he was duly served. "What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Richards. Mary told him. "But, for goodness' sakes, Mary," he said, "this is awful. That bird could speak seven languages." "Then, phwy the divil didn't he say something?" asked Mary.

No Place for the Conscience Cursed

A conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differed as to the proper pronunciation of the name "Eurelia." Passengers are often startled at this station to hear the conductor yell:

"You're a liar! You're a liar!"

And it does not help matters when the brakeman immediately pops his head through the rear door and remarks:

"You really are! You really are!"

—*North Star.*

But He'll Never Again Be Wound Up

Chauncey Depew says: In the Berkshire Hills there was a funeral, and as the friends and mourners gathered in the little parlor, there came the typical New England female who mingles curiosity with her sympathy, and, as she glanced around the darkened room, she said to the bereaved widow:

"Where did you get that new eight-day clock?"

"We ain't got no new eight-day clock," was the reply.

"You ain't? What's that in the corner there?"

"Why, no, that's not an eight-day clock; that's the deceased. We stood him on end to make room for the mourners."

And Have Earned It

"How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a phonograph."

"You don't say! If I smoked two hundred of these cigars I wouldn't want a phonograph; I'd want a harp."

—*The Goblin.*

The Dear Old Lady!

Two golfers sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of the balls. They searched for a long time without success, a dear old lady watching them with kindly and sympathetic eyes.

At last, after the search had proceeded for half an hour, she spoke to them.

"I hope I'm not interrupting, gentlemen," she said sweetly, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Vell, How Could He?

Two Jews were in business together, Cohn and Rosenstein. Rosenstein had been getting drunk and letting the business go. Cohn said, "The next time Rosenstein comes in drunk, I'm going to shoot him," so he put a pistol in his pocket and waited for Rosenstein. Pretty soon Rosenstein came in, drunk as usual. Cohn pulled his pistol; put it in Rosenstein's face.

Rosenstein said, "How much do you want for the gun?" Cohn said, "How could I kill the man when he was talking business?"

"Eventually—Why Not Now?"

"I was taken in last night," said the first footpad.

"Get pinched?" asked the second.

"No," was the scornful answer. "Think I don't know the cops better than that? It was this way: I held up a guy and took his leather and ticker away from him, and first thing I knew he was talking about how dangerous my work was and how I ought to pervide for the future, and blow me if he didn't get me to sign an application for life insurance and give him all the money I had collected during the evening as a first payment on the policy."

—*Judge.*

Conclusive

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."

Retribution

An office boy had been instructed by a narrow-gauge President to keep out all visitors. "I can't keep callers from coming up," he reported, dejectedly one day. "When I say that you are out, they simply say that they must see you."

"Well," said the President, "just tell them that is what they all say."

That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the President.

"But I am his wife," said the lady.

"Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.

"Sistom" Insistence

At a certain coal mine down in New Mexico the superintendent was greatly annoyed from time to time by employes moving into and out of the company's houses without due notification of their frequent changes of domicile. It became quite impossible to keep the rent accounts straight on the office books, and finally the superintendent, in his exasperation, resolved upon stringent measures. He therefore posted the following notice:

july the 11

Notis to all them imployed:
aney Person or Persons What Moves into A House Without My Consent shall be Put Out Without anney Cemmony.
Dam it i Must and Will have some Sistom.
(Signed) HEN FELKER.

New Kind of Husband

When Mahally, who did the family washing, came on Monday morning to get the bundle of soiled garments, she was wearing a black eye, which stood out vividly against the brown background of her broad and comely face.

"Dear me," said her sympathetic employer, "what has happened to your eye?"

"A nigger man hit me," said Mahally briefly.

"Oh, that's too bad!" said the lady. "Was it your husband that hit you, Mahally?"

"No, ma'am," said Mahally, with emphasis. "George, he don't never hit me. He treats me mo' lak a friend than a husband."

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

He'll Never Go Hungry

A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as in his later years he had been a model of rectitude. One Sunday, rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cellmate sitting in the front row. Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly: "Ah takes mah text this mo'nin' from de sixty-fo'th chaptah and fo' hundredth verse of de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin', dem will Ah see later.' "

—*The Argonaut.*

Misanthropic Maggie

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on the beauties of married life. Two old Irish women coming out of church were heard commenting upon his address.

" 'Tis a fine sermon his reverence would be after givin' us," said Bridget.

"It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

The Analytical Scot

A Scotch farmer was giving his testimony in favor of a certain bill. "Is it true," said the opposing attorney, "that you told Mr. Blank you were willing to give your evidence on the other side if they would pay you better?"

"Aye," replied the farmer—then, after a pause, "and let me pit the same question to you—if ye had been offered a bigger fee wad ye no hae been on the ither side yersel'?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Variation of Thousand-Year-Old Joke

GIRL—"Could you fix me a dose of castor oil so as the oil won't taste?"

DRUGGIST—"Certainly! Won't you have a glass of soda while waiting?" She drinks the soda.

DRUGGIST—"Something else, Miss?"

GIRL—"No, just the oil."

DRUGGIST—"But you have just drank it."

GIRL—"Oh! It was for my mother!"

Not Bad for His First Job

A justice of the peace in a small Maine town was called upon to perform his first marriage ceremony. After he had the knot safely tied, the young couple continued to stand before him as if expecting some further rite.

Whereupon the justice stammered out, in a desperate attempt to round off the ceremony with something of a religious turn, "There, there, it's all over! Go and sin no more!"

A Distinction and a Material Difference

"Does your husband ever deceive you?"

"No, but he sometimes lies to me."

A Real Lady

FARE—"Do you know a lady when you see one?"

CABBY—"I do! Why only the other day one gave me a pound note for a shillin' fare and walked away. I calls, 'What about yer change?'

"'Don't be a blinkin' old fool!' sez she; 'keep it and get drunk enough to kiss yer mother-in-law!' That's what I calls a real lady."

Yes, Show It to Her!

"Are you sure that you have shown me all the principal parts of this car?" asked the fair prospective purchaser.

"Yes, madam, all the main ones," returned the dealer.

"Well, then, where is the depreciation? Tom told me that was one of the biggest things about a car."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Trigamous Weakling and the Aggressive Sex

"My shingle had been out for a good while before any client arrived," said a young lawyer. "Finally, one came. He was a weak, meek being, whom three determined women had married in rapid succession, and he was being tried for bigamy. As all of the wives appeared against him we lost the case, and he got a term of two years, but this did not seem to worry him—in fact, he seemed anxious for more. He was taken to the penitentiary, and just before his term ended I got a letter from him. 'Do you think,' he asked anxiously, 'it will be safe for me to come out?'"

Mary and Her Immortal Little Lamb Again

Mary had a little lamb,
A lobster and some prunes,
A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
And then some macaroons.
It made the naughty waiters grin
To see her order so.
And when they carried Mary out
Her face was white as snow.

All-Around Man—One Slight Handicap

A traveling man visited a small town and sold the proprietor of its general store some merchandise. When the goods arrived they were not as represented, and the merchant returned them. The wholesale house drew a sight draft on the merchant through the local bank, which returned the draft unhonored. The house wrote the postmaster about the financial standing of the merchant, and the postmaster laconically replied with an O. K. By return mail the house requested the postmaster to secure a lawyer to collect the amount, and received the following reply:

"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you attempted to palm off your worthless goods. The undersigned is the President and owner of the bank to which you sent your sight draft. The undersigned is the Postmaster to whom you wrote, and the undersigned is the lawyer whose services you sought to obtain for your nefarious business. If the undersigned were not also the preacher of the church of this place, he would tell you to go to hell."

An Attractive Investment

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Richard Jersey of 1205 Peru Avenue, Logan, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Bertha B. Jersey to Mr. Henry K. Robinson of this city, of a most modern and attractive construction. Work will be started at once. The consideration for the purchase was not disclosed.

His Wicked Pa and Righteous Ma

"Mama, is papa going to die and go to heaven?"

"Of course not, Bobby. Whatever put such an absurd idea into your head?"

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

She Maketh Glad His Heart

Blessings on thee, little dame—
Bareback girl with knees the same,
With thy rolled down silken hose
And thy short transparent clothes;
With thy red lips, reddened more,
Smeared with lipstick from the store;
With thy make-up on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy—
Glad that I was born a boy.

—*Maine Campus.*

A Cocoa-Nut

Said a bald-headed man to a waitress bold:
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold!"
She scornfully answered: "I can't help that;
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."

—*New York Central Magazine.*

Breaking the News Gently

William White's brother had killed a man in cold blood.

"Well, William, how about your brother?" a visitor to the town asked him one day after the trial.

"Well," said William, "they've put him in jail for a month."

"That's rather a light sentence for a cold-blooded murder," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," William admitted, "but at the month's end they're going to hang him."

Should Have "Beaned" Him Before Sending Him

A man "butted in" at a waiting line before the railroad ticket window at the Union depot and the men who were in a hurry glowered.

"I want a ticket for Morrilton," said the man and he put 50 cents under the wicket.

"You can't go to Morrilton for 50 cents," returned the ticket seller.

"Well, then," asked the man, "where can I go for 50 cents?"

And each of the fourteen men in that waiting line told him where he could go.

Edenic Expectations

"All right, back there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hol' on!" came a feminine voice. "Wait till ah get mah close on."

The entire carful turned and craned their necks expectantly. Aunty got on with a basket of laundry.

The Harmonious Trombone

The village band had just finished a vigorous and not over-harmonious selection, but the villagers fairly boiled over with enthusiasm.

As the musicians sank perspiring to their seats after bowing for the applause the trombonist asked hoarsely, "What's the next one?"

"Washington Post March," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the trombonist, "I just got through playing that!"

God Bless the Children!

Six-year-old Dora returned unusually early from school the other day. She rang the door bell. There was no answer. She rang again, a little longer. Still there was no response. A third time she pressed the button, long and hard. Nobody came to the door, and she pressed her nose against the window pane and in a shrill voice, which caught the ears of every neighbor, called:

"It's all right, mama, I'm not the instalment man."

—*London (Eng.) Weekly Telegraph.*

Nothing Escapes the War's Curse

The man who ran the elevator of the skyscraper was talking to a passenger.

"The judge certainly did soak him," he said. "He sentenced him to three years and ten days. Now I understand the three years all right; but what the ten days were for I'd like to know?"

"That was the war-tax," said a quiet citizen who got aboard at the tenth floor.

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Park Avenue Wit

A Park Avenue apartment house which goes in for flunkeys, recently blossomed out with a new doorman, notes the *New York Evening Post.* When a gentleman called and asked to see Mrs. Brown, the new attendant, true to his calling, detained him with the customary, "but is Mrs. Brown expecting you?"

The caller withered him with a glance.

"My good man," he said, "Mrs. Brown was expecting me before I was born. She is my mother."

Aeroflage

LIEUT. TALE—"They say Captain Jinks was very calm and collected after his accident this morning."

COL. SPIN—"Yes, yes, quite calm—he's still being collected, however."

—*Sun Dodger.*

A Stuttering Corpse

One hundred dollars reward for the recovery of the body of Hale Short, drowned in the river on the night of the 17th. The body can be recognized by the fact that Short had an impediment in his speech. For any information you may need, call on Thornton Bros., and let us show you our methods of relaying worn-out shears at a reasonable cost.

—*Coffeeville Sun.*

The Twenty-third Spasm Again

The Ford is my car,
I shall not want another.
It maketh me to lie down in wet places,
It soileth my soul,
It leadeth me into deep waters,
It leadeth me into the paths of ridicule for its name sake,
It prepareth a breakdown for me in the presence of mine enemies.
Yea, though I run through the valleys I am towed up the hills,
I fear great evil when it is with me,
It anointeth my face with oil,
Its tank runneth over,
Surely to goodness if this thing follow me all the days of my life
I shall dwell in the house of the Insane forever.

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

Modern Education

FIRST UNDERGRAD—"What shall we do?"
SECOND UNDERGRAD—"I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies, tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

—*London Opinion.*

Sensible

"You play golf?"
"Yes," said Mr. Grabcoin.
"That is a good way to preserve your health."
"Yes. I'd rather swat a pill than swallow one."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A Hazardous Operation

Henry Wilkinson, 26, of Hoyt, has a chance to recover from the effects of injuries sustained yesterday when he was hit by an automobile due to the blood transfusion operation which was performed last night at St. Francis Hospital.

—*Topeka (Kan.) Capital.*

Launching a Craft

Unique announcement of a California contractor
328 Maine Avenue, Long Beach, California,
July 31, 1922

From: Mr. and Mrs. Orley C. Elmore.
To: Our Friends and Shipmates, Everywhere.
Subject: Launching Announcement.

1. On July 31, 1922, at 12:30 p. m., the following small craft was successfully launched, duly commissioned and immediately set sail upon the Sea of Life, setting a course towards Success and Happiness.

(a) Name, Gordon Darrell Elmore.
(b) Displacement, Nine pounds.
(c) Length over all, Twenty inches.
(d) Draft (in tub), Four inches.
(e) Beam, Sun-beam.
(f) Color, Satin-white.
(g) Trimmings, Brown eyes, black hair.
(h) Condition of hull and machinery, Excellent.
(i) Horsepower (lungs), Four blocks.

2. Condition of Mother Ship, Good.

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

Aye, or a Fortieth!

A colored revival was in full blast, and one old fellow was exhorting the people to contribute generously.

"Look what de Lawd's done fo' you-all, bredren!" he shouted. "Give Him a portion of all you has. Give Him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!"

"Amen!" yelled a perspiring member of the congregation, overcome by emotion. "Glory to de Lawd! Give Him mo'. Give him a twentieth!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Man Born to Be "Tooked"

"Does yo' take this woman for thy lawfully wedded wife?" asked the colored parson, glancing at the diminutive, watery-eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside 210 pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nothin'," gloomingly responded the bridegroom. "Ah's bein' tooked."

Dr. Pepys' Diary

Nov. 15—Early to ye dispensary. Heard there how yesterday one of ye students beginning to examine a patient did ask of his family. Ye patient did reply: "I had a sister. She died." "Of what did she die?" "I think I killed her." "What do you mean?" "I hit her on the head with a hammer and she died. I think I killed her." By this ye student did become nervous and not knowing how to proceed did ask: "Have you e'er been ill before this?" "Yes," said ye patient, "and I went to a physician who did ask of me fifty dollars. If I see him, I think I shall kill him too." So ye student hath called a professor and left him with ye patient, saying: "Your case is of such serious nature it were better an older man took care of you."

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

Respectabilizing Father's Catapultic Exit

An Englishman was filling out an application for life insurance. His father had been hanged, but he didn't like to admit the fact in public. So when he came to fill in the line "cause of father's death," he wrote the following:

"Met his death while taking part in public function, during which, platform he was standing on, gave way beneath him."

He Had Full Cause for Fury

A furious man rushed into a newspaper office. He was a local celebrity and had been reported as present at a boxing match.

"You referred to me as the 'well known lightweight champion,'" he roared.

"Well——," said the editor.

"And I'm not. That's my brother. I'm the coal merchant."

—*Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

Must Have "Onset" Temperature, Nurse Dear!

The doctor had been endeavoring to teach the ambitious nursing amateur who was helping to care for a patient with influenza. One day he arrived when the nurse was taking the patient's temperature. During the discussion which followed, he asked, "Nurse, what was the patient's temperature at the onset?" "Oh, I don't know," she said; "I took it by mouth."

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

Prudent Pat

An Irishman, living in New York, started what promised to be a large family. A baby came regularly every year for four years, and then there were no more. A friend said to him one day: "Pat, why is it your wife presents you with no more kiddies?"

"I do not want anny more, because," said Pat, "they say ivery fifth baby born in New York is a Jew."

An Impotent Bootlegger

The hush of twilight had fallen upon all things, including the two figures standing in fond embrace by the garden gate.

At last she spoke. "Won't you come into the parlor, Harry, dear," she said, "and sit a little while before you go?"

"N-no, I think not," replied Harry, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would," pressed the young girl. "It's awful lonely! Mother has gone out and Father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs."

"Poor man! Both legs?" asked Harry, solicitously.

"Yes, both, Harry," replied the old man's daughter.

"Well," decided Harry, "do you know, perhaps I will come in for a few minutes."

An Essay on the Frog

What a wonderful bird the frog are
When he stand he sit, almost;
When he hop, he fly, almost;
He ain't got no sense, hardly;
He ain't got no tail, hardly either.
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost.

—By a Norwegian Boy.

A Woman's Assembled Value

A New York jury recently awarded a woman $40,000 for the loss of a leg. The latest court decisions, as assembled by *Case and Comment,* show the value of a woman, completely assembled as:

Legs, at $40,000	$ 80,000
Arms, at $42,500	85,000
Hair	20,000
Nose	15,000
Eyes at $10,000	20,000
Broken heart	250,000
	$470,000

This teaches us that a first-class wife should be given at least as much care and attention as an automobile.

—Journal of American Medical Association.

Our Future Sages

Answers in History Exams at Syracuse University.

"Dido means just the same—you write it."

"Hordes of Goths, Lombards and Osteopaths overran Europe."

"Hieroglyphics were mythical monsters which inhabited the Tigris-Euphrates."

"Joan of Arc was a peasant girl who captured New Orleans."

—From The Palladium.

Plenty of Game at Home

A doctor returned from a hunting trip and announced to his wife: "Well, my dear, I didn't kill anything."

Her instantaneous reply was: "That's what you get for going off and neglecting your business."

As It Is in Texas

A young lawyer wrote a prominent practitioner in Dallas, Texas, asking what chance there was for a man of his stamp in that section. "I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and I am an honest man." The great Texan wrote back: "If you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition here, and as you are a Republican, the game laws will protect you."

An Exhilarating Event

Someone sent the editor of a Missouri paper a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. The result was as follows:

"Wm. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the present of about seventy guests including two milch cows, six mules and one bobsled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with about 200 feet of hay rope and the bridal party left on one good John Deer Gang plow for an extended trip with terms to suit purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby carriage and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from date of sale to respectable parties and some chickens."

These Wild, Wild Days!

I had met Ethel about two months before; she was a nice girl and I liked her. Last Saturday, when I was on the way to see her, I took the subway. I met a swell girl there with bobbed hair, natty openworked stockings and everything.

I decided to call Ethel up and tell her I didn't feel able to see her that night. She said something about being all alone, but I was too excited to listen.

To make a short story shorter, we had a great good time that evening. Going home in a taxi, I asked for her home address. It was the same as Ethel's! I was in a quandary when we reached there; we started up the stoop, the door opened and —out stepped Ethel.

"Mother!" she said. "So you were out with *him?*"

I ran as fast as I could down the street. I haven't seen her since.

—*Stone Mill.*

An Inquisitive Salesman

The portly Irishman waddled into the shop.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the salesman.

"Oi want a motor car," said the Irishman. "A first-class ottymobile."

"Is it for yourself, sir?"

"Sure, ye're inquisitive, but if ye must know, 'tis for me woife."

"Long body, sir?"

"Listen to the man!" exclaimed Pat. "Long body? Begorra, no! She's built like a barrel, same as me. But phwat's that got to do wi' it?"

Worth the Price of Admission

A successful chautauqua lecturer, who was also a lawyer, was presented to his audience as follows: "I am very glad to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. B., who will give his lecture, 'The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint.' I can imagine only one lecture that might prove more interesting to this audience. That would be 'The Trial of a Lawyer from Jesus' Standpoint.'"

—*Everybody's.*

A Sensitive Sole

NEGRO ROOKIE—"I'd lahk to have a new pair of shoes, suh!"

SERGEANT—"Are your shoes worn out?"

"Worn out? Man, the bottoms of mah shoes are so thin Ah can step on a dime an' tell whether it's heads or tails!"

A Radioactive Brain

SALESMAN—"Individual alarm clocks. Never heard of them. What are they like?"

SHE—"I never saw one myself, but I thought maybe I could get one tuned so it would wake husband without disturbing me."

—*Judge.*

Gusty's Gustatorial Feast

We were walking along the shaded street of an East Pennsylvania village when a girl came to the door of a near-by house and called to a small boy playing on the walk:

"Gusty, Gusty, come on and eat yourself once. Ma's on der table now and pa's half et already."

Beneath the Nodding Daisies

Here lies the body of Jim Lake,
Tread softly, all who pass;
He thought his foot was on the brake,
But it was on the gas.

Heifer Hash

They met on the bridge at midnight,
They never will meet again,
For one was an eastbound heifer,
The other a westbound train.

—*Aurora (Mo.) Advertiser.*

Did He?

In preaching the minister had been rather long winded, and the young bride remembered that she had left the Christmas dinner in the gas range without regulating the flame. She hastily wrote a note and slipped it to her husband, who was an usher. He, thinking it was intended for the minister, calmly walked up and laid it on the pulpit.

The minister paused in the midst of his sermon and took the note with a smile, which changed into a terrific frown as he read:

"Please hurry home and shut off the gas!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A New Method

While the editor of a country newspaper was away from home for awhile, he left the paper in charge of a minister of the gospel. During the minister's stay in the office the following letter came from a subscriber:

"I know very well that I paid my subscription to your paper the last time I was in your office. If I get any more letters from you as I received last week I will come in and maul hell out of you."

The minister answered the note like this:

"I have been trying to get that out of the editor for ten years, and if you will come down and maul it out of him, then, my dear sir, I have twenty members of my church I will let you operate on."

Our American Homer

When Homer smote his bloomin' lyre,
He smote his way to fame;
But many million simple souls
Have never heard his name.
When Babe Ruth smites the bloomin ball,
And smites it o'er the fence,
His homer makes the Grecian one
Resemble thirty cents.

—*Sewanee Purple.*

An Opulent Courtship

His fellow clerks gathered round him when the news became public property, and extended congratulations.

"But," said one man, "I understand the girl you are engaged to is a twin; how do you tell the difference between her and her sister?"

"Well, it's a jolly nice family," said the lucky man, "and I don't bother very much."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Angelo Illustrates

"Can anyone," asked the teacher, "give me a sentence using the word 'disarrange'?"

The first three pupils balked. Finally her eyes lighted on little Angelo.

"Angelo, can you give me a sentence?"

"Sure," said Angelo. "My poppa, he getta up disa morn and he lighta da stove. She smoke. He say, 'Damma disa range!'"

Anglo-Irish

The following telegram, writes an Irish reader, was sent by a constable from an outlying district to his sergeant: "Motor just passed at furious rate in direction of town. Killed heifer, containing four gentlemen and two greyhounds, one of which was a clergyman."

—*London Morning Post.*

Didn't Choke Him

ISAACS—"You should pull the curtains down ven you kiss your wife. I saw you last night."

ABIE—"The choke's on you, I wasn't home last night."

A Patient Husband's Tender Care

A tired business man's patience had been most sorely taxed. At the end of a heavy day's work he pulled down his roll-top and remarked, "Well, I will hurry home and get a good dinner. Then I will do a little reading and get to bed early and enjoy a good night's rest." He went home and enjoyed a splendid dinner, after which he put on his smoking jacket and was just about to pull on his carpet slippers when his wife entered the room and said, "Why, John, don't you know that we have a theatre engagement with the Browns this evening?" He said, sighing inwardly but outwardly smiling, "I am very sorry, dear. I quite forgot about it. I will run upstairs and get dressed immediately." Three hours later he was congratulating himself that it was about over and he would soon be able to gratify at least part of his early-to-bed ambition when his wife suddenly whispered: "John, dear, the last time we went to the theatre with the Browns they invited us to supper afterwards. You won't fail to reciprocate this time, will you?" He said, smilingly, "Oh, I quite forgot, my dear. Certainly we shall invite them to supper with us." Very gracious to his friends and very sweet and tender to his wife during the meal. About half-past one in the morning they said good-bye and he secured a taxicab and proceeded home with his wife. Sleet had begun to fall rather heavily. When they reached their residence, he jumped out politely, and as he helped his wife carefully out of the vehicle he said, oh, so tenderly, "Now be careful, dear, for it is very slippery and you might fall and break your dear damn neck!"

—*The Insurance Field.*

Pulverized by Pullman Porter

When the late General Horace Porter was Manager of the Pullman Company he got a letter one day from an army officer who said that the Pullman car which carried him from Jersey City to Long Branch had not been properly swept and dusted. General Porter waste-basketed the letter; also the second, the third, and the fourth. But the fifth was so violent that General Porter dictated the following reply:

Sirs—We have run the train off the track, burned the cars, shot the conductor, hanged the porter, and discontinued the line. Hoping that this will be satisfactory, I remain, etc.

—*F. P. A., Conning Tower, N. Y. Tribune.*

Here's Mary Again!

Mary had a little lamp,
She filled it with benzine,
She went to light her little lamp,
She hasn't since benzine.

—*Brown Jug.*

Could If He Hadn't Miscalculated

The driver of a F——d car speeded out across street and struck the street car squarely amidships. The street car conductor got off to investigate and collect evidence for his official report.

"What's the matter with you?" the conductor asked the driver. "Don't you know you can't run under my car with your top up?"

Go!—But Be Sure You Are Respectable

It is nice to know in these days of lost reputations that oriental hospitality, at any rate, shows no sign of decadence. A correspondent has come across the following announcement in a tailor's shop in Tokyo:

"Respectable ladies and gentlemen may come here to have fits."

—*London Spectator.*

Challenging the "Sky Pilot"

A Western gentleman of infinite nerve stalked into church one Sabbath morning, selected a comfortable pew, settled down among the cushions, and then called in a loud voice to the preacher:

"Have a couple of windows opened, parson, before you begin. It's unhealthy to sleep in a closed room."

Results Guaranteed

The inventor of a new feeding-bottle for infants sent out the following directions to mothers:

"When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

In YOUR Town?

They took a little gravel,
And took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar;
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
To last for many a day.
They came with picks and smote it,
To lay a water main,
And they called the workmen
To put it back again;
To lay a railway cable
They took it up once more,
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.
They took it up for conduits,
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone;
They tore it up for wires,
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.
Oh, the pavement's full of furrows,
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement,
A credit to the town;
They're always digging of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

—*Chicago Commerce.*

Our Ever Lively Admiral

Admiral Sims, at a luncheon in London, hit off admirably the difference between English and American carriage or deportment.

"An Englishman," said the witty admiral, "walks into a restaurant as if he owned it. An American walks in as if he didn't care a damn who owned it."

Evidently Somebody's Office Boy

"Now, boys," said the teacher in the juvenile Sunday School class, "our lesson to-day teaches us that if we are good while here on earth, when we die we shall go to a place of everlasting bliss. But suppose we are bad, then what will become of us?"

"We'll go to a place of everlasting blister," promptly answered the small boy at the pedal extremity of the class.

—Brooklyn Citizen.

Connecticut Feminine Humor

A Hampden woman recently received a notice from the medical inspector of a certain school that "after careful examination it develops that your small son's tonsils are infected and must be removed at once." To which she made reply:

"Dear Doctor—I have received your note in regard to the removal of my young son's tonsils, which action, I gather, must be taken immediately. I assure you that I am ready and eager to follow your advice, and would do so instantly but for the fact that you have neglected to state where you wish them removed to. The tonsils you speak of are now, I believe, in a bottle in Dr. Blank's office, having been held in trust by him for me since the spring of 1915. Do you wish them removed to the school building or your office, or elsewhere? Yours very truly, Mrs. J. B."

—New Haven Register.

Was Demosthenes' Favorite Epigram

A certain member of the California Legislature is given to making very elaborate and florid speeches, and one day recently he closed an address with "Vox populi; vox Dei."

One of the audience said to a friend: "I'll bet you don't know the meaning of that last phrase."

"I don't know! Why, of course I know."

"You don't know for $10," suggested the challenger.

The wager was posted.

"Well, now, tell us what it means," said the challenger.

"Vox populi, vox Dei," quote the accepter of the challenge, solemnly, "as everybody knows, is French for "God helps those who help themselves."

"Give him the money," said the challenger. "Darned if he don't know, after all."

True, Isn't It?

A bachelor had been persuaded by the ladies' aid of a church to speak at an entertainment, provided they would furnish him with a subject. In a spirit of mischief he had been given as a subject, "Woman: Without Her, Man Would Be a Savage."

Now, this man could speak, but he didn't always want to. He didn't want to this time, and decided to get square with those who had done the urging. Accordingly, on the night of the entertainment he arose and said: "My subject, which I consider a very fine one, is nevertheless not of my own choosing, but has been furnished me by the ladies. It is, "Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be a Savage."

—*Young People.*

Jus' Ain't!

OLD DARKY (to shiftless friend)—I hearn you is gwine to pay me dat dollah you owes me. Is you?

FRIEND (ingratiatingly)—I ain't sayin' I ain't.

OLD DARKY (severely)—I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is.

—*Speed Up.*

Thank Heaven!

There was a man who fancied that
By driving good and fast,
He'd get his car across the track
Before the train came past;
He'd miss the engine by an inch,
And make the train-hands sore,
There was a man who fancied this;
There isn't any more.

—*Safety Hints.*

A Corking Sentence

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, "I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open, inserted his right arm, and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish him for an offense committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the prison's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, just as he chooses."

The prisoner calmly unscrewed his cork arm and walked out.

The Heedless Idiot!

The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen, left to their coffee and cigars, were discussing the respective charms of English and foreign beauties.

"Well," said the host, after most of the guests had aired their views, "I will say this: I have kissed the witching French girl, the dainty Japanese, the dark-eyed Indian maiden, the lively American miss, and Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese girls, but my wife's lips are sweetest of all."

Then a bronzed young subaltern called out from the other end of the table:

"By gad! and that's a fact, sir."

—*Glasgow Herald.*

And the "Outlook" Is an Organ of Truth

Seven years ago a farmer living west of this city hung his vest on a fence in the barn yard. A calf chewed up a pocket of the garment in which there was a standard gold watch. Last week the animal, a staid old milch cow, was butchered for beef and the timepiece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the respiration—the closing in and filling of the lungs—kept the stem winder wound up, and the watch had lost but four minutes in the seven years.

—*The Outlook.*

Dare YOU Check Up?

One morning a negro sauntered into the office of a white friend. "Good mawnin', Mr. Withrow. Kin I use yo' phone a minute?" he asked.

"Why certainly, Sam."

Sam called his number and after a few minutes' wait, said, "Is this Mrs. Whiteside? Well, I seen in de papeh where you-all wanted a good culled man. Is you still wantin' one? Then the man youse got is puffectly satisfactory and you doasn't contemplate makin' no change soon? All right, ma'am, Good bye."

Mr. Withrow called to Sam as he left the phone, "Now, that's too bad, Sam, that the place is filled."

"Oh, dat's all right, Mr. Withrow. I'se de nigger what's got de job, but I'se jest a wantin' to check up."

—*Judge.*

"Son of Athens"!

Son of Athens, ere you shine
These bespattered shoes of mine,
Let me on your mind impress,
With the utmost earnestness,
This, my warning orthodox:
Keep the polish off my socks!
By the gods in heav'n above,
By the burning Sappho's love,
By the blood of Scio's vine,
By Anacreon's song divine,
By Parnassus' well-known rocks,
Keep the polish off my socks!
Son of Athens, hear my vow—
There will be one HELVA row,
Take it even now from me,
It will beat Thermopylae.
So, if you'd escape some shocks,
Keep the polish off my socks!

—*R. P. McPhee, in Springfield Union (Mass.).*

Logic!

"Hey!—where yer going? Don't you know this is a one way street?" the angry officer bawled.

"Vell—vat's the matter with you—ain't I only going one way?" nimbly answered Abie, and the officer staggered back to the sidewalk.

Razor Wit

Seeing an advertisement of a safety razor company in the papers, a young man wrote the following letter to the firm:

"Gentlemen:

"Enclosed please find one dollar for which send me a safety razor.

"P.S.—I forgot to enclose the dollar, but no doubt a firm of your reputation would not hesitate to forward the razor."

To which he received the following reply:

"Dear Sir:

"Your order received. We are enclosing one safety razor which we hope will prove satisfactory.

"P.S.—We forgot to enclose the razor, but we think that a fellow of your cheek does not need one of our razors."

—*Forbes.*

An Eliminated Liminator

"George, you may bring me two fried eggs, some ham, a pot of coffee, and some rolls," said the man to the waiter.

"Yes, sir."

His companion said: "You may bring the same. No; just eliminate the eggs."

"Yes, sir."

In a moment the waiter returned.

"Excuse me, sir, but what did you say about them eggs?"

"I merely told you to eliminate them."

"Yes, sir." And he hurried away to the kitchen.

In two minutes he came back once more, leaned confidentially and penitentially over the table and said:

"We had a bad accident this morning, sir, an' the liminator got busted off, right at the handle. Will you take them fried, same as this gentleman?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Misses His Mirabel

My tYpust is on her vacation
My trpist's awau fpr a week
My typudt us in hwr vscarion
Wgile thse damn keys plsy
hude and secj.
Cjoras:
Oy, breng boxk, bting bzck,
Brung becj mub'Onnie ti my,
tp mr;
B(&ng b$xj, b-6ng bicx,
Bjing bozk m% beInio-o mx,
oh helk!

—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

The Making of Matty

A Pike county teacher who asked a girl to purchase a grammar, received the following note from the little girl's mother:

"I do not desire that my Matty ingage in grammar and I prefer her to ingage in more useful studies and can learn her to write and speak proper myself. I went through two grammars and can't say as they did me no good. I prefer Matty to ingage in German and drawing and vokal music on the piano."

—*Florida Times-Union.*

Had Never Perused Peru

It seems that a young woman, who was more interested in physical mood than in mental mood, attended a dinner at which a noted explorer was the center of attraction.

When the repast was at an end, she turned to her lefthand neighbor and asked:

"And what was that tiresome old gentleman talking about?"

"Progressive Peru," was the reply.

"Is that so?" continued the young woman with some interest. "And how do you play it?"

A Sad, Bad Game

The stranger was playing euchre with a Hebrew drummer, and at one stage of the game he looked at his hand and remarked:

"If you give me a queen and turn this into a poker game, I'll bet you $100 on the hand."

The Hebrew looked at his hand and then exclaimed, in great excitement:

"All right! And I'll raise you $1,000. Here's your qu'veen."

The stranger accepted the raise, and the hands were laid down on the table. The stranger held four aces, the drummer four kings. The loser, showing signs of great mental distress, separated himself with some difficulty from the $1,100.

Then he looked at the stranger in some bewilderment and said:

"Say, vot in hell did you vant that qu'veen for?"

Chicago's Poker Ethics and Practice

A man from Missouri on returning home was telling of the difficulties of card playing as practiced in Chicago.

"I was settin' in a little poker game with a bunch of fellers up at Warrens," he orated, "when one doctor parks a cud of chewing tobacker in the middle of the table. Well, I don't say nothin'. Then pretty soon another feller parks his. Still I don't say nothin'. But when a third does the same thing, I gets fretful.

" 'Say,' I says, 'what's the big idea?'

" 'Pardner,' one of these doctors says, 'you don't think we're goin' to take no chances by turnin' our heads, do you?' "

—Journal of American Medical Association.

A Reasonable Wish

The high wages now paid to servant girls led Mrs. Roland Delano Redmond of Barrytown to say at a tea at Piping Rock:

"A young flying officer met a pretty girl—er—informally at Coney Island one afternoon. She was got up awfully well, and when they separated she gave him a very fashionable New York address; so, the next time he was in town, he wired her to meet him at the Ritz for dinner.

"She turned up, looking smarter than ever, and after dinner they did a theater. A brother officer sat in a box, and the young airman waved to him, but got a rather quizzical response.

"What ails Topper?" he thought, and at the end of the act his question was answered.

"Hello, there!" Topper said, coming up to him in the lobby. "I don't mind your taking out my wife's maid, old man, but I wish to goodness you'd ask her to wear her own frocks!"

The Shameless Shepherd

One Sunday night a Nebraska preacher sternly roared, "When those young men in the rear get through flirting with the girls I hope they will give me a chance," and he wondered why the congregation laughed softly.

Epitaph in Churchyard at Liverpool, England

Sacred
to the memory of
Frances,
Wife of John Martin,
Who was suddenly called from
This world on the 21st day of February,
1850, in the 55th year of her age.
Reader, prepare to meet thy God!
Also John Martin,
Husband of the above.

Our Way

BROWN—I wish I belonged to a golf club.

JONES—You don't need to.

BROWN—How so?

JONES—Just walk five miles or so, and every 20 or 30 yards hit the pavement a hard whack with your stick and swear.

Every Ill Laid to Teeth

Have you corns upon your toes?
It's pyorrhea.
Have you freckles on your nose?
It's pyorrhea.
When you hurry do you wheeze?
Are you shaky at the knees?
Are you getting hard to please?
It's pyorrhea.
Have you specks before your eyes?
It's pyorrhea.
Has your head increased in size?
It's pyorrhea.
Are you restless when at home?
Are you bald upon the dome?
Did you ever write a poem?
It's pyorrhea.
Is your liver out of whack?
It's pyorrhea.
Have you pimples on your back?
It's pyorrhea.
Are you itchy anywhere?
Have you dandruff in your hair?
Have you any cash to spare?
It's pyorrhea.

—J. M. B. in Dental Digest.

A Hen's Remarkable Production

New York—When Lester Voltee, Lakewood, N. J., collected eggs in his hennery Tuesday he found among them one laid by a Rhode Island Red that was far different from any he had ever seen before.

The egg is of medium size and has a light yellow shell. One side is flat and on it is printed what resembles the dial of a clock with 13 figures. On the ends there are ridges in the shell.

Russell Wheeler, a young nephew of Mr. Voltee, found an old alarm clock recently. While playing with it he entered the chicken coop and set the clock on a platform opposite the nest where the Rhode Island Red hen was sitting. It is the opinion of some poultry sharps that gazing at the clock may have brought about the unusual egg.

—Milwaukee Journal.

How Pretty Poll Went Heavenward

The conjurer was performing in a room adjoining a gunpowder factory. A sailor and his parrot were enjoying the show. The conjurer changed half a crown into a penny.

"Now that's a fine trick," said the sailor, lighting his pipe. "I wonder what he'll do next?" The sailor then threw away his match.

A minute later there was no sailor, no factory, no room, no village. On a steeple a mile away the parrot, with one feather remaining, squawked, "Now, that's a fine trick. I wonder what he'll do next?"

No Heavenward Hankering

Fog was on the Mississippi. The steamer for safety's sake carefully and slowly pushed through it. The whistle was continuously blowing its hoarse blast of warning. The dear old, fussy old lady was annoyed by the clamor of the whistle, and irritated by the slowness of the vessel's speed. So she bustled up to the Captain:

"Captain, for the land's sakes, why don't we go faster? I'll never get home at this gait. And why do you let them blow that pesky whistle all the time? I'm 'most deaf by it. This fog don't seem to amount to anything—just look up there! The sky's all clear and the stars is out and bright."

"Yes'm," spat the Captain, "but we don't aim to go that way —unless the biler busts!"

Ever Notice?

"Uncle Frank," said little James, "what is the difference between 'cute' and 'sneaky'?"

"According to your mother," said Uncle Frank reflectively, "it's the difference between what you do and what Mrs. Brown's little boy does."

—*Many Newspapers.*

Indeed!

First Suffragette—"It's very discouraging. The average woman I talk with doesn't take the slightest interest in suffrage."

Second Suffragette—"Never mind, my dear. Work on steadfastly. We're bound to win, you know. Trust in the Lord—*she's* on our side!"

"Efficacy of Prayer"

A certain little boy had long expressed a wish for a baby brother. His mother finally advised him to ask God for one. He adopted the suggestion, and nightly asked God for a baby brother. After a time he became discouraged and announced that he should pray for one no longer.

One morning his father took him to his mother's room, where *two* new baby brothers were awaiting his inspection. His first comment was, "Gee, Dad, isn't it lucky I stopped praying when I did?"

The Worm Eternal

A country girl was home from college for the holidays and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the event she brought out some of her new gowns to show to the guests. Picking up a beautiful creation, she held it up before the admiring crowd.

"Isn't this perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!"

Her hard-working father looked a moment, then he turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an' I'm that worm!"

Candor

The restaurant manager stood behind the cashier's desk, wearing his stock-in-trade smile for each customer.

An old gentleman came up. "I notice," said he, fumbling with his wallet, "that you advertise to make your own pies."

"Yes, sir," answered the manager proudly; "we do."

"Will you permit me to offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly, sir; certainly. We should be most happy to have you."

"Well, then, let some one else make 'em."

Did His Best

"Tommy," said his mother, "Grandmother is very sick. Can't you go in and cheer her up?"

"Yes'um," said Tommy, as he went into the sick-room. But in a few moments he came out disconsolate. "Couldn't, mother," he said; "she seemed to get worse."

"What did you say to her, dear?" asked Mother.

"Why, I asked her if she would like soldiers at her funeral."

A Time-Tested Character

They were trying an Irishman charged with a petty offense, when the judge asked: "Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?"

"Yis, your Honor," quickly responded the Celt; "there's the sheriff there."

Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of great amazement.

"Why, your Honor," declared he, "I don't even know the man."

"Observe, your Honor," said the Irishman triumphantly—"observe that I've lived in the country for twelve years an' the sheriff doesn't know me! Ain't that a character for ye?"

Juroressical Justice

The lady jury had been out for hours.

The judge looked tired, the clerk yawned, the loungers slept.

The bailiff, after listening at the keyhole several times, shook his head with a discouraged air.

And then, quite unexpectedly, the jury announced it was ready to report, and the twelve ladies filed in.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" the judge demanded.

The forelady nodded and smiled.

"We have agreed upon twelve verdicts, your honor," she told him in her flutelike voice.

"You are discharged!" roared the judge.

"Isn't he horrid!" said the ladies.

—*The Lawyer and Banker.*

A Pat Challenge

There was recently haled into an Alabama court a little Irishman to whom the thing was a new experience. He was, however, unabashed, and wore an air of a man determined not to "get the worst of it."

"Prisoner at the bar," called out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

Whereupon the Celt looked the men in the box over very carefully and with a skilled eye.

"Well, I tell ye," he finally replied. "Oi'm not exactly in trainin', but Oi think Oi could pull off a round or two with thot fat old boy in th' corner."

—*Meats from Cotton Seeds.*

Mother's Darling

It was at the dinner table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother:

"Do have another piece of pie, William."

"Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good. I believe I will have another."

"Ha, ha!—mother wins!" said little Frank, excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself."

The Customary Way?

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed.

"Ethel," he said, "I—er—am going to ask you an important question."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden! Why, I——"

"No, excuse me," he interrupted; "what I want to ask is this: What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

Comradeship

OLD LADY (to newsboy)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

NEWSBOY—"No, mum; but I kin give you a cigarette."

—*Meats from Cotton Seed.*

Solomon the Fortunate

"I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man smartly. "He had a thousand wives."

"Yes," answered the woman tartly, "he learned his wisdom from them."

Hoss Sense

A farmer was asked to buy a bicycle. "A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the salesman. "They're cheap now, and I can let you have one for $35."

"I guess I'd rather put the $35 into a cow," said the farmer, reflectively.

"Ha-ha," laughed the hardware man, "you'd look mighty foolish, riding around your farm on a cow, now, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I dunno," said the farmer, "no more foolish than I would milking a bicycle."

—*The Christian Register.*

A Lesson in Cow

A class in French at a co-ed college was orally translating a story about a cow from French into English. One girl persistently called the cow "he" until the professor stopped her short and said: "He is she, miss; we milk her in the next sentence."

—*Everybody's.*

A Satisfactory Excuse

Olaf Larson, working in a warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horror-stricken, the other employees rushed down the stairs, only to find him picking himself unharmed out of the rubbish.

"Ess de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tol 'em Ay had to come down for nails anyway."

—*Everybody's.*

Fragrant Timothy

Little Timmy was one of nine children of a hard-working mother. He was a much soiled and rather odorous pupil. The teacher endured him for a time, and then wrote a note to his mother, asking her to scour him.

The mother sent this note in reply: "Timmy ain't no rose. Don't *smell* him. *Learn* him!"

—*Unknown.*

His Sapient Uncle

Little Jimmie came to Toronto from his northern Ontario home, where colored folks are hardly ever seen. One day when he was out walking with his Uncle Bob, they happened to pass a colored woman, and the following conversation took place:

"Say, Uncle, why did that woman black her face?" said Jimmy.

"Why, she hasn't blacked her face—that's her natural color," said uncle.

"Is she black like that all over?" asked Jimmy.

"Why—yes."

"Gosh, uncle, you know everything, don't you?"

—*Everybody's.*

There was a young woman named Myrtle
Who carried a plate of mock turtle,
But, sad to relate, she slipped with the plate.
And all the mock turtle turned turtle.

"September Morn"?

Old John, custodian of the bath-houses, was in the habit of entering Miss Augusta's compartment before she had completely reclothed herself. One morning she said to him: "John, you ought to knock before you come in. Some day you might come in while I was undressed."

To which honest old John replied: "Lor' bless you, Miss!—no danger of that—I allus peeks through the knothole afore I comes in!"

—Unknown.

Knew How

An Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop in Detroit.

When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for a "job," the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Shure!"

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Shure!"

"How would you do it?"

"Shure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"

—Harper's Magazine.

A New Point of View

A new little brother had come to small Carew, and it was observed that he looked sulky. Being asked if he were jealous or what ailed him, he made outspoken answer, "No, I ain't jealous, an' I like the new kid well enough for a baby, but I think I might have been told he was comin'. How'd you all like it if I was to walk into the house tomorrow and just shout out, 'See, I gotter baby!' an' none of you'd even so much as heard a peep from me before?"

—Unknown.

Why Not?

Little Alfred had grown so weary of being asked by admiring strangers, "Whose little boy are you?" that one day he surprised every one by turning the tables. Directing his innocent gaze upon a very young man who was calling upon his sister, the child demanded sweetly:

"Whose papa are you?"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Flippant

A good friend who is blessed with a pair of eyes that sees life as one vast. all-encircling grin sends us the following ribaldry:

Tim Casey and his friend Pat Cline
Were blasting rock one day.
When the blast went off and blew poor Tim
Clear to the Milky Way.
When Tim came down he came so fast
His soul was left behind;
An arm and leg were all of him
That they could ever find.
The foreman said to Pat, "Go home
And see Tim's poor old wife,
And gently break the news to her
That Tim has lost his life."
So Pat went sadly to Tim's home
And when he saw Tim's wife he cried,
"Did Casey have insurance on his life?"
"You bet yer life he has," says she.
"Hurrah for that," says Pat;
"We can't collect your husband,
But we'll help you collect that!"

A Freeborn American

A prospective customer having been asked for a financial statement replied:

"dear Sirs

I got your letter askin for a Lis of my Assetts and Liabilities now i tole you wen i sent in that order that I was keeping a resterrant and not a Genrul Store and i dont keep sich things as Assetts and Liabilities on hand and besides if i did it aint non of your —— bizness how manie have i got no how. they was a feller nosin around here yesterday wot said as how his name was R g dun & company and he asted me how much money did i have and i kicked him clear inter the middle of next sunday. i tell you wot i wont have no meddlin in my business i am as good as any man and a —— bettern some if you dont want to sel me them goods wy go to H—— please answer by next male.

Your fren Piere Coco."

—*Wonalancet Way.*

A Sure-Enough Vacancy

CHAIRMAN (addressing a meeting)—"I am sure we will all be very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Efficiently Nasty

A colored boy employed as an office-boy came to work one morning with a face that looked as if it had been run through a meat-grinder.

"Henry," demanded his surprised employer, "what in the world happened to you?"

"Well, suh, boss," explained Henry, "I got into a li'le argument las' night wif another cull'd genlm'n, and one thing led to another twell I up and hit at him. Well, suh, it seemed lak dat irritated him. He took and blacked both of mah eyes, and bit both of mah years mighty nigh off, and split mah lip and den he throwed me down and stomped me in de stomach. Honest, boss, I never did get so sick of a cull'd genlm'n in mah life!"

—*Unknown.*

The "Cubistic" Destiny

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here; this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Jews?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive and unpretentious."

—*Unknown.*

Fatted Calf?

Mary has a little skirt,
It is too scant by half,—
Who cares for Mary's little lamb
Now they can see her calf?

Terror Tommy

MOTHER—"Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner."

VISITOR—"Why is that, Tommy?"

TOMMY—" 'Cos we don't have no pie no other time."

—New York Evening Mail.

His Sonny Boy

A little boy who had often heard his father talk about the Civil War finally asked: "Father, did any one help you put down the Rebellion?"

—Collier's.

The Fall of Man

"Where," asked the female-suffrage orator, "would man be to-day were it not for woman?"

She paused a moment and looked round the hall.

"I repeat," she said, "where would man be to-day if not for woman?"

"He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

—Tit-Bits.

Cruel

Martin W. Littleton, at a dinner in New York, was talking about a political orator who exaggerated somewhat.

"The fellow," said Mr. Littleton, "was addressing a meeting one night in my former home in Dallas. He complained bitterly in his address of a certain alleged abuse of power.

" 'Are we to take this lying down?' he roared.

"Then a little man in a back seat said shrilly:

" 'No, old chap, the reporters 'll do that.' "

—Marshalltown Times-Republican.

Right O!

This quotation is from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Doctor S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said, 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.' "

—Christian Register.

Honest Johnny

"Mama," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time, I won't ask for anything to eat."

"All right," said his mother. "Get your hat."

Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out:

"There's lots of pie and cake in this house."

The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise, and he added:

"But what's that to me?"

—*Success Magazine.*

Rather Neat

The hotel patron had waited fully an hour for a very slow waiter to serve two courses.

"Now, brother," he said to the waiter, "can you bring me some tomato salad?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"And," continued the customer, "while you're away you might send me a postal card every now and then."

—*Unknown.*

A New Attraction

The Hell family has been discovered in the thriving town of Farrell, built by the United States Steel Corporation.

The members of the Hell family are not averse to using their name in a business way. For instance, the head of the family, Conrad Hell, an ice-cream manufacturer, has signs reading, "Go to Hell for Ice-Cream," scattered throughout the city.

—*Inland Printer.*

He Got Around It

"Tom Barker," said the teacher, "stay in after school and write a composition of fifty words."

Tom handed in the following and was soon on his way to the swimming pool:

"Jessie was fond of kittens. She saw one on the road and called: Here pussy, pussy."

—*Short Stories.*

Bless His Little Heart!

"Now, children," she said, "let me see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell me what that one is?"

There was no reply.

"What!" exclaimed the teacher. "Does no one know? It has bristly hair, likes the dirt and is fond of getting into the mud."

A small boy at the end of the class raised a timid hand.

"Well, Allen?" said teacher.

"Please, ma'am," said the little boy reflectively, "it's me."

—*Unknown.*

Took No Chances

The Irishman had had a serious accident and had been hustled off to the hospital to be operated upon. As he lay upon the bed he beckoned to the nurse and said weakly:

"I'll not be operated upon by that docthor. Ye must find another."

"Why?" remonstrated the nurse. "He's one of the cleverest surgeons living."

"Maybe," was the reply; "but he has an unlucky name. I heard them say his name was Dr. Kilpatrick, and, ye see, me name is Patrick."

—*New York Globe.*

True, True! Derned True!

MISS CANDOR—"What a splendid world it would be if we could only see ourselves as others see us?"

MISS HARDHEAD—"I know something better than that."

MISS CANDOR—"What?"

MISS HARDHEAD—"To see others as we see ourselves."

—*Life.*

Ever See One?

A funny old bird is the pelican,
His bill can hold more than his belican;
He can tote in his beak
Enough food for a week,
But we don't understand how the helican.

—*Unknown.*

How Justice is Made

A young lawyer, just admitted to the bar and without jury practice, asked an old lawyer about the best method of presenting cases to juries. The veteran told him to talk about the law and the facts. "But," said the young man, "what if the facts are against me?" "Then," said the old one, "talk about the law." "But if I have a case in which the law is against me?" said the young man. "Enlarge upon the facts," replied the veteran. "Yes, but suppose I have a case in which both the law and the facts are against me, what then?" retorted the youth. "Oh, holler like h——l!" was the answer.

—*An Old One.*

Guess We'll Learn It!

"If, ez dey say," observed Br'er Williams, "de devil invented de tango dance, sinners should practice it night an' day, kaze it'll be a life saver ter 'um w'en dey hits de hot pavement down below ter know how ter hop high."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Hope to Die and Cross My Heart!"

He had had hard luck fishing, and on his way home he entered the fish market and said to the dealer: "Just stand over there and throw me five of the biggest of those trout!"

"Throw 'em? What for?" asked the dealer in amazement.

"So I can tell the family I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

A Stuck-up Boy

Little Freddy was preparing to go out calling with his mother. Suddenly he called to her in a rather startled voice:

"Mamma, is this bay rum in the brown bottle?"

"Gracious, no, dear! That's mucilage."

"Oh," said Freddy, after a pause. "Maybe that's why I can't get my hat off."

—*Buffalo News.*

A Mouthful of Cheese

A German paper advertised a new brand of cheese. Here is its name: Oberammergauer passionfestspielpenkrauterklostterdelicatessenstuckskaese.

—*The Rounds.*

This is a Dandy!

An Irishman and a Jew were discussing the great men who had belonged to each race, and, as may be expected, got into a heated argument. Finally the Irishman said: "Ikey, listen. For ivery great Jew ye can name, ye may pull out one of me whiskers, an' for every great Irishman I can name I'll pull one of yours. Is it a go?" Ikey consented, and Pat reached over, got hold of a whisker, and said, "Robert Emmet" and pulled. "Moses," said Ikey, and pulled one of Pat's tenderest. "Dan O'Connell," said Pat, and took another. "Abraham," said Ikey, helping himself again. "Patrick Henry," returned Pat, with a vicious yank. "Twelve sons of Jacob," said Ikey, taking a handful of whiskers. Pat emitted a roar of pain, grasped Ikey's beard with both hands, and yelled, "The Ancient Order of Hibernians!"

—An Old One.

Vell Indeed!

COHEN (entering delicatessen store)—"Gif me some of that salmon."

PROPRIETOR—"That's not salmon, that's ham."

COHEN—"Vell. Who asked you what it vas?"

—The Lehigh Burr.

Tabla Kidda Erasa

"And what do you know about Moses?" "Please, teacher, it's my first Sunday here and I don't know anybody."

—Punch.

Kenney-bunc!

MINISTER (calling on inmate of prison)—"Remember, Mr. Kenney, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

KENNEY—"Well, they've got me hypnotized, then; that's all."

—Dallas News.

Earth's Angels

A mother heard an ominous silence in the nursery. She went up to investigate and found her two little boys and her litle girl in the costume of paradise. "Why, children, what are you doing?" Said Reggie, "I'se Adam." Said Ruth, "I'se Eve." and little strutting Freddie, with a sunshade over his head, declared, "And I'm er Lord Dod walkin' in er tool ovver evenin'."

—Ancient but Good.

The Mouths of Babes

A woman of philanthropic tendencies was paying a visit to a lower Eastside school. She was particularly interested in a group of poor pupils and asked permission to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?"

No one answered.

"Now think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come and talk with you for your own good?"

A grimy hand went up in the rear of the room:

"Please, ma'am, you'se buttin' in."

—*The Living Church.*

Worldly Wise

"What's yon?" asked Donald, newly arrived in Canada.

"That is a moose."

"Weel, if yon's a wee bit moose, show me one of your auld rats!"

—*The Rounds.*

Our Father

A small boy's composition on George Washington:

"Washington was a boy who lived on a big farm. He went fiching and suimin and lived in the woulds he killed some Indians and a cat. He losed his temper and choped down a cherry tree in blome. He grew up to be a eksplorar."

Jimmy's Gentle Jolt

"Well, Jimmy," said the patient, when the boy, whom he had told to listen secretly, came to report, "what did they say?"

"I couldn't tell you that," said the boy. "I listened as hard as I could, but they used such big words I couldn't remember much of it. All I could catch was when one doctor said:

" 'Well, we'll find that out at the autopsy.' "

—*Boston Record.*

Meddlesome Mama

"Grandma must not give you so much candy, Harry, and I've told her so."

"Will God give me anything I pray for?"

"Yes, dear, if it's good for you to have it."

"Huh! I suppose you've been talking to Him too."

—*Life.*

Digital Audit

"I call it an unwarranted insult," said the company promoter angrily.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked his partner, in surprise.

"Did you see what that old scoundrel did?" roared the company promoter. "He carefully counted each of his fingers after I shook hands with him."

—*Manchester Union.*

Housewife's Guide

At last we have a legal definition of a fresh egg. A California judge says:

"If the white does not cling to the shell, if it is not shrunken to exceed a quarter or an eighth of an inch, if the yolk is in its place, if the air cell is not darkened or discolored and the white exhibits the natural freshness of an egg when first laid, then the egg is fresh."

—*Unknown.*

An Unromantic Leg

"Every time I see grandfather's sword I want to go to war."

"Well?"

"But every time I notice grandfather's wooden leg I cool down."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Cussificative Art

First Trooper, Imperial Yeomanry (*discussing a new officer*)—"Swears a bit, don't 'e, sometimes?"

Second Trooper—"'E's a masterpiece, 'e is; just opens 'is mouth and lets it say wot it likes."

—*Punch.*

A Steady Customer

Johnny had been very excited all morning, and finally burst out with:

"We have a baby girl at our house, teacher; Dr. Moore brought her."

Immediately another small hand was frantically waved in the air, and a little voice piped: "We take off him, too, Miss Brown!"

—*Everybody's.*

Twisted the Wire

"What name are you calling?" asked the telephone girl over the wire.

"McCohen," the customer answered.

"I beg pardon?" asked the girl.

"McCohen."

The wire was silent for a moment, then the girl said: "Wait a moment, please. I think the wires are crossed."

—*Unknown.*

Q. E. D.

[Excuse received by the Superintendent of Schools, Province of Abra, Philippine Islands.]

"We, the undersigned, to prove—That on Thursday past, Maximo Rojas were absent on account of sickness, that his sickness were itches insofar that he were unable to wear trousers. Therefore he were absence."

—*The Inland Printer.*

Well—Which?

She began a conversation with me on motoring.

"Have you purchased your new car this season?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Burman, not yet," she said. "I can't make up my mind just which make of car to buy. Maybe you will help me."

"What is it that you can not decide about them?" I asked.

"Why, I can't decide whether I should get a gasoline car or a limousine car. Tell me, does limousine smell as bad as gasoline?"

—*Going Around.*

A New Nose

The bulletin of the Kansas Board of Health vouches for the following panicky appeal sent a western physician by a brother physician:

"Dear Dock I have a pashunt whose physical sines showes that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have dropped into his stumick I have given hyme everry thing without effeckt his father is wealthy and inflooenshial as he is a member of the assembly and god nose I dont want to loss hym what shall I do ans by return male.

"Yours frat. Doc. Tishbein."

—*The National.*

Perfectly Outrageous!

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man.
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride,—
Their husbands' pockets brimming,—
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

—*Cornell Widow.*

No Doubt of It

To illustrate his thought that nothing was either too vast or too tiny to be of interest to God, the noted divine proceeded in these words:

"The Creator of this immense universe created also the most infinitesimal atom in it. The Architect of these vast mountains fashioned also the tiniest thread of gold running through them. The God who made me made a daisy."

—*Very Old.*

Amen!

Two girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they should wear to the Christmas party. In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked:

"What line do you think you are on, anyhow?"

"Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but, judging from what I have heard, I should say I was on a clothesline."

—*Unknown.*

An Expert?

Little Nelly told little Anita what the latter termed a "little fib."

ANITA—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

NELLY—"No, it's not."

ANITA—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

NELLY—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real-estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father does."

—*Traveling.*

Mary the Famous

Mary had a little lamp,
It was well trained, no doubt;
'Cause every time that John came in,
That little lamp went out.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Worship

When on his way to evening service the new minister of the village met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to interest in the church.

"Good-evening, my young friend," he said solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

—*The Rounds.*

Smarty

The sweet young thing turned to a young man from the office who was showing her through the works, and, pointing, asked, "What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler," the young man replied.

She puckered her brows. "And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender." And the young man from the office never batted an eyelash.

—*Ubiquitous.*

Little Miss Practical

The teacher was examining the class in physiology. "Mary, you tell us," she asked, "what is the function of the stomach?"

"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

—*Buffalo Express.*

An Easy Diplomat

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I see that by the rules of the ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor, bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

—*Tit-Bits.*

The Eternal Libel

"No man can serve two masters," said the priest to one of his parishioners.

"I know that, yer Riverence,—me brother tried it, and now he's doing time for bigamy."

—*Musty.*

A Laugh on the Governor

The Governor's wife was telling Bridget about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said proudly, "is at the head of the state militia."

"Oi t'ought as much, Ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully; "ain't he got th' foine malicious look!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Right Start

TEACHER—"Now, children, name some of the lower animals, starting with Willie Jones."

—*Boston Transcript.*

His Money's Worth

They had just become engaged.

"What joy it will be," she exclaimed, "for me to share all your griefs and sorrows!"

"But, darling," he protested, "I have none."

"No," she answered, "but when we are married you will have."

—*Moldy, but Rich.*

A Brazen Braggart

A more than usually frank affidavit is on file in the Keystone State. It runs as follows:

STAR JUNCTION, PA., 5-22-1902.

This certifies that Anna Francis died on August 7, 1898, and that Mrs. Kate Francis died December 19, 1899.

J. L. Cochran, Attending Physician.

Personally appeared before me, a notary public, J. L. Cochran, who, being duly sworn, did say that the above is his act and deed.

Joseph L. Luce, Notary Public.

—*New York Evening Post.*

An Agile Shirt

A man purchased some red flannel shirts guaranteed not to shrink. He reminded the salesman forcibly of the guarantee some weeks later.

"Have you had any difficulty with them?" the latter asked.

"No," replied the customer, "only the other morning my wife said to me, 'John, where did you get that pink coral necklace?' "

—*Unknown.*

A Fair Stand

BUTTONS—"Get up! Get up! The hotel's afire!"

SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN—"Richt, laddie; but if I do, mind ye, I'll no pay for the bed."

—*Answers.*

A Pomological Expert

NURSE—"Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy? Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple?"

BOBBY—"I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."

—*Judge.*

We, Too, Were Boys

A little boy had been given a white suit, and before going to the picnic was cautioned strictly to keep his new apparel clean. He obeyed with scrupulous care until late in the afternoon, when with a tired look and yearning appeal he asked:

"Mamma, may I sit on my pants?"

—*Everybody's.*

Amen!

"Jones is a first-rate fellow if you know how to take him."

"Maybe he is, but hang those people who need to be accompanied by directions, like a bottle of patent medicine."

—*Unknown.*

The Brotherhood of Man

The commuter had a row with the conductor. At the end of the row the commuter turned to a friend and said:

"Well, the P. D. Q. will never see another cent of my money after this."

The conductor, who was departing, looked back and snarled: "What'll you do? Walk?"

"Oh, no," said the commuter; "I'll stop buying tickets and pay my fare to you."

—*Old.*

The Old Reprobate!

The Scotch minister rose and cleared his throat, but remained silent, while the congregation awaited the sermon in puzzled expectancy. At last he spoke:

"There's a laddie awa' there in the gallery a-kissin' a lassie," he said. "When he's done ah'll begin."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

New Drugging Method

PHYSICIAN—"This man's condition is not due to drink. He's been drugged."

POLICEMAN (turning pale and speaking timidly)—"I'm afraid ye're right, sir. I drugged him all the way—a matter of a hundred yards or more."

—Pearson's Weekly.

In Every Home

Subbubs had taken Chumleigh home to dine. Everything went well until they were seated at the dinner table, when Willie Subbub remarked, "Why, pa, this is roast beef!"

"Well," said the father, "what of it?"

"Why, I heard you tell ma at breakfast that you were going to bring a muttonhead home for dinner this evening."

—The Rounds.

A Coffin Cough

An English writer, in describing a tiger hunt in India, says: "The tiger came toward me, bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen he gave one of those fearful coughs which only a man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was eleven feet long."

—Heard It.

Darby and Joan

The old gentleman's wife was getting into her carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she rebuked him.

"No," said her husband, "and you ain't so buoyant, Mary, as when you were a gal!"

—Going Around.

Bawl of a Brute Bachelor

Here's to the woman of days gone by;
(May we meet her kind above!)
The woman for whom a man would die,
The woman who ruled by love;
Who didn't harangue and who didn't parade,
In whose home it was sweet to dwell;
Who believed in raising children,
And not in raising hell!

—*Received by Mayor Mitchel of New York.*

Regular Little Divil

A small henpecked little man was about to take an examination for life insurance.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician as he made ready for tests. "Not a fast liver, or anything of that sort?"

The little man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small piping voice: "I sometimes chew a little gum."

—*W. S. in Collier's.*

Scriptural Sausage

At a recent election the candidate was "heckled" rather badly by the local butcher. At last he grew rather tired of it, and hinted that the man was wasting time by asking silly questions.

The butcher, enraged, retorted—

"If I had you in my sausage-machine I'd make mince-meat of you."

The candidate turned to him, and asked, gently:

"Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing?"

—*Tit-Bits.*

Superimposition

An Alaska pioneer was telling how crowded a certain ship was during the gold rush. One day a man came up to the captain and said:

"You will have to give me some place to sleep."

"Where have you been sleeping?"

"Well," the passenger replied, "I have been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now, and he won't stand it."

—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Money-Grubbing Nemesis

A young suburban doctor whose practice was not very great sat in his study reading away a lazy afternoon in early summer. His man servant appeared at the door.

"Doctor, them boys is stealin' your green peaches again. Shall I chase them away?"

The doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, then leveled his eyes at the servant.

"No," he said.

—*Lippincott's.*

The Ever-Ready Scot

Sandy was a leader of the kirk. His increasing redness of nose very much alarmed his brother elders, and a delegation waited on him to inquire the reason for the increasing color. Sandy explained thus: "It is glowing wi' pride at never putting itself in anybody's business."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Foolish Question

"Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, who had been giving a lesson on the baptismal covenant, "can you tell me the two things necessary to baptism?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy; "water and a baby."

—*Western Mail.*

Perverse Critter

A Dutchman, returning from a hunting expedition, was met by a friend, who, noting the flatness of his game-bag, said tauntingly:

"Well, I see you've been hunting."

The luckless hunter nodded.

"Shoot anything?"

"I shot mein dog."

"Was he mad?"

"Vell, he vasn't so tam pleased!"

—*Rather Moldy.*

The Deadly Spinach

The *Ohio State Journal* remarks that "Spinach was introduced into England early in Queen Elizabeth's reign and her reputation isn't all that it ought to be."

Girls Won't Let 'Em

"Mabel," said the father, "your young man stays until a very late hour. Has not your mother said something to you about this habit of his?"

"Yes, dad," replied Mabel sweetly. "Mother says men haven't altered a bit."

—*Traveling.*

For Our Girls

An exchange tells of a girl who sent $1.00 to a New York "specialist" for a "sure cure for freckles." This is the recipe she received: "Remove the freckles carefully with a pocket knife; soak them over night in salt water; then hang up in the smokehouse in a good strong smoke made of sawdust and slippery elm bark for a week. Freckles thus treated never fail to be thoroughly cured."

—*Don't Know.*

God Bless Her!

A clergyman's small daughter was sent to bed supperless just before her father's return from a short trip. Hearing him enter, some time later, the young lady called down:

"Mamma, I want to see Daddy."

There was no response from below. A moment later:

"Mamma, please let Daddy get me a drink of water."

When that, too, failed, a small white figure came to the head of the stairs and said sternly:

"Mrs. Hastings, I am a very sick woman. I must see my pastor at once."

Needless to say, the pastor went up.

—*Unknown.*

A Juicy Rivet

A tippler with a very red nose got a day's work as a laborer in a boiler works. The same day he appeared before the surgeon at the works with his nose smashed.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the surgeon, "how did you manage to get your nose smashed like that?"

"Oh," cried the sufferer, "I put my nose out through a hole in the boiler once to get a sniff of fresh air, and the man outside mistook it for a red-hot rivet. And he only hit once—that's all.

—*Going Around.*

An Ambrosial Arrival

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Fields are rejoicing over the arrival of Mr. Field's glass eye, which was swallowed accidentally by Ambrose, Jr., last Thursday. Both father and child are doing nicely.

—*The McCreary Co. (Ky.) Democrat.*

Bless Her Heart!

Dorothy overheard her parents talking about Bible names.
"Is my name in the Bible?" she asked.
"No, dear."
"Why, didn't God make me?"
"Yes, dear."
"Then why didn't He say something about it?"

—*Don't Know.*

Vicious Brutes!

Hubby, home even later than usual. Made an even unusual racket downstairs.

WIFE—"John, what on earth were you making that frightful noise for?"

JOHN—(Hic) I'll teach those gol' fish to try'n bite me!—(hic). I'll teach 'em!"

—*The Rounds.*

Pants

"My husband," remarked a Philadelphia matron to a group of friends, "was a confirmed smoker with a tobacco heart when I married him a year ago, but to-day he never touches the weed."

"Good!" said one of the group. "To break off a lifetime habit requires a strong will."

"Well, that's what I've got," said the wife.

—*Exchange.*

A Funny Anecdote

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"Quite right," said the teacher. "And now, Johnny, you may write on the blackboard a sentence containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Naughty Judge

In a case of slander a lady had gone into the witness-box on behalf of the plaintiff, whose counsel was examining her.

"Now, madam," the lawyer began, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear," was the emphatic answer.

"Then," said the examiner, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge?"

—*Tit-Bits.*

A Bully Mother

The fact that corporal punishment is discouraged in some public schools is what led Harry's teacher to address this note to the lad's mother:

"I regret very much to have to inform you that your son Harry idles away his time, is disobedient, quarrelsome and disturbs the pupils who are trying to study their lessons. He needs a good whipping, and I strongly recommend that you give him one."

Whereupon Harry's mother responded as follows:

"Dear Miss Jones: Lick him yourself—*I* ain't mad at him. Yours truly, Mrs. Smith."

—*Southern Woman's Magazine.*

An Eternal Settlement

PAT—"And, Father, you say that iverybody will be at the Judgment Day?"

FATHER DOWNEY—"Yes, Patrick. The whole world will be there."

PAT—"And will the A. P. A.'s be there?"

FATHER DOWNEY—"They will."

PAT—"And, Father, will the Ancient Order of Hibernians be there?"

FATHER DOWNEY—"They will, Patrick."

PAT—"Then, begobs, I'm thinking they'll be pricious little business done the furrst few hours!"

—*The Rounds.*

The Useful Ford

A suckling colt followed a Ford auto in Whitley county.

—*Goshen (Ind.) Democrat.*

A Graphic Essayist

"Describe the manners and customs of the people in India," wrote the geography teacher on the blackboard.

A small boy on the front seat chewed the end of his lead pencil into pulp, and then disposed of the subject by writing, laboriously:

"They hain't got no manners and they don't wear no customes."

—*Harper's Monthly.*

Feminine Resourcefulness

A young lady took down the receiver and discovered that the telephone was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver and waited. Three times she waited, and then, exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply. A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.

—*Unknown.*

The Old, Old—Libel?

Mr. Griffin had spent an anxious afternoon at the office and hurried home at an unusually early hour.

"How do you feel, dear? What did the doctor say?" he questioned his wife as she lay on a couch, her eyes half closed.

"Oh, he asked me to put out my tongue," she murmured.

"Yes?"

"And after looking at it he said, 'Overworked.'"

Mr. Griffin heaved an audible sigh of relief. "I have perfect faith in that doctor, Mabel," said he firmly. "You will have to give it a rest."

—*Unknown.*

Checkmate

Scene—The Cosmopolitan Club.

Time—The menu suggestion period.

Michael, glaring malignantly at Moses: "Mr. President, I move that we have porrk chops an' ham 'n' eggs."

Moses, gazing evilly at Michael: "Second der motion, Mr. Bresident, ant I move you that we have dem on Friday."

—*On the Street.*

The Fled Flea

A man had a very carefully trained flea. He was showing it to a lady friend of his one day, and he put it on the back of her hand and he said, "Now, watch closely." He said to the flea, "Alexander, dance." And Alexander danced. He said, "Alexander, turn to the right," and Alexander turned to the right. He said, "Alexander, lie down." And Alexander laid down. He said, "Alexander, go up the lady's sleeve," and the flea jumped up the lady's sleeve. He waited awhile and then he said, "Alexander, come back." Finally the flea appeared. He said, "Alexander, turn to the right." The flea would not turn to the right. He said, "Alexander, lie down." The flea would not lie down. He said, "Madam, that is not Alexander."

—*A Vagrant.*

Dear Little Sister

One evening the young minister who had seemed rather attracted by "Big Sister" Grace, was dining with the family. "Little Sister" was talking rapidly while the visitor was about to ask the blessing. Turning to the child he said in a tone of mild reproof:

"Laura, I am going to ask grace."

"Well, it's about time," answered "Little Sister" in an equally reproving tone. "We've been expecting you to do it for a year, and she has too."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Vixen!

"Huh! I'd stop George Little from snoring if he were my husband. I'd do as I do with my husband when he begins a midnight concert. I let out and give him a good strong one in the ribs! That generally works. But when it doesn't, I follow it up with a nice gentle one and tumble him out on the floor. It isn't a cure, Mrs. Little, but believe me it works."

—*Snore-cure Symposium in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Well Brought Up

TEACHER—"Katharine, what do you know about the orchid family?"

KATIE—"Please, miss, mother has forbidden us to indulge in any family gossip."

—*Around.*

California the Great!

An Easterner who had bought a farm in California had heard of his neighbor's talent for raising large potatoes, so sent his farmhand over to get a hundred pounds.

"You go back home," answered the talented farmer to the messenger, "and tell your boss that I won't cut a potato for any one."

—*Word of Mouth.*

The Boy of It

"When we bought dear little Bobby the electric flashlight he had been begging for so long," says a South Side mother, "we never anticipated that the first time we had company he would hold it up to the guest's ear and say: 'Oh, I just want to see if your ear is clean!' "

—*Kansas City Star.*

A Diplomat

"Pa, you remember that you promised me a dollar if I passed in school this term."

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, I just thought I'd tell you that that's one expense you won't have to figure on this year."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not a Scrap!

"Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Barely Noble Ancestry

A cockney angler, thinking his Highland boatman was not treating him with the respect due to his station, expostulated thus:

"Look here, my good man, you don't seem to grasp who I am. Do you know that my family has been entitled to bear arms for the last two hundred years?"

"Hoots! that's naething," was the reply. "My ancestors have been entitled to bare legs for the last two thousand years."

—*Tit-Bits.*

It's Simple

Pat, the hodcarrier, to the carpenter who is vigorously sucking his thumb, cursing at the same time,—"Don't you know how to drive a nail yit, without smashin' yer finger?"

CARPENTER—"No, you blamed fool, and neither do you."

PAT—"Sure I do. Hold the hammer in both hands."

—*A Favorite.*

Ungrateful Man

"What kind of meat have you this morning?" asked the husband of the butcher.

"The best steak we ever had, sir," replied the butcher. "Here you are, sir; as smooth as velvet and as tender as a woman's heart."

The husband looked up and said:

"I'll take sausage."

—*The Rounds.*

A Posteriori Reasoning

A school teacher boxed the ears of a pupil one day. The boy told his mother, and the next day the teacher received the following note:

"Nature has provided a proper place for the punishment of a boy, and it is not his ears. I will thank you to use it hereafter."

—*Witty Women.*

"What is Truth?"

"Now, Willy," said the mother, "you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to little boys who tell falsehoods?"

"No, ma'am," replied Willy sheepishly.

"Well," continued the mother, "a big, black man with only one eye in the center of his forehead comes along and flies with him up to the moon, and makes him pick sticks for the rest of his life. Now, you will never tell a falsehood again, will you? It is awfully wicked."

—*Floating.*

BING!

Mary had a little goat,
  It was a dangerous thing,
For every time she turned her back—
  BING!—just BING!

—*College Girl's Scrapbook.*

Freddie's Nosebleed

"Well, Freddie," said his mother, "did you learn anything new at school to-day?"

"Yes'm," said Freddie.

"What did you learn new?"

"I got on to a new way o' gettin' out o' school fer an hour, by snuffin' red ink up me nose."

—*Dunno.*

Odds—Which?

A well-known New Jersey doctor was playing golf with a well-known New Jersey minister.

"Well, what are we playing for?" asked the doctor.

"Why, it's rather out of my line to put up anything," replied the minister.

"Well," insisted the doctor, "we ought to play for something; so I'll put up a pill and you put up a prayer."

—*Everybody's.*

Not a Weakling

Pat was aboard ship, and was sick. A sympathizer, witnessing his spasms, said, "Stomach a bit weak, Pat?" "Weak!" retorted Pat, "ain't it throwin' as far the other min's?"

—*Going Around.*

"Wee! Wee! Wee!"—Wow!

A Boston man was on his way West on important business. In the opposite section of the Pullman sat a sweet-faced, tired-appearing woman with four small children. Being fond of children, and feeling sorry for the mother, the Bostonian soon made friends with the kiddies.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient, "Yes, dear," of the mother, as she tried to dress them, and, looking out, he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite:

"This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried, Wee! wee! wee! all the way home."

The foot was suddenly withdrawn, and a cold quiet voice—that of the mother—said:

"That is quite sufficient, thank you."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

An Efficiency Expert

Little Albert was helping his father pack down the meat for the winter, and surprised the parent by saying: "Pop, why don't you ask a blessing over the barrel so as to save time when we come to the table?"

—*"After Dinner Stories."*

Oh, Who Would be the Grocer!

A man walked into a grocer's shop and handed to the assistant a paper containing some white powder.

"I say," he said, "what do you think that is? Just taste it, and tell me your opinion."

The grocer smelled it, then touched it with his tongue.

"Well, I should say that was soda."

"That's just what I said," was the triumphant reply. "But my wife said it was rat poison. You might try it again to make sure."

—*Short Stories.*

A Tip to Hard-up Husbands

He was deeply in love with his wife, but awfully careless about money matters. He started away on a long business trip, leaving her short of money, and promising to send her a check —which he forgot to do. The rent came due and she telegraphed:

"Dead broke. Landlord insistent. Wire me money."

Her husband answered:

"Am short myself. Will send check in a few days. A thousand kisses."

Exasperated, his wife replied:

"Never mind money. I gave landlord one of the kisses. He was more than satisfied."

—*Traveling.*

Efficiency in Buying

"How much vas dose collars?"

"Two for a quarter."

"How much for vun?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Giff me de odder vun."

—*Yale Record.*

A Tasty Mixture

It was a country store in Arkansas. A one-gallus customer drifted in. "Gimme a nickel's worth of asafœtida."

The clerk poured some asafœtida in a paper bag and pushed it across the counter.

"Charge it," drawled the customer.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk.

"Honeyfunkel."

"Take it," said the clerk. "I wouldn't for five cents write asafœtida and Honeyfunkel."

—*The National.*

Kiddy Courageous

Nellie, aged four, was gazing intently at the visitor's new bonnet.

"Well, dear," asked the lady at last, "what do you think of it?"

"Oh," replied the small observer, "I think it's all right. Aunt Mary told mama it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me any."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Sausage Mileage

Link Shott has found a novel use for his old inner tubes, reports the Happy Hollow correspondent to the *Larned Tiller and Toiler*. He stuffs them with sausage meat, and finds that they give more capacity than the old fashioned casings, are not so hard to clean, taste very little of the rubber, and he thinks he gets more mileage out of the sausage.

—*Kansas City Paper* (unknown).

Pitiful, but Jolly, Derelict

One morning, the "Black Maria" arrived at the police-court to take to jail the prisoners who had been arrested the previous night. As they filed into the van the policemen were much amused to hear an old woman, who was the last of the string, shout out to a young prisoner in front:

"Now, then, come out of that; you've got my corner!"

Needless to say, the old lady obtained her accustomed seat. Then, as the door was closed to and the policeman stept up behind, she put her face to the bars and said to him in delightfully dulcet tones:

"Home, James."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Education

The manager of a factory recently engaged a new man and gave instructions to the foreman to instruct him in his duties. A few days afterward the manager inquired whether the new man was progressing with his work.

The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the man in question, angrily exclaimed:

"Progressing! There's been a lot of progress. I have taught him everything I know and he is still an ignorant fool."

—*The Inland Printer.*

Taking the Joy Out of Life

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his arguments with an allusion to the old swimming-hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water——

And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge.

"Come out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

—*Everybody's.*

Naming the Rose

MISTRESS—"Mary, your young man has such an air of braggadocio about him."

MARY—"Yes, pore lad, he worruks in a livery-stable."

—*Dartmouth Jack-o' Lantern.*

Graft!

Little Albert, son of a minister, was intensely afraid of thunder. One afternoon in July he was caught in what promised to be a severe electrical storm. His father saw him dash for home, and noticed that his lips were moving as he ran. As he got safely into the house his father soothed his fear and then asked:

"What were you saying, Albert?"

Albert shuddered. "Oh!" he replied, "I was just reminding God that I am a minister's son."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

But Give Him Time!

Jack disliked being kissed. One day he had been kissed a lot. Then, to make matters worse, on going to the picture-palace in the evening, instead of his favorite cowboy and Indian pictures there was nothing but a lot more hugging and kissing. He returned home completely out of patience with the whole tribe of women.

After he had been tucked into bed mother came in to kiss him good-night.

He refused.

Mother begged and begged, till in disgust he turned to his father, who was standing at the doorway, looking on, and said:

"Daddy, for heaven's sake, give this woman a kiss!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

A Menu Mystery

Mrs. Smith gave a birthday party for her little daughter, and among the guests was Bessie, aged six. One of the principal dainties of the birthday dinner was creamed chicken served in frilled paper cases.

When Bessie returned home her mother asked numerous questions about the party.

"What did you have to eat, dear?" she asked.

"Why, mother," replied the child, seriously, "they had hash in candle-shades."

—*Harper's.*

Fishy!

"Madam, here's a man at the door with a parcel for you."

"What is it, Maggie?"

"It's fish, ma'am, an' it's marked 'C. O. D.'"

"Tell him to take it back; I ordered trout."

—*Many Journals.*

Celestial Repartee

It is told of Mr. Finnegan that he died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said:

"It's a fine job you've got here for a long time."

"Well, Finnegan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent."

"Ah," said Finnegan, "I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent."

"Sure," said St. Peter, "just wait a minute."

—*Frayed.*

True

"A man'll put on arctics, a five yard muffler an' a buff'lo coat t' go out t' the pump," sez Joe Meeker, "but a woman'll roam 'round all day with a V-neck, low enough t' give her catarrh of the stomach, an' a slit in her skirt high enough t' give the minister inspiration fer a sermon."

—*Traveling Agent.*

Justice!

A lanky youth occupying a seat in an interurban car persisted in sticking his head and shoulders out of the window. The conductor, in passing, touched the youth on the back.

"Better keep your head inside," he advised.

"I kin look out of the winder if I want to," answered the boy.

"I know you can," agreed the conductor, "but if you damage any of the iron work on the bridges you'll pay for it."

—*The General Press.*

Rehearsing

The cub reporter saw a hearse start away from a house at the head of a funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he inquired of the corner storekeeper, who was watching from his door.

"Chon Schmidt."

"John Smith!" exclaimed the cub. "You don't mean to say John Smith is dead?"

"Vell, by golly," said the grocer, "vot you dink dey doing mit him—bractising?"

—*Everybody's.*

A Miracle

A colored preacher had been asked to give in next Sunday's sermon an illustration of a miracle. This is how he did it:

"Mah breth'n an' sisters. Ah's gwine to splain a merrical.

"Ef you all wuz to see er cow in er field 'long side ob de road, dat ain't no merrical.

"An' ef you all wuz furder 'long dat road and seen a big, sharp, pink thistle, dat ain't no merrical.

"An' ef you all walked furder 'long dat road an' heard a teeny l'il bird singin' in er tree top, dat ain't no merrical.

"But ef you all wuz to see dat cow squattin' smack on top of dat sharp thistle an' singin' like dat l'il bird, dat sure would be a *fus-class* merrical!"

—*Word of Mouth.*

The Oppressed Laboringman

"Hey, Moike, and phwat do ye t'ink of these new sanitary drinkin'-cups?"

"Sure, Pat, and soon we'll have to spit on our hands wid an eye-dropper!"

—*University of Michigan Gargoyle.*

Logic

FUTURE THEOLOGIAN—"Bobby, do you know, you've deliberately broken the eighth commandment by stealing James's candy?"

"Well, I thought I might as well break the eighth commandment and have the candy as to break the tenth and only 'covet' it."

—*Life.*

A Good Answer

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself." "No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State."

—*Publisher and Retailer.*

Safe

TEACHER—"Grace, why were you not in school yesterday?"

GRACE—"Pleath, Mith, Mother wath thick, and I had to thtay at home."

TEACHER (afraid of contagious diseases)—"Mercy, what was the matter? What did the doctor say it is?"

GRACE—"He thayth itth a boy."

—*Circulating.*

Good and Ready

"Jimmy," said the teacher sternly as she came upon the scene of hostilities, "why are you sitting on that boy?"

"He pasted me in de eye!" said Jimmy savagely.

"But didn't I tell you to count one hundred before you let your angry passions rise?"

"Yes'm, an' I'm sittin' on him so he'll be here when I git troo' countin'."

—*Old.*

R. I. P. Bossy!

George, the four years old grandson of an extremely pious and devout grandfather, came rushing into the house wildly excited.

"Grandpa!" he called, "Mr. Barton's cow is dead. God called her home."

—*Holton (Kan.) Signal.*

Unimpeachably Neutral

An Irishman went into a well-known Boston restaurant a short time ago to get his lunch. Among other things he ordered some cold meat, and the waiter, when he had served the meal, inquired:

"Will you have the French or German mustard, sir?"

"Neither," was the Irishman's prompt reply, "I'm neutral. Bring me horseradish."

—*General Press.*

S-s-s-simply S-s-s-saying

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m'man alive. I w-was-n't h-hissing. I w-was s-s-s-simply s-s-s-saying to S-s-s-sammie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-superb."

—*Clover.*

And She Blessed Mama!

Ex-War Secretary Garrison said in a preparedness argument in Camden:

The defenders of a militia army remind me in their ignorance of the mother at the ball. This mother was chaperoning an exceedingly beautiful daughter. She hovered round the girl all the time—hovered proudly on the edge of a deep circle of men—for her daughter was undoubtedly the belle of the evening.

During some war talk the girl cried gaily: "The casus belli! What was the casus belli?"

Her mother stood on tiptoe, shook her finger at her beautiful daughter across a dozen men, and called reproachfully:

"Grace, dear, how often have I told you to say 'stomach?'"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Bucolic Repartee

A somewhat rapid city man, according to a story that is going the rounds, remarked to a farmer friend: "Thursday we autoed to the country club and golfed till dark, then trolleyed back to town and danced till morning." The farmer "got back" in this language: "I've been havin' some time myself. Wednesday I muled to the cornfield and geehawed till sundown. Then I suppered till dark and piped till nine. Then I bedsteaded till five o'clock, then breakfasted till it was time to go mulin' again."

—*Holyoke Transcript.*

An Earned Hope

Mrs. Norah Mulvaney one day met her friend, Mrs. Bridget Carr, who had in her arms her twelfth child.

"Arrah now, Bridget," said Norah, "an' there ye are wid another little Carr in yer arms."

"Another it is, Mrs. Mulvaney," replied her friend, "an' it's me that's hopin' 'tis the caboose."

—*Country Gentleman.*

Her Party Affiliation

At Denver some time ago a colored woman presented herself at a registration booth with the intention of enrolling and casting her first vote in the ensuing election.

She gave her name, her address, and her age; and then the clerk of registration asked this question:

"What party do you affiliate with?"

The woman's eyes fairly popped out of her head.

"Does I have to answer dat question?" she demanded.

"That is the law," he told her.

"Den you just scratch my name offen de books," she said. "Ef I got to tell his name I don't want to vote. Why, he ain't got his divoce yit."

And out she stalked.

—*The Rounds.*

Merely Curiosity

An insurance agent was filling out an application blank.

"Have you ever had appendicitis?" he asked.

"Well," answered the applicant, "I was operated on, but I have never felt quite sure whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."

—*Going Around.*

Some Egg

A middle aged bachelor was in a restaurant at breakfast, when he noticed this inscription on the egg:

"To whom it may concern: Should this meet the eye of some young man who desires to marry a farmer's daughter, eighteen years of age, kindly communicate with ——, Sparta, N. J."

After reading this, he made haste to write to the girl, offering marriage, and in a few days received this note:

"Your note came too late. I am married now and have four children."

—*Newark Star.*

Faithful Unto Death

"May I ask the cause of all this excitement?" asked the stranger in the little village. "Certainly," replied the countryman. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir. She's a hundred and one to-day."

"Indeed! And may I ask who is that little man, with the dreadfully sad countenance, walking by the old lady's side?" "Oh, that's the old lady's son-in-law, sir. He's been keeping up the payments on her life insurance policy for the last thirty years!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

The Partition of Ole

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole.'"

—*General.*

No Short Skirts in Indiana?

The Election Laws of Indiana say, "When the voter is in the election booth, the lower limbs of the voter must be plainly visible to the election officer."

No wonder women don't vote in the Hoosier State.

—*Traveling About.*

SHAVING WITHOUT PAIN
OR WHISKERS REFUNDED
—Window of a New Jersey Barber Shop.

A Quick-Witted Seraph

The procession had started from the vestry, and the clergyman had taken his position. Suddenly he noticed that the incense bearer was not carrying the incense pot. Perturbed, he chanted to the boy as the choristers drew near,

"Where, oh where is the incense pot?"

And without a second's interlude the enrobed seraphic youth, eyes tilted heavenward, chanted in reply,

"I left it outside, it was too blamed hot!"

—Everybody's Telling It.

Arms and the Man

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers. "Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of a young man.

"Oh!" said she, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

—Literary Digest.

Just Stropping Hisself!

When the train stopped at the little Southern station the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles, which was rubbing itself against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked of a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What is he doing rubbing himself against that tree?"

"He's stropping hisself, suh, just stropping hisself."

—All Around.

Of Course Not!

"Waiter!-hic-bring me a dish of prunes."

"Stewed, sir?"

"Now, thatsh none yer buznuss."

—The National.

Whoa, Bill!

While the men were off to the front, *Titbits* noted that the repartee of the conductorette was not so full-blooded as that of her male counterpart, but its rapier-like qualities were decidedly more effective.

"'Alloa, Ethel!" shouted a jovial carman to one of the fare ladies one chilly morning recently. "Feeling cold, old dear? Why don't cher turn yer collar up like me?"

"Well, you see," sweetly replied the girl, "I've got a clean neck."

—*Literary Digest.*

The Murdering Profession

The following is a bona fide statement made by a 7-year-old girl who had listened to medical talk all her life. Being asked her father's business, she replied:

"My father is a doctor, but he isn't a quack! My father's got a license, so if he kills any one they can't arrest him!"

—*Many Journals.*

Fate!

At a picture show the master of the house was kissing the maid, and his son entered suddenly. Father gave him a dollar and asked him not to tell mother.

The small son of a sedate family party of father, mother, and son, who had not once taken his eyes from the picture, looked up at his parent and said earnestly:

"Pa, you got to give *me* a dollar after this."

—*Meats from Cotton Seed.*

A Funny World

A kindergarten teacher, with a pile of books on her arm, was about to get off a street car, just as a gentleman, whom she thought she recognized as the parent of a pupil in her school, got on. "Good morning," she said, with a cheery smile.

Almost instantly she saw, by the quizzical expression on the face of the man addressed, that she had make a mistake. Intending to correct it, she added quickly: "Oh, pardon me! I thought you were the father of one of my children." He turned pale, and then she turned crimson.

—*Forty Years Old.*

And Daddy Grinned!

The four-year-old had just been reproved at the table. He continued to talk cheerfully, though unanswered, to his father. After some minutes of soliloquy he turned to his mother and remarked:

"Your husband doesn't talk very much this noon, does he, mother?"

—*Harper's.*

Unhappy Creatures!

"B. L. T.," in his "Lino'type or Two" column of the Chicago *Tribune* culls a gem from the *Cheyenne State Leader:*

"The spacious home of Judge and Mrs. John A. Riner was the scene of a beautiful wedding last evening when their youngest daughter, Dorothy, was joined in holy deadlock to Mr. Dean Prosser."

—*Current Opinion.*

God and the Baby

Little Effie bursting tearfully into the house:

"Oh, muvver, God doesn't love me any more!"

"Why, what makes you think so, dearie?"

"'Cause I jus' tried him in'er garden wiv a daisy!"

—*Current Opinion.*

A Fairly Competent Throat!

He was having trouble with his throat. After a brief examination the specialist said, "My dear sir, you appear to be suffering from clergyman's throat."

"The hell you say!"

"Ah—but I will make a further examination."

—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Patriot Repartee

There was a German trench facing ours, only about fifty yards away, which bore in large letters the words:

"Gott mit Uns!"

One of our cockney lads, more of a patriot than a linguist, looked at this for a moment and then lampblacked a big sign of his own, which he raised on a stick. It read:

"We got Mittens, Too!"

—*English Paper.*

Ain't No Sich Wimmin!

She was one of those little women who are always looking for something that will take up their husband's idle time.

"John," she said, "I wish you would mend the front door lock."

"C-can't!" replied John, quaking like an aspen leaf; "I've g-got t-the s-shaking ague."

"Oh, well, then, I know the very thing; you can sift the ashes."

—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Oh, a Nice, Nice Doggy!

The man getting his hair cut noticed that the barber's dog, which was lying on the floor beside the chair, had his eyes fixed on his master at work.

"Nice dog, that," said the customer.

"He is, sir."

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that," explained the barber. "You see, sometimes I make a mistake and cut off a little bit of a customer's ear."

—*Circulating.*

Divinely Endowed Seeress

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides of it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side, over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

—*Told Often.*

An Umbrageous Spud

The Colonel eyed the piece of meat critically a moment.

"Felgner," he said, judiciously, "your ingenuity reminds me of a conversation I heard the other day in a Brownsville hotel. The head waiter of the hotel came over to the man sitting opposite me and genially inquired of the guest: 'And how did you find your steak, sir?' 'Why,' responded the man, 'I just rolled over the potato—and there it was.'"

—*Traveling.*

Awful!

Dressed in her Father's trousers,
A silly maid one day
Went and eloped with a fellow:
What will the papers say?

Read then the startling headline
(Such are the whims of chance)
That sprang next day from the presses,
"FLEES IN PAPA'S PANTS."

A Byproduct!

A policeman described by the N. Y. *Times* as possessed of more than usual avoirdupois and expanse of shoe leather had just passed a little terrace house in Jersey, with a bit of garden in front, when a little boy ran after him.

"Hello, kiddie," said the copper, genially, "what can I do for you?"

"Mother sent me out," answered the youngster, "to ask you if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two. It's just been graveled and we ain't got a roller."

—*Current Opinion.*

Balled Out!

"The old woman wants something to kill moths," said Donovan to the druggist.

"Right here you are," said the counter man, and he handed to Pat a 5-cent bag of moth balls.

An hour later Pat appeared with a bag of white powder.

"I want my money back," he said. "We've been throwin' these things at the divils for an hour. Nothin' but powder is left and we haven't hit a one."

—*Circulating.*

All His Seams Ripped

MRS. LAFFERTY—"Tin stitches did th' doctor have to take in me ould man."

MRS. O'HARA—"Tin, was it, only tin? Sure, when th' doctor seen my poor husban' carried fr' th' wreck on th' railroad, he sez, sez he: 'Do there be no wan here wid such a t'ing as a sewin' machine?' "

—*Judge.*

A Very Practical Literalist

The father of a St. Louis lad had given him a ten-cent piece and a quarter, telling him that he might put one or the other on the church contribution plate. At dinner the father asked the boy which coin he had given.

"Well, father," responded the lad, "at first it seemed to me that I ought to put the quarter in the plate, but just in time I remembered the saying, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the ten-cent piece a great deal more cheerfully. So I put that in."

—*Continent.*

A Temperate Friendship

O'TOOLE—"Phwat's the matter that ye didn't spake to Mulligan just now? Have ye quarreled?"

O'BRIEN—"That we have not. That's the insurance av our friendship."

O'TOOLE—"Phwat do ye mane?"

O'BRIEN—"Sure, it's this way. Mulligan an' I are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the idea of a quarrel; an' as we are both moighty quick-tempered we've resolved not to spake to wan another at all, for fear we break the friendship."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The Scotchies Maddening Privilege

He buried his ball in every bunker, gully, and bit of grass on the lawnscape and muttered naughtily. After half an hour of it he turned to his silent caddy.

"Really," he murmured, ingratiatingly, "this is the most difficult course I have ever played on."

"Hoo did ye ken?" replied the lad, in quiet scorn. "Ye havna played on it yet."

—*London Answers.*

Algernon's Algebra

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor, "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

—*Christian Register.*

But—They're Worth It!—?

A humane society had secured a down-town show-window, according to the San Francisco *Argonaut,* and filled it with attractive pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. A placard in the middle of the exhibit read: "We were skinned to provide women with fashionable furs." A man paused before the window and his harassed expression for a moment gave place to one of sympathy. "I know just how you feel, old tops," he muttered. "So was I!"

—*Current Opinion.*

A "Draw-One" Tonguester

A down-town city restaurant, described in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* has made its reputation upon one waiter who has never yet been found wanting in translating an order into a language of his own, and he and the cook understand each other absolutely.

"I want a rump steak rare," orders one man.

"Slab of moo—let him chew it!" the waiter calls.

"I want a bowl of tomato soup," ordered another man, "a plate of beans, bread and butter, a piece of apple pie and a glass of water."

The waiter seemed puzzled for an instant; then he shouted into the tube:

"I splash of red noise, platter of Saturday nights, dough well done with cow to cover, Eve with the lid on and a chaser of Adam's ale!"

—*Current Opinion.*

An Authority

He had drunk often and deep. Started homeward. Pathway elliptic, not straight. First reel ended at a lamppost. Few moments' rest. Let go and proceeded. Second reel carried him to a trolley pole. Few moments' recuperation. Let go and pressed on. Third reel brought him to a fire alarm post. Arm around it. Looked up. Saw across the street a movie palace. And above it a sign, blazing with light, reading, "Safe Home!—in three reels." Stared at it in incredulous stupefaction. Then angrily shook his fist at it and exclaimed, "My God! It can't be done!"

—*Reeling.*

Went Tweeting to His Work

"What do you suppose has come over my husband this morning, Sophia," exclaimed a conscientious little bride to the new servant. "I never saw him start down-town so happy. He's whistling like a bird!"

"I'm afraid I'm to blame, mum. I got the packages mixed this morning and gave him birdseed instead of his regular breakfast-food, mum."

—*United Presbyterian.*

Prudent Righteousness

McTavish and Macpherson are adrift at sea in an open boat.

McTavish (on his knees)—"O Lord, I ken I've broken maist o' thy commandments. And I've been a hard drinker all my days. But, O Lord, if we're spared this time, I promise never——"

Macpherson—"I widna commit mysel' ower far, Donald. I think I see land."

—*Life.*

Hereditary Thrift

The latest story of the "Bang went saxpence" series: There were two Hielan'men, an' they were at the front. An' yin o' them cotched a hen an' the ither yin was jist goin' to thraw its neck.

"No' the noo," says the first yin; "let her be till the morn's mornin'. She micht lay an' egg."

—*Tit-Bits.*

The Wrong Diagnosis

A small boy carrying a basket got on the train the other morning bound for Mapleton. He found the car full and stood in the aisle as if uncertain what to do. A gentleman who was occupying a seat with his grip beside him, put the grip on the floor and the boy's basket on the rack above his head and offered the lad part of his seat. Presently the gentleman felt something trickling down on his head from the basket above.

"My boy," said he, "your pickles are leaking."

"Them ain't pickles," replied the boy. "Them's puppies."

—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

By a Lyre Bird

The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robins, her second husband Sparrow, the present Quale.

There are now two young robins, one sparrow, and three quails in the family. One grandfather was a Swan and another a Jay, but he's dead now and a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk avenue, Eagleville, Canary Island, and the fellow who wrote this is a Lyre and a relative of the family.

—*The Valley Enterprise.*

Whooping Good

A woman who by bearing and dress could be distinguished as "newly rich" entered a street car, and with a very haughty air seated herself near an old Italian.

When the conductor came to take up the fares she said to him in a loud voice, "Let me off at my husband's bank."

The conductor, evidently knowing her, assured her that he would, and pushed on to the Italian.

"Letta me off my peanut stand," called out the old fellow as he paid his fare.

—*Circling.*

Dangers of Solitary Drinking

Pat was brought up before a magistrate for being drunk and disorderly, according to *Everybody's Monthly*. Asked what he had to say for himself, he replied that he had come up in a train with bad company. The magistrate asked who were his bad companions. Pat replied, "Four teetotalers." "Well," said the magistrate, "I think that teetotalers are the best companions you could have." "Oh, they're not," replied Pat, "for I had a bottle of whisky with me, and I had to drink it all myself."

—*Current Opinion.*

Neat!

It was just after the banquet, and toasts were the order. The toastmaster arose to introduce a prominent elderly speaker, and said:

"Gentlemen, you have just been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage, now you will please give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

—*The National.*

The Fatal Plow

A man traveling in Maine met a middle-aged farmer, who said his father, ninety years old, was still on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"Yes, pop is close to ninety."

"Is his health good?"

" 'Tain't much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A Lesson in Language

The fight between the Irishmen was waxing fast and furious. It had progressed to the extent that each had forgotten what it was about originally, and they were wholly oblivious of the gathering crowd until an urbane and genteel person in a frock coat put in:

"Come, come, my man!" he said, gently plucking Casey by the sleeve. "You don't want to fight—I can tell it by your looks! Your face is too benign"——

"Two be nine! Two be nine, is ut, ye spalpeen?" bellowed Casey. "Me face is two be nine, is ut?"

And wallop went the gent in the frock coat into the muddy gutter.

—*Countrywide.*

A Valuable Word

Little boy got aboard crowded street car. Nice minister made room for him. Crowd poured in and trod on little boy's foot. He sharply muttered "Damn!" Nice minister shocked, terribly shocked. Bribes little boy with fifteen cents never to say awful word again—never! Big Irishman takes it all in. Just then car stops. More crowd rushes in. Mike's best corn brutally trodden on. Face screws up violently. Turned to nice minister and said in a ferocious whisper, "Y'r Riverence, at the price you pay I hev a word i' my mouth worth *two dollars!*"

—*Everybody's Telling It.*

Mary Again

Mary had a little ring, 'twas given her by Joe, and everywhere that Mary went that ring was sure to go.

She took the ring with her one day, when she went out to tea, where she might show it to the girls, who numbered twenty-three.

And when the girls all saw that ring, they made a great ado, exclaiming with one voice: "Has it at last got round to you?"

—*Around the Ring.*

Close Harmony

Unconscious humor in places of worship does not always come from the pulpit. At a church where the selection of the hymns formed part of the organist's duty, the feelings of the minister who had just delivered a fiery sermon upon "Hell" may be better imagined than described when, on its conclusion, the organist began to play the hymn tune, "What must it be to be there?" Equally inappropriately appropriate to the occasion was the musical number selected to follow a wedding ceremony —"What Shall the Harvest Be?"

—*London Daily Chronicle.*

A Fragrant Name

A little colored girl, a newcomer in Sunday-school, gave her name to the teacher as "Fertilizer Johnson." Later the teacher asked the child's mother if that was right.

"Yes, ma'am, dat's her name," said the fond parent. "You see, she was named fer me and her father. Her father's name am Ferdinand and my name is Liza. So we named her Fertilizer."

—*Young People.*

A Suggestion

Fred Coggin left his auto in front of a Springfield fire-hydrant and incurred the danger of a $25 fine thereby.

A policeman, chancing along, saw the car, took its number and then waited for the motorist to appear. Just as he stepped from the store Fred sized up the situation, went back in and telephoned to the police chief that his car was stolen; then hurried home on foot.

The policeman got the report of the stolen car from headquarters, reported it and was thanked by the chief, who in turn was warmly complimented by Coggin.

—*The National.*

Hint for Hesitant Helpmeets

"I dinna wonder at some puir wives having to help themselves out of their husbands' trouser-pockets," remarked one Scotch wife.

"I canna say I like them underhand ways myself," responded her friend, "I jist turn ma man's breeches doonside up and help masel's off the carpet."

—*The Day's Chaff.*

A Tempted Tommy

A soldier whose head and face were heavily swathed in bandages, and who obviously had had a bad time, was being feelingly sympathized with by the solicitous lady. "And were you wounded in the head, my poor fellow?"

"No ma'am," Tommy replied. "I was wounded in the ankle, but the bandage slipped."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Putting It Over St. Peter

An Irishman who was rather too fond of strong drink was asked by the parish priest:

"My son, how do you expect to get into Heaven?"

The Irishman replied:

"Shure, and that's aisy! When I get to the gates of Heaven I'll open the door and shut the door, and open the door and shut the door, an' keep on doing that till St. Peter gets impatient and says, 'For goodness' sake, Mike, either come in or stay out!'"

—*Tit-Bits.*

We Saw It

The following account of a nearsighted old gentleman who lost his hat in a sudden gale appears in the *Tatler*. The old gentleman started in pursuit of his fast-disappearing headpiece, and finally thought that he saw it in a yard behind a high fence. Scrambling over with great difficulty, he started to chase it, but each time he thought he had caught it it seemed to move away. Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to retrieve his hat.

"Your hat!" she said. "Well, I don't know where your hat is; but that's not a hat you're chasing; it's our little black hen!"

—*Current Opinion.*

Vocal Cords Too Tight

Robbie first heard a concert, says *Pearson's Weekly,* when he attended a recent entertainment in aid of a patriotic fund. A celebrated soprano, accompanied by a famous orchestra, was singing when Robbie arrived. The small boy became at once interested in the gesticulations of the conductor. "Mother, why is that man shaking his stick at the lady?" he asked. "Hush; he is not shaking his stick at her. "Then what is she screaming for?"

—*Current Opinion.*

Atavistic Philanthropy

He was a good little boy, and very thoughtful. It was during a long spell of dry weather, and he had heard of the great scarcity of water throughout the country.

"Mamma," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have not enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, my dear."

"Mamma," he presently said, "I'd like to give something for those poor little boys and girls. As long as the water is so very scarce, I think I ought to give up bein' washed."

—*Farmer's Advocate.*

Prohibitory Law Needed

Cub Reporter—Yes, the doctor tells me he died of uric poisoning.

Editor—Well, you hustle around to the drug stores in town and find out who sold him the stuff.

—*American Druggist.*

A Slacker's Excuse

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated, "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamoured of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her my feelings, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.'

"And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us!'"

—*Around.*

Yes, Dearie,—Didn't Take Long

A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news, says the Boston *Transcript,* said to her little daughter: "Marjorie dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

Well Earned

I often wish I had the nerve of my friend Jimson.

The other night at a Christmas party he deliberately walked up to the prettiest girl in the room and kissed her.

"How dare you?" she cried, blushing furiously. "I am not under the mistletoe."

"That's all right," responded Jimson. "A girl with a face like yours doesn't need any mistletoe."

And then he kissed her again.

—*Stray Stories.*

The Joys of Oratory

A would-be politician was once speaking before a small assembly in a village. In the course of his speech he introduced some expression which disgusted his hearers, who thereupon started moving away. The orator, seeing this, put up his hands and said:

"Pause, friends!" But the answer he got was from a local wag, who cried amid laughter:—

"Aye, an' real dirty ones they are too!"

—*Chicago News.*

Education's Oppressive Demands

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning:

"Deer teecher,—You keep tellin' my boy to brethe with his diafram. Maybe rich children has got diaframs, but how about when there father is in the army, and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another, and now its diaframs. That's the worst yet."

—*Traveling.*

Age's Practicality

Everybody in a New England city knows "Aunt Charlotte." She is now ninety-four years old, but she has never lost her femininity. When she was eighty years old she had a new hat, which was particularly close to her heart. She went out calling with one of her nieces—and the new hat—when it began to rain. In a jiffy Aunt Charlotte lifted her skirts and threw them over her hat.

"Why, Aunt!" exclaimed the niece. "You are showing your legs dreadfully."

"My dear," returned the old lady, "these legs are eighty years old, and this hat is new."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

When Pa Comes Home in the Fall

"Who's the stranger, mother dear?
Look! he knows us—ain't he queer!"
"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child."
"He's my father? No such thing!
Father died away last spring."
"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined a golfing club.
But they've closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see—
No place left for him to roam—
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him; he won't bite you, child;
All them golfing guys look wild."

—*The Column Filler.*

Yes—and the Veterinarian's Fate?

Henry Weaver of Grand Junction was trimming a tree over a pigpen; he fell off a branch on a pig and killed it, breaking both legs. This frightened a colt which jumped a fence, running into a clothesline fastened to a post which was hurled through the air, striking a cow and killing her. The colt ran into a barbed wire fence and was so badly cut it will die. When the veterinarian arrived to attend the colt he ran over Mr. Weaver's dog and killed it.

—*Lawrence, Mich., Times.*

"Patrike"

Said Pat, "I wish I was half Jew and half Irish, instead of being all Irish."

"Why is that?" asked a bystander.

"Because," explained Pat. "An Irishman is always wantin' half a dollar an' a Jew always has one!"

—A Rollicking Mike.

Hurling the Hammer at Hubby

"See that man over there? He is a bombastic mutt, a windjammer, nonentity, a false alarm, and an encumbrance of the earth."

"Would you mind writing all that down for me?"

"Why in the world—"

"He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him sometime."

—A Vile Newspaper.

How to Break a Will

Little Spencer let no grass grow under his feet, when uncle came for a visit, before rushing up with this:

"Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"'Cause, when I ask daddy for anything he says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"

—The General Press.

Daffy Donald's Defense Doomed

A Scotchman determined that he would bring up his son far from the allurement of the wicked world. So, as soon as the boy was weaned he departed with him to an isle of the southern Pacific where there was plenty of sea and landscape, and women were unknown. One day, after the lad had reached maturity, a steamer appeared offshore, and soon a boat was lowered. In the party was a young and beautiful woman. Donald clutched his father's arm, and, pointing to the Venus exclaimed, "Feyther! feyther! What's yon?"

"Come awa! Come awa, Donald! that's the de'il!"

Retorted Donald, with his bulging eyes glued on the beautiful figure, "De'il or no, feyther, I'll have one of them!"

—Vera Auld.

Very Brotherly, E'en Though Frail

He was draping a lamp-post, by the sidewalk's edge. And he was a good soul, and had been too good—to himself. A funeral procession came by, and at the end of it walked some of the mourners. At once he disentangled himself from the lamp-post and lurched into the last row of the procession. The cemetery was reached, and he took a place with the weeping ones at the graveside—swaying like a reed shaken by the wind. His heart overflowed with sympathy, and so when the minister said, "And as in Adam all died, even so in Christ all are made alive," he broke out with, "Now, ladiesh and zhentlemen, I ask you, could anything be fairer than that?"

—*Ubiquitous.*

A Cruel Wife

Sick folks are often extremely querulous. A man was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism and his sufferings frequently caused his wife to burst into tears as she sat at his bedside.

One day a friend of this invalid came in and asked how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly!" he exclaimed, "and it's all my wife's fault."

"Is it possible?' asked his friend in surprise.

"Yes, the doctor told me that humidity was bad for me, and there that woman sits and cries just to make it more moist in the room."

—*A Rounder.*

A Fistic Refutation

He came into a New York registration booth. His name was Patrick. And he had had at least several fingers.

"I want to register."

"How old are you?"

"Thurty-four."

"You can't register."

"Phwat's that?"

"You're too old—you can't fight."

"The hell I can't fight!"

And like a flash he peeled off his coat, licked every registrar, and wiped the place out. And then enough cops came in.

—*An Eyewitness.*

What Fathers are For

Father sat in his study one afternoon writing out a speech when his son called shrilly from the garden: "Dad! Look out of the window!"

"What a nuisance children are at times!" grumbled the parent, as he put down his pen and advanced to the window. With a half-smile he raised the sash and stuck forth his head.

"Well, Harry, what is it?" he asked.

The boy, from a group of youngsters, called out, "Dad, Tommy Perkins didn't believe that you had no hair on the top of your head."

—*Onward.*

Safe Deposit

The corner stone laying had been a brilliant success. The weather was fine, the speeches eloquent, the music impressive. The master of ceremonies was very well satisfied with himself, yet with the dispersal of the crowd he became strangely excited. Hurriedly he sought the master mason.

"Is it possible to lift the corner stone again?" he asked.

"I am afraid not, sir," said the mason. "Have you a particular reason for asking?"

"I have," said the master of ceremonies. "I've left my hat in the receptacle along with the records."

—*Stray Stories.*

Leaping Logic

WILLIE (reading the Bible)—"Pa, it tells here about the evil spirits entering into the swine."

FATHER—"Well, my son?"

WILLIE—"Was that how they got the first deviled ham?"

—*The Column Filler.*

A Caputal Affront

Micky came home from school sniffling. "You've been licked," said his mother. "I ain't," said Micky. "There was a doctor at school this mornin' examined us, and he said I had ad'noids." "Phwat's thim?" asked mother. "They're things in your head as has to be taken out," answered Micky. "It's a dom lie," angrily exploded mother. "I've fine-combed yur head ivry Saturday night, and niver an ad'noid did I find!"

—*The Merry Circle.*

Neighbor's Love Passeth Understanding

For six years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Robinsons, next-door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant with a peace-making note for Mr. Robinson, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to state that his old cat died this morning." Robinson's reply was bitter: "Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

—*Globe Trotter.*

A Rival of Saint Peter

THE SENTRY (replying to irate demand from outside): "Very sorry, sir; but my orders are not to let anyone through the gate."

IRATE ONE: "But I *must* come in! Do you know who I am——? I'm a G.O.C.!"

THE SENTRY: "Very sorry, sir. Couldn't do it if you were a G.O.D."

—*Sketch.*

A Christian Courtesy

"Your sign has fallen down," said the Rev. W. H. Brightmire the other day in calling to a downtown saloon-keeper at Evansville, Ind., whom the minister happened to know. "Is that so?" responded the liquor seller.

"Yes, it's down—fallen in the gutter," the pastor said.

"I'll go out and put it up right again—thanks, Reverend, for telling me."

And when he went out the saloon-keeper found a drunken man lying across the curb in front of the saloon.

—*Peripatetic.*

From the Mother-Land of Thrift

At a Scottish watering place Macpherson was found stretched in a contented mood on the sands, puffing his old pipe. "Come on, Mac," said his companion; "let's go for a sail."

"Na, na," replied Macpherson. "I hae had a guid dinner at the cost o' three and saxpence, an' I'm takin' na risks."

—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A Real Psychologist

An old southern judge lost a mule for which he offered a reward. For days the whole neighborhood searched for that hybrid hawss without success. That reward was in demand. After everybody else had given up the idea of ever finding the animal, the town no-account came up the street one day leading the long-lost Aleck.

"How in the name of the pink-toed prophet did you ever find him, Ben?" asked the astounded jurist.

"Well, suh, jedge, Ah'll tell yeh," said the Hookworm One. "Ah jes' asked mase'f whur would Ah go ef Ah was er mewl. An, Ah went. An' he had."

—*A Favorite.*

A Brazen Bawler

In a church in Ohio the minister gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Away," an exchange tells. The regular leader of the choir being absent, the duty devolved upon a young fellow of a timid nature. He commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher, he then sang, "I love to steal." At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal." The effort was too much. Everyone but the parson was laughing. He rose, and with the utmost gravity, said: "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

—*Circulating.*

Changed Places with Hubby

She was of the square toe and low heel species, and had called to apply for the position of stenographer.

"Do you take dictation?" was asked of her.

A hard look came into her eyes as she replied: "I used to but I have been married nearly three years."

—*Curvicular Humor.*

Indisputable

WIFE: "John, I saw in the paper that a nautical mile is nearly a seventh more than a land mile. Why is that I wonder?"

HUSBAND: Well-er- you know, my dear, that things swell in the water."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Scared Him Stiff!

Freddie Brandt tells us of a ham actor who applied for a job in a certain stock company last week.

"What can you do?" asked the manager.

"I can take any part," acknowledged the Thespian. "I have had all sorts of experience, but I am best in heavy stuff. My pathos has gained encomiums everywhere."

"Your sob stuff gets across, does it?"

"Gets across? Let me tell you. The last time I played a death scene, a man in the audience fainted away. And when I sent out to find who it was whom I had affected so powerfully, I found that it was the agent who had insured my life."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Mamma's Angel Child

Dot (to visitor)—"Mrs. Stopalday, mamma said she would be glad to see your back. I don't see anything different in it from usser people's."

Mamma (hastily)—"I said I should be glad to see her back again. You know Mrs. Stopalday has been away so long."

Dot looks contemplative, stares very hard at Mrs. Stopalday and at length exclaims:—

"Has you dot a new face?"

Mrs. S.—"A new face! Why?"

Dot—"Tos daddy said he didn't want to see your old one adain."

—*Around and About.*

A Blasted Bloom

A certain surgeon in Boston had a splendid crop of hair. Although the surgeon is not old, his hair is snow white, and he is very proud of its beauty. He wore it parted in the middle and rather long and it fluffed luxuriantly on either side. The impulse toward a change in hair-dressing came to the surgeon in this manner: He had operated upon a woman, and was bending over her as she began to come out of the ether. She opened her eyes for a moment, and then closed them again. Then, with a long sigh and in a rapt voice, she said, "What a beautiful white chrysanthemum!" The students present exploded, and now the surgeon wears his hair cut as close as a gentleman may.

—*Everywhere.*

Why Peepers Peep

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, peeped in and out."
So wrote the poet of the day,
When long and ampler skirts held sway.

But now the cult of shorter frocks,
Brings in its train transparent socks.
And "little mice" ne'er peeped out half
So much as doth the "fatted calf."

—*Chas. Ness.*

Bad Company

A negro who had an injured head entered a doctor's office.

"Hello, Sam! Got cut again, I see."

"Yes, sah! I dont got carved up with a razor, Doc!"

"Why don't you keep out of bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound.

"'Deed I'd like to, Doc, but I ain't got 'nuff money to git a divorce."

—*N. Y. Globe.*

Depth of Degradation

Dinner was a little late. A guest asked the hostess to play something. Seating herself at the piano, she executed at bit from Debussy. She finished, but there was still an interval of waiting to be bridged. In the grim silence she turned to an old gentleman on her right and asked:

"Would you like a sonata before dinner?"

The aged one gave a start of surprise and pleasure. "Why, yes, thank you," he exclaimed. "I had a couple on my way here, but I think I could stand another."

—*Harper's.*

Dangers of Intellect

The dangers of the higher education are not often exposed so nakedly as in the case of an east side mother, who wrote the following letter to the teacher of her boy:

"Please do not push Tommy too hard, for so much of his branes is intelleck that he ought to be held back a good deal, or he will run to intelleck entirely, and I do not desire it. So please hold him back so as to keep his intelleck from getting bigger than his body, and injuring him for life."

—*The Merry Teller.*

Official Lucidity

There were many reasons why some draft boards ran behind schedule. One of them was a telegraphic order concerning the examination of the teeth.

"Repeat following telegram to local boards at once period quote physical regulations comma section three comma page five comma line seven from the bottom substitute quote or unquote for quote and unquote between quote side unquote and quote two above unquote period in other words comma man must have two teeth in opposition on one side or the other."

—Dunno.

God's Great Earthly Chum

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince were gulping beer.

"Vater, who the war started?" asked the warpup, sucking on his cigaret.

"Vell, we've proved it on England, France, Belgium, alzo Russia," irritably answered that friend of God, the warpup's pa.

"Yes, I know," said Frederick, "but who really responsible vas?"

"Vell," answered On With God, "I vill tell you. Vhen Roosevelt from Africa back came, he visited me. I took him oudt, und the army together we reviewed. Und he me on der back clapped und said: 'Wilhelm, you can lick der vorld!' Und shust like a damned fool, I belieft him."

—A Thousand Tongues.

A Gifted Parson

A clergyman, who was also a wit, once preached rather a long sermon from the text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

After his congregation had listened for about an hour, some began to get weary, and went out. Others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister.

Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said:

"That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out."

And the others waited until the sermon was ended.

—After Dinner Stories.

A Valuable Accomplishment

Miss Gladys was rather a flippant young lady, and just so was her friend. Of late meetings between the two had been few and far between.

Gladys' friend could not fathom the reason why, and in order to satisfy her curiosity she called one afternoon.

"No, mum. Miss Gladys is not in," the maid informed her. "She has gone to the class."

"Why, what class?" inquired the caller, in surprise.

"Well, mum, you know Miss Gladys is getting married soon. So she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence."

—*Every Male Villain.*

Take a Tip, Man

The head of the household wore a worried, dark look when he beheld the numerous bills that confronted him.

"Your extravagance is becoming unbearable," he growled. "When I die you'll probably have to beg."

"Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice," replied his wife, slowly.

—*Every Injured Wife.*

The Maiden's Prayer

An elderly bachelor and an equally elderly spinster sat in a concert hall. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when the wedding march of Mendelssohn was begun he pricked up his ears.

"That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "But I'm not strong on those classical pieces. That is a good one. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him demurely, "is 'The Maiden's Prayer.'"

—*Stray Stories.*

The Great Regenerator

"Bill, who do you think is doing the most good, Henry Ford or Billy Sunday?"

"That's easy! Henry Ford!"

"How's that?"

"He has shaken the devil out of more people than Billy Sunday ever can."

—*Swapped Around.*

Pealing Belles

Two maids by the river were kneeling,
To disrobe for the swim they were stealing.
Said the owl in the tree,
"How'd you like to be me?
When the belles of the village are peeling."

—*Circulating.*

Some Catch!

He was an enthusiastic fisherman. He always claimed heavy figures for his catch, and, what was better, his scales backed him up.

Also he was married. One day a baby boy came. And, as is always done, they put him on the scales. He weighed only 18 pounds.

—*Oral.*

Hebrewflage

A Hebrew small storekeeper, to the surprise of his brethren, suddenly decorated his window with a gorgeous new blind.

"Nice blind of yours, Isaac," quoth his neighbor.

"Yes, Aaron."

"Who paid for it, Isaac?"

"The customers paid, Aaron."

"What! The customers paid for it, Isaac?"

"Yes, Aaron, I put a leedle box on my counter 'For the blind.' And they paid for it."

—*The Comicalist.*

Little Andrew's Prayer

Little Andrew was being pestered by an aunt who disapproved of every blessed thing he did. By and by she noticed that he would write something on a piece of paper and then drop it on the floor. He did it several times. At length she picked up one of the scraps, and read, "Dear Devil, come and get my auntie."

—*Word of Mouth.*

Billy Bright

MOTHER: "Now, Billy, say grace after your breakfast."

BILLY: "Fanks for my b'ekfast."

MOTHER: "Oh, Billy, that wasn't much of a grace."

BILLY: "Well, it wasn't much of a b'ekfast."

—*Punch.*

Gosh!

HE: "Say, that friend of yours from Oklahoma is the greatest soup eater in the universe."

SHE: "Why, how's that?"

HE: "Well, I've seen soup siphoned and gargled, but he's the first one I ever saw who yodeled it."

—Circulating.

Sure!

A woman mounted the steps of the elevated station carrying an umbrella like a reversed saber. An attendant touched her lightly saying, "Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

"Well, he's my husband!" she snapped.

—The Common Tongue.

D. F. Question 9,999

A man entered a drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Shall I put them in a box, sir?" the clerk asked as he counted them out.

"Oh, no," replied the customer, "I want to roll them home."

—Industry.

Kissificative Science

The editor of the "heart-to-heart talk" column of a daily newspaper received the following letter from a young man:

"Please tell me why it is that a girl closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her?"

To which the editor, in a fiendish moment, replied:

"Send me your photograph and perhaps I can tell you."

—On the Wing.

Big Folks Just As Foolish

A little four-year-old boy stood in the middle of the street in a large city, crying. He was well dressed—warm overcoat, fur cap, leggins—and a passer-by, wondering curiously what the little fellow could be crying for, stopped and spoke to him.

"Why are you crying, little boy?"

"C-cause, s'posin' I was 'way up on top of that b-buildin' without any cloe's on—I'd freeze."

—Harper's Magazine.

Gave Him A "Character"

The grouch was dissatisfied with the letter which his stenographer presented for his signature. He signed, but made her put it back into the machine and add: P. S.—Dictated to a poor stenographer.

She folded the letter and put it in the envelope, but no sooner was her employer's back turned than she took it out and added: P. S.—No. 2. The reason I am so poor is because he pays me only $6 per week.

—*Collier's.*

Oh, These Wives

WIFE—"John, I gave you this letter to mail a month ago and I just found it in your plaid coat pocket!"

HUSBAND—"I remember! I took off the coat at the time to have you sew a button on, and it isn't sewed on yet."

—*Chicago Daily News.*

Av Coorse!

Two Irishmen noticed a large placard in the window of a shop with the words "Butter! Butter! ! Butter! ! !" printed on it in giant type.

"Pat," said Mike, "what is the meaning of them big strokes after the words?"

"Och, ye ignoramus," said Pat, "sure they're meant for shillelaghs, to show that it's Irish butter."

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Papa's Winged Angel

"Mother, what is an angel?"

"My dear, it is a little girl with wings who flies."

"But I heard papa telling the governess yesterday that she was an angel. Will she fly?"

"Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing tomorrow."

—*Very Old.*

Of Course!

During a recitation in natural history a teacher asked:

"Can anyone tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

There was a long silence. Finally one lad rose and offered this response:

"The home of the swallow is in the stummick."

—*New York Times.*

The Family Terror

Freddy, with a determined look on his small countenance, marched into the front room and up to the ardent suitor of his pretty sister.

"What's them?" he demanded, thrusting out a grimy hand full of small white objects.

"What are those?" said the young man with an ingratiating smile. "Those are beans."

"He does know 'em, maw," bawled Freddy triumphantly into the adjoining room. "You said he didn't know beans."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Yes!—Where?

It was in London, and the healthy-looking young man was turning away from a shop window. An aggressive, angular, non-maternal woman demanded, "Young man, why ain't you at the front?" The young man looked the lady over from head to foot and then retorted, "G'arn, you slacker, where's yer war baby?"

—*London Journal.*

Preparedness

The manager of a millionaire's magnificent estate had sent for a roofer to repair a leak in the roof of the mansion.

Pat Flinn was sent to do the job, and as he entered the front hall the butler, in a subdued voice, said:

"You are requested to be careful of the inlaid floors as you go through the halls; they have just been waxed."

"Oh, sure, there's no danger of me slippin' on thim," replied Flinn. "I've spikes in me shoes."

—*Harper's.*

Ah!

The captain of industry was addressing the students of the business college.

"All my success in life," he declared proudly, "all my enormous financial prestige, I owe to one thing alone—pluck. Just take that for your motto—pluck, *pluck,* PLUCK!"

He paused impressively and a meek little student on the front row said:

"Yes, sir, but please tell us how and whom did you pluck."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Natural Question

A little Miss of four, looking out of the window one day, noticed a small spaniel dog whose tail had been cut off, leaving only a short stub. Calling to her mother, she asked: "Say, mamma, did that dog's tail get broke off, or did they drive it in?"

—*The Rounds.*

Pure Reason

A little southern girl who had had a quarrel with her sister was very angry and was vowing all sorts of vengeance. Her aunt said to her: "You must not feel that way. Remember, the Bible says, 'Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord.'" The child studied a moment, and then said: "Yes, but you know, auntie, God's a gentleman, and he couldn't do anything to a lady!"

—*Unknown.*

The Light o' Love

The two sat side by side in Battery Park one night. "I wonder," said he, as he glanced out across the beautiful bay and saw the Statue of Liberty in the shadowy gloom, "I wonder why they have its light so small?"

"Perhaps," answered the girl, as she blushed and tried to slip from his arm, "the smaller the light the greater the liberty."

—*Unknown.*

Precious Package

A lady and her little daughter were walking through a fashionable street when they came to a portion strewn with straw, so as to deaden the noise of vehicles passing a certain house.

"What's that for, mamma?" said the child.

The mother replied: "Why, the lady in that house has had a little baby girl sent her."

The child thought for a moment, looked at the quantity of straw, and said: "Awfully well packed, wasn't she, mamma?"

—*Everybody's.*

Elbatupsidni!

Megtelepedtek mert tudtak hogy West Virginia is az Egyesult Allamokhoz tartozik, hogy ott is vedi oket a diesoseges esillagos lobogo, hogy ott is tisztessegesen elhetnek, a beculetes munka nyoman.

—*Magyar Banyaszlap.*

Scotch Thrift

An Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman made an agreement among themselves that whoever died first should have five sovereigns placed on his coffin by each of the others. The Irishman was the first to die. Shortly afterward the Scotchman met the Englishman and asked him if he had fulfilled the agreement.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I put on five sovereigns. What did you put on?"

"Oh, I just wrote ma check for ten sovereigns," said the Scotchman, "an took your five sovereigns as change."

—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

No Temple Tooting!

While visiting in the Highlands of Scotland last summer, a little old lady made use of an ear trumpet when she attended divine service. Such a contrivance being entirely unknown in those simple parts, it caused much excited discussion, and finally one of the elders was deputed to deal with the lady.

On the following Sunday the unconscious offender again made her appearance, and again produced the much-discussed trumpet; whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat and, raising an admonitory finger, said severely: "The first toot, ye're oot!"

—*Everybody's.*

Profitable Affliction

Her eyes were not exactly straight, and some one commented upon it and asked Smith if he had noticed it.

"Noticed it, man?" he replied. "Why, she is so crosseyed that recently when I sat next to her at a dinner she ate off my plate."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Naturally!

The magistrate was examining a witness, to whom he remarked:

"You admit you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

"Yis, sor, I do," stoutly maintained the witness.

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

—*Harper's Monthly.*

Excusable

Fred had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he return home not later than five o'clock. He arrived at seven to find his mother very angry. He insisted, however, that he had not loitered on the way home.

"Do you expect me to believe," demanded the mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?"

"Yes, mamma," blubbered the boy. "Charlie gave me a mud turtle—and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"To the Manner Born"

It was the first time that the polite little girl had been on a visit alone, and papa had carefully instructed her as to how she should behave.

"Now," he had said, "if they ask you to dine with them, you must say: 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come, Marjorie," her little friend's father had said, "you must stay and have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the small miss with dignity; "I have already bitten."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Housewife's Hint

One day Luther Burbank was walking in his garden, when he was accosted by an officious acquaintance who said:

"Well, what are you working on now?"

"Trying to cross an eggplant and milkweed," said Mr. Burbank.

"And what under heaven do you expect to get from that?"

Mr. Burbank calmly resumed his walk.

"Custard pie," he said.

—*A Tramp.*

Logic!

"Mr. Dooley," Finley Peter Dunne's famous humorous character in commenting upon the French fashions, says:

"Hogan says th' styles are shtarted in Paris be ladies well known to th' police, an' to keep in touch with the latest styles a woman ought to do a few months' time ivery year."

Primitive Justice

A 12-cylinder touring car came dashing down Fifth Avenue, violating all rules of the road. At the wheel was a man who looked like autocracy. It was very obviously his new car, and he was enjoying it alone. The pavement was wet, and the car skidded at 42d Street, knocking a Ford runabout into the curb.

Policeman O'Flanagan saw the outrage and rushed over to the offending driver with blood in his eye. "What's your name?" said he angrily.

The man in the big car stood up, smoothed down his well-cut coat, and said calmly, "Casey."

O'Flanagan gulped hard, looked at the man suspiciously, and asked: "How do you spell it?"

"C-a-s-e-y."

"What's your first name?"

"Dennis."

O'Flanagan's face did a transformation act, and leaning over, he said confidentially: "Now, what the hell are we going to do with that damned little Ford for backing into you that way? 'Twas an outrage!"

—*Everybody's.*

The Gospel According to John

Young America was representing the family at church. "What did the minister say?" his mother asked. "Be a knocker and you'll find an opening," was the astonishing reply. "Johnny," she said severely, "don't make light of religion." "I ain't ma," said the boy. "You ast any one. Knock, and it shall be open unto you—that's jest what he said!"

—*In Every Newspaper.*

The Main Chance

The train had crashed into an auto, and one of its occupants was dead and the other was badly mauled. Soon afterwards Isaac came along.

"Vot happened?" said Isaac.

"Train," answered the injured man.

"Has the adjuster bin here yet?" quickly queried Isaac.

"No."

"Then, yust moof over a leedle an' let me lie down beside you," eagerly said Isaac.

—*Circling.*

Presence of Mind

An Irishman who asked his wife for some of the money she had received from the railroad for injuries she had sustained in a wreck was refused. "The money's moin," she said, "I got hurted, not you, and the railroad paid the money to me. Not wan cint will yez git!" "Indade," replied the husband, "you wouldn't ha' got a penny av it hadn't been for me." "Huh! How do yez make thot out?" "Well," said he, "Whin I cum to at the wreck, there was you layin' along the track, absolutely sinseless—an not wan scratch on you. An' ye wudn't ha' got any money at all if I hadn't had prisince of mind enough to kick you in the face!"

—A Wanderer.

A Social Function

One day an old negro woman surprised her mistress by asking, "Miss Lizzie, what does yo' take when yo' goes to a shower bath?"

"Why, Auntie," she replied, "I should think a towel would be very appropriate."

"Well," said Aunt Sara, "I jest wanted to know, cause my niece, she's goin' to get married and I'se invited to 'tend a shower bath for her."

That Everlasting Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
She put him on the shelf;
And every time he wagged his tail,
He spanked his little self.

—By a College Girl.

More Slander of Eve's Daughters

He laid him down and slept, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

—Ancient.

Get Busy!

"What are sins of omission?" asked the clergyman, examining the Sunday-school. "They are sins you ought to have committed and haven't," answered one of the smaller children.

—Sacred Heart Review.

A Perspicacious Auditor

"I want tax reform!" he bellowed. "I want tariff reform! I want trust reform! I want social reform! I want money reform! I want——!"

"Chloroform!" shouted a man in the crowd.

—*Old.*

Outdid Herself

LITTLE JOHNNY—Mrs. Talkendown paid you a big compliment.

MOTHER—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say?

LITTLE JOHNNY—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I was.

—*The Hartford Times.*

Too Much Anatomy

Johnny, out to dinner, thrice refused chicken gravy of which he was very fond. His hostess, who had added macaroni to the gravy, finally said: "Why, I thought you liked chicken gravy?"

"I do sometimes," replied Johnny, "but my mamma never puts the windpipes in."

—*National Food Magazine.*

Between Experts

Tom Ochiltree, having been hurt in a railway accident, brought suit for damages. Walking with the aid of crutches some months afterward he met a friend, who inquired:

"Can't you get along without crutches, Tom?"

"The doctor says I can," said Ochiltree, "but my lawyer says I can't."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Brother and Sister

Little Mary, angel of a suffragist household, barked her shin and began to screech excitedly.

Buster Billy, her slightly older brother, disgustedly remonstrates: "Why don't yer stop yer yellin', and get up and holler 'Votes for women?' "

A Diplomat

LITTLE SISTER—"Oh, mamma, Georgie has just upset the tea table an' broken my dolly an' all your nice dishes."

LITTLE BROTHER (badly frightened)—"Yes, mamma, an' let's be sorry, but don't let's be mad!"

—*Harper's.*

A Finished Job

A schoolboy wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Sex War

A carpenter, sent to make some repairs in a private house, entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice and began to work.

"Mary," the lady said to her maid, "see that my jewel case is locked up at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

And It Was

An English minister, who guarded his morning study hour very carefully, told the new maid that under no circumstances were callers to be admitted—except, of course, he added, in case of life and death. Half an hour later the maid knocked at his door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Why, I thought I told you——"

"Yes, I told him," she replied, "but he says it is a question of life and death."

So he went downstairs and found an insurance agent.

—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Still Eve!

"Don't you want to dance the tango?" he asked.

"Indeed, I do," said the sweet young thing. "I want to dance it the worst way."

"Oh, well, you'll have to excuse me. There are laws against that, you know."

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

'Tain't True in Your Town

The man glared at the telephone. He would fain relieve his mind, but there were ladies present.

"Why," he at length exclaimed, ingenuously, "should I say 'hello' when the reverse is true?"

—*Unknown.*

Sic a Daffy Donald

An old Scottish gentleman who was a great enthusiast on the golf links, and a young man who was equally enthusiastic about the game, had spent the entire day in the field, and had had some remarkably close and exciting games.

As they left for home, the old man remarked, while his rugged face lighted up with a pleasant smile:

"Hey, mon, but it's been a gran' day!"

"It has," assented the young man.

"Think we could come again on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," answered the young man reflectively, "I was to be married, but I can put it off."

—*Lippincott's.*

The Ash Man's Piety

"Say, Ma!" said Willie, "do you know I think that that ash man that comes and dumps our ashes every week is a real good Christian man?"

"Why so?" asked his mother.

"Well, yesterday he came to Mrs. Smith's house next door and picked up their wooden barrel and raised it over his head and was about to dump it in his cart when the bottom came out and ashes fell all over him."

"My, how terrible," said Willie's mother, "and what did he do?"

"Oh! he just sat down in the gutter and told God all about it."

—*National Monthly.*

Ingenious Curiosity

Little Tom and Jack were brothers, Tom being the elder. One evening, as their mother was getting ready to go out, she heard a great deal of screaming in the next room. So she went to find out the cause and asked Tom why Jack was screaming.

"O, mother! He was crying because I tried to see how big his mouth could stretch with your glove-stretcher."

—*Delineator.*

Gleaned by "The Inland Printer"

Notice: I wish to state that I am the proprietor of the ice-cream parlor and that my customers will not be bothered in the future with children.

—Dillie Mapes Wildman.—*Prophetstown Echo.*

For sale: 320 acres; a choice Illinois farm in Indiana.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

For sale: A three-horned lady's saddle. Eight dollars.

—*Glencoe Record.*

A series of revival services were being held in a western city, and placards giving notices of the services were posted in conspicuous places. One day the following notice was posted: "Hell, Its Location and Absolute Certainty. Thomas Jones, baritone soloist, will sing 'Tell Father I'll Be There.'"

A Blessing

The following card of thanks recently appeared in a Kansas paper: "I wish to thank the city authorities for quarantining my family and me for three weeks recently because one of them had the smallpox. During that time my wife caught up with her sewing; we had three square meals a day, as no one came in and she was not permitted to leave; we enjoyed three weeks of good nights' sleep; and best of all, a cousin with four children had arranged to visit us, saw the smallpox sign on the door, and left town so scared she will never come back again. So for these and other blessings we are very thankful for the quarantine."

—*Floating Around.*

Gracious!

A wedding party was disturbed by the crying of a baby belonging to one of the woman guests. One of the young ladies present remarked to the bridesmaid, "What a nuisance babies are at a wedding!"

"I should say so," returned the latter, and added, without very full consideration, "When I send out the invitations to my wedding I shall have printed in the corner 'No babies expected.'"

—Printing Trade News.

The Limit

A traveling man was stopping at a boarding house in a small town in Arkansas, where the meals were very bad. While he was sitting on the porch one day, the woman came out and announced that dinner was ready. At this a hound lying in the yard set up a loud howling.

Spitting at him in disgust, the traveler said: "What the hell are you howling about? You don't have to eat it," and he sadly entered the house.

—Meats from Cotton Seed.

Which Got Reddest?

A young minister preached one Sunday to a rural congregation and spent the next day visiting the people.

At one house, the man of the house was expressing his appreciation of the sermon in very complimentary terms, while assisting the minister to put up his team. His little son had followed him, and after eyeing the minister a minute or two exclaimed: "Why, papa, you said he was a one-hoss preacher, and he's got two hosses!"

—National Monthly.

Nothing Like 'Em!

Miss D., a teacher of unquestioned propriety in all branches, was in the throes of commencement, and to the best of her ability was entertaining some young men—the suitors of her fair pupils. They conversed on some beautiful flowers in the drawing room.

"Yes," exclaimed the old lady, "but if you think these are pretty, you just ought to go upstairs and look in the bathtubs of the girls' dormitories. They are just full of American beauties!"

—Unknown.

The Active Partner

An insurance agent out in Kansas drove up to an uninviting farmhouse in the midst of a rather desolate appearing field. The woman who came to the door was as uninviting as the general air about the place. However, he was not interrupted in his speech, ending with, "And now, madam, is your husband carrying any insurance?" "Is his life insured? Is that what you mean?" "Yes, ma'am." "It is, sir. But don't make the mistake of thinkin' he's doin' the carryin' of the same. I'm doin' that myself. And I'm carryin' all he's worth. Good morning, sir."

—*Wonalancet Service.*

Grandma's Old Friend

An old lady laughed immoderately at a story told at a dinner in Chicago.

The story-teller looked at her inquiringly.

"Oh," she gasped, "it's a great favorite of mine. The first time I heard it I laughed so hard I almost kicked the footboard off my crib."

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

? ? ? ?

"Wimmen certainly ain't got no consistency."

"What's the matter, Mike?"

"Me wife chased me out wid a rolling-pin this morning, and then cried because I left home without kissing her good-by."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Deflated

At a certain trial quite a young doctor was called as an expert. Counsel for the other side in cross-examining the youthful medico gave utterance to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the ability of so young a man.

One of the questions was, "You are entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I am."

"Then," continued the cross-examiner, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Taylor, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Taylor, might," suggested the young physician.

—*Law Journal.*

F-f-f-f-f-f—!

JUDGE: Prisoner, your name?

PRISONER: F-f-f-f-f! (Swallows the atmosphere and starts again). F-f-f-f-f-f! (Violently swallows still more atmosphere and goes at it again). F-f-f-f-f-f!—

MADDENED JUDGE: Officer! Officer!! What is this man charged with?

DISGUSTED OFFICER: Begorra, Your Honor, an' I think he be charged with sody wather.

—*Floating Around.*

Getting Even

James, four years old, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom.

At length bedtime came and, kneeling before her, he implored a blessing for each member of the family individually, she alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then rising from his devout posture, the little suppliant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying, as he turned to climb into bed:

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it?"

—*Tid-Bits.*

'Twarnt True!

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said Captain Bowsprit, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Mercy!" cried one of the listeners of the fair sex. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't!" snapped the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."

—*Meats from Cotton Seed.*

Real Trouble

His horse went dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost six cows in a poker game;
Then a hurricane came on a summer day
And blew the house where he lived away;
And an earthquake came when that was gone
And swallowed the land that the house stood on;
Then the tax collector he came 'round
And charged him up with a hole in the ground.

—*The Wonalancet Way.*

Foolish Question

They had chummed up in hospital, and were discussing the virtues of their respective wives. Presently one of them explained that his wife had been a Miss Mary Wilson. "And a fine girl, too!" he added enthusiastically, in praise of his absent spouse.

"Miss Mary Wilson!" chuckled the other. "Oh!"

"What, d'you know her, then?" asked the proud husband.

"I should think I do! I remember one day when we were out boating, and we came to an island where we landed. 'Now, Mary, m'dear,' I said, 'either you kiss me or we both drown!' "

"And d-did you kiss her?" gasped the husband in jealous fury.

"Was she drowned?" asked the other slowly.

—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

A Perfect Example

Following inspection the commanding officer of a negro regiment was making a speech to his men in which he warned them that, while courtesy is necessary at times, one should always use tact in one's relations with other people.

Talking together afterward, two of the colored soldiers were discussing the difference between courtesy and tact.

"Well," said one, "Ah can't 'splain the difference but Ah knows. Fo de wah Ah was a plumber and one day a lady calls me on de phone and sez, 'Hurry right down heah, the baft-tub done sprung a leak,' and down Ah rushes. Ah bust right in the front do' and up the back stairs into the baft-room. And, boy, there was a lady in the tub. And Ah jest speaks right up, sez Ah, 'Good mawnin,' SIR!' Now that there 'good mawnin' was courtesy, but the 'sir' was tact."

—*Everybody's.*

Save the Quarters, and the Dollars—!

Mr. Abrahams and his little son were walking down a main street the other day when a circus poster caught the eye of little Ikey.

"Fader," he cried, "give me a quarter to go an' see the sea-serpent."

"Vasteful poy," exclaimed his parent. "Vanting to pay a quarter to see a sea-serpent! Heres a magnifying glass; go and find a worm."

Saving His Friends

A tough old bird was dying and his wife sent out for a preacher. The preacher came and said to the dying sinner:—

"You had better renounce the devil, my friend."

"Renounce the devil!" exclaimed the dying man. "Why, I ain't in a position to make any enemies right now."

—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

Which the Subject Sex?

Scarcely a meeting of the Board of Public Works passes but that some citizen appears to protest against the street car, used by him or her, skipping the stop nearest home. At a recent meeting of the board a woman made such a protest to the board. She addressed her complaint to Schuyler A. Haas, Chairman of the board.

"Please, Mr. Haas," she pleaded, "have the cars stop at this street."

"I don't see how we can do that," said Mr. Haas.

"It won't cost you a cent to do it," implored the woman.

"We can't do it," replied Mr. Haas.

At this the woman lost her patience and, shaking her finger at the Chairman of the board, she exclaimed."

"I just wish I were your wife for one minute."

—*From the Indianapolis News.*

Expert Bargaining

"Look here, Hiram," said Si, "when be you goin' to pay me them eight dollars fer pasturin' your heifer? I've had her now about ten weeks." "Well, Si, the critter ain't worth more'n ten dollars." "Well, s'posin' I keep her fer what you owe me." "Not by a whole lot! Tell you what I'll do; keep her two weeks more, an' you can have her."

New England Training

"Now," said a Boston school-teacher to his class in English, "can anyone give me a word ending in 'ous,' meaning full of, as 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?"

For a moment there was a dead silence. Then a small boy raised his hand.

"Well," queried the teacher, "what is your word?"

Then came the reply, "'Pious,' full of pie!"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Open-Eyed Adman

A western evangelist makes a practice of painting Bible quotations and religious mottoes on rocks and fences along public highways. On one big flat rock he painted these words:

"What Will You Do When You Die?"

An advertising gazabo came along and painted underneath that question:

"Use Delta Oil: Good for Burns."

Overwhelming Dad

Here it is, just as it was slipped the bunch. A certain South Idaho farmer had three eligible daughters. The first married and removed to Twin Falls, Idaho. After a time the old gentleman was informed he was grandfather to twins—Twin Falls, twins. Later another of his daughters married and removed to Three Creek, Idaho. When the old man learned his Three Creek daughter was the mother of triplets he began to lean to superstition. His third daughter then advised him of her engagement, telling her daddy after the ceremony of her intention to remove from the home town, whereupon the fond parent cleared his throat and remarked: "It's all right, daughter, only please keep away from Thousand Springs."

Practical Religion

The time-honored custom of having a welcome address is like the time-honored custom of having an opening prayer. I suppose you have all heard the story, because you all read the newspapers. I don't read them very often. A gentleman was at the hospital being operated on for appendicitis. He got on the table and looked up at the doctor, and looked over the table. He was frankly nervous over the operation. He said, "Doctor, isn't there any way on earth to avoid this operation?" The doctor said, "No." He said, "Doctor couldn't an osteopath help me to avoid it?" The doctor looked at him and said, "No." "Doctor," he said, "is it absolutely necessary and am I sure to die if I do not have this operation?" The doctor said, "Yes." He said, "Quit worrying about it. You will be asleep in a minute and when you wake up you will be all right." "Doctor," he said, "call the preacher." The doctor said, "What do you want with a preacher?" He said, "If I must be opened I want to be opened with a prayer."

His Opportunity

A distinguished theologian was invited to make an address before a Sunday School. The divine apparently forgot the nature of his audience, and spoke for over an hour, his remarks being of too deep a character for the average juvenile mind to comprehend.

At the conclusion the superintendent, according to custom, requested someone in the school to name an appropriate hymn to be sung.

"Sing 'Revive us again,'" shouted a boy in the rear of the room.

—*The Christian Herald.*

A Voice from the Cannery

"The King of Germany," announced the teacher in a solemn voice, "is called the kaiser. Now, can any of you tell me what the ruler of Russia is called?"

"The czar!" roared the class.

"And what is the czar's wife known as?"

Only two voices answered this time.

"The czarina."

"Ah!" said the teacher, eyeing his flock fondly. "That is very good. Now, who will tell me what the czar's children are called?"

"Szardines!" yelled one little boy triumphantly, while the master wept.

An Eternal Wanderer

Casey was dead, and laid out in all his glory in the parlor. The bereaved friends and relatives viewed the remains in a steady stream. Presently Clancy came in. He stood before the casket and regarded Casey with a searching eye. Then he chuckled. Then he laughed uproariously. The undertaker hurried up. "What," he demanded of Clancy, "does this mean? Don't you know this is a house of mourning? Your conduct is most unseemly. Where do you think you are?" "Be easy," said Clancy. "I was only thinkin'. I've known Casey here better than I've known anny man all me life. Only last week it was that we were talkin', an' he told me that he didn't believe in anny heaven, an' that he didn't believe in anny hell. An' there he is—all dhressed up an' no place to go."

Pat's Twist

Pat was employed as a hodcarrier during the new building operations. One morning he happened to be late. Putting on his clothes in haste he hurried away without noticing that he had put on his trousers with the back to the front.

Arriving at the building just in time, Pat was soon climbing the ladder with his first hod of bricks, but half way up he fell to the ground.

His mates rushed to the rescue. "Art you kilt?" they asked.

Pat opened his eyes and for a moment gazed wonderingly at his own legs. "No, bedad," he said, "but I've had a terrible twist."

An Ornery Rattler

Insurance man putting questions to a cowboy:
"Ever had any accidents?"
"No," was the reply.
"Never had any accident in your life?"
"Nope. A rattler bit me once, though."
"Well, don't you call that an accident?"
"Hell, no. He bit me on purpose."

Husbandly Anguish

The latest example of English as she is spoken comes from Egypt, where a native interpreter, who had overstayed his leave, wrote the following letter to his chief:

"My absence is impossible. Someone has removed my wife. My God, I am annoyed."

—*New York Sun.*

An Angel Grandfather

An English lord, who just arrived from England, was talking to an American Boy Scout.

"My grandfather," he said, "was a very great man. One day Queen Victoria touched his shoulder with a sword and made him a lord."

"Aw, that's nothin'," the Boy Scout replied. "One day Red Wing, an Indian touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

—*Boy's Life.*

A Brown Mix

There were two Browns in the village, both fishermen. One lost his wife and the other lost his boat at about the same time.

The vicar's wife called, as she supposed, on the widower, but really upon the Brown whose boat had gone down.

"I am sorry to hear of your great loss," she said.

"Oh, it ain't much matter," was the philosophical reply; "she wasn't up to much."

"Indeed!" said the surprised lady.

"Yes," continued Brown, "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my mate, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

And then the outraged woman fled.

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

The Champion Optimist

Old Bill Fox may well be called the champion optimist. He was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the waters flow past, when a neighbor, who possessed a boat, rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill," said the man.

"Hello, Sam," replied Old Bill, pleasantly.

"All your fowls washed away this morning, Bill?" asked the man.

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Apple trees gone, too?"

"Yes, but everybody said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows, Bill."

"That's all right, Sam," was the old fellow's reply. "Them winders needed washin'!"

Out of the Mouths of Babes

Dr. X——, who is superintendent of the Sunday School in a small village, asked one of the boys this question: "Andy, will you tell me what we must do in order to get to heaven?"

"We must die," said the boy.

"Very true," replied the doctor, "but tell me what we must do before we die."

"We must get sick," said Andy, "and send for you."

Wings and Horns

"Brudder Smith," said the young buck, "I'se got a problem I wants you to solve." "What's dat?" asked the preacher. "Why, you said we would all be angels and fly around Heaven." "Yass, dat's right," was the answer. "Wall, now heah's my problem," said the young fellow. "How am I goin' to git my shirt down oveh my wings?"

The old man never smiled, but looking over his specks, he grunted, "Dat ain't yo' problem." "Tain't? What is?" asked the young fellow. "Why yo' problem," said the old preacher, "is how you goin' to be able to git yo' hat on oveh yo' horns."

Kept Just Irritating Him

MAGISTRATE (severely)—Horse-whipping is the only suitable punishment for you and your kind. The idea of a man of your size beating a poor, weak woman like that!

PRISONER—But, your Honor, she keeps irritating and irritating me all the time.

MAGISTRATE—How does she irritate you?

PRISONER—Why, she keeps saying, "Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me once and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a magistrate and see what he'll do with you."

MAGISTRATE (choking)—Discharged.

—*Boston Post.*

George Was Cross at George's Cross

'Twas in Glasgow that a woman was traveling in a tramcar with a baby who would persist in crying as though his little heart would break.

"Hush, laddie!" the mother would keep murmuring gently, only with difficulty restraining her irritation at the audible and unflattering comments of the other passengers anent her offspring.

Soon the car reached George's Cross and the conductor called out loudly the name of the place: "George's Cross! George's Cross!"

Then the mother's anger bubbled over and she sprang up excitedly.

"Of course George is cross!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "And so would you be if you were cutting your back teeth!"

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Can See All the Way Down

A nervous woman went to have her throat examined by a specialist, who, while adjusting the laryngoscope, remarked: "You'd be surprised to know how far down we can see with this instrument."

"Is that so, doctor?" faltered the patient. Then after a pause, she said, "Before you begin, doctor, I ought to tell you that I really hadn't time to mend that hole in my stocking before I came here."

—*Houston Post.*

A Lesson in Meatology

She was a sweet young bride, who had already found that what looks like a nice piece of meat in the shop often seems to have gone through a private transformation scene when it arrives home.

"How is it?" she inquired eagerly, when an old married friend called upon her, "that you always manage to have such delicious beef?"

"It's very simple," replied the older woman. "I first select a good honest butcher and then I stand by him."

"Oh, I see, you give him all your trade, you mean?" said the innocent young bride.

"No!" answered her companion, grimly, "I stand by him while he is cutting the meat!"

—*Washington Post.*

Pull the Trap and Dump Him

A Scotchman who was notorious as a skeptic had erected a massive mausoleum for his final rest, and one day he observed an elder of the kirk gazing at it.

"Strong place that, hey David?" he said. "It'll tak a mon some time tae raise up oot o' that at the Day o' Judgment."

"Hoot, mon," said David, "ye can gie yersel little fash aboot raisin' when that day comes. They'll tak the bottom oot o' it and let you fa' doon."

—*London Telegraph.*

Drop Those Skirts!

POLICEMAN—"Lost yer mammy, 'ave yer? Why didn't yer keep hold of her skirt?"

LITTLE ALFRED—"I cou-cou-couldn't reach it."

—*London Opinion.*

A Sanctified Pup

"Your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "your bull pup has went and chawed up the court Bible."

"Well," grumbled the Court, "make the witness kiss the pup; we can't adjourn court to get a new Bible."

—*The Labor Clarion (London).*

"You Savvy God?"

There was a prominent lawyer in San Francisco who prided himself on his astuteness in questioning Chinese witnesses. He was very near-sighted, however, and on one occasion got into difficulty through failing to notice that the dress of a certain Chinese witness was of finer texture than that worn by the ordinary coolie. The following dialogue ensued.

"What is your name?"

"Sell Lung."

"Do you live in San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"Do you savvy God?"

"Mr. Attorney, if you mean to ask whether I comprehend the entity of our Creator, I will merely reply that on next Thursday evening I shall address the State Ministerial Association upon the subject of 'The Divinity of Christ,' and I shall be pleased if you will attend." To the day of his death the celebrated lawyer will never escape the question, "You savvy God?"

—*Case and Comment.*

Dunce!

A negro lad had been brought into a Virginia police court for the fifth time charged with stealing chickens. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing that I'm quite tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame you, jedge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then, why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him de right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, jedge; he always gets caught."

—*Lawyer and Banker.*

The Blubbering Whale

A captain of an Atlantic liner was bothered by a woman passenger who was always inquiring about the possibility of seeing a whale. A dozen times a day she besought him to have her called if one hove in sight.

"But, madam," the captain asked her rather impatiently, after long suffering in silence, "why are you so eager to see a whale?"

"Captain," she answered, "my desire in life is to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to watch such an enormous creature cry."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Killing the Infant

Little Tommie Brown was always interested in his new baby sister. One day he stood peering down upon it while nurse was singing it to sleep.

"Nurse," he whispered at last, "she's nearly unconscious, isn't she?"

"Yes," nodded the nurse, and continued singing the lullaby.

Tommie whispered in alarm: "Then don't sing any more or you'll kill her."

—*Evening News (London).*

We Pander to Our Punsters

Two Tommies turned punsters went into a restaurant over on the eastern front and said to the waiter, "We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter replied, "Sorry, sirs, but we can't Servia."

"Well, then, get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in and heard their order and then said, "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania." So the two Tommies went away Hungary.

—*Commerce and Finance.*

We Freely Assent

In a large park in one of the Eastern cities there are seats about the bandstand with this notice posted on them:

"The seats in the vicinity of the bandstand are for the use of ladies. Gentlemen should make use of them only after the former are seated."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Father Teaches Jimmy

"Where's Jimmy?" asked the head of the house, coming home from work.

"He was very naughty," replied his wife. "I sent him to bed for swearing."

"Swearing?" roared the indignant father. "I'll teach him to swear!" and he rushed up-stairs. For some minutes the indignant parental voice resounded through the house, and then Jimmy's mother called:

"John dear. I'm sure Jimmy has heard enough for the first lesson."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

They Do

Two men, strangers to each other, sat side by side in a suburban train. Finally, one turned to the other and became confidential.

"I," he said impressively, "am a starter of elevators in a city sky-scraper. When I signal them to go up, they go up. And your line is——?"

"I," said the other, "am an undertaker. When I signal them to go down, they go down."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Bantams

"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight; that's all it is."

"No, I'm not," protested Jack, "but if I fight my ma'll find it out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

—*O. E. R. Bulletin.*

Mother Lands a Wallop

MR. DE SEINES (on being introduced to adored one's mother)—Pardon me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar.

ADORED ONE'S MOTHER—Yes, I am the woman who stood up before you for two whole miles in a street car the other day while you sat reading a paper.

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Yes—Very!

An agitated woman burst into a police station in Chicago not long ago with this announcement:

"My husband has been threatening to drown himself for some time, and he's been missing now for two days. I want you to have the river dragged."

"Is there anything peculiar about him by which he could be recognized if we should find a body?" asked the inspector.

For a moment the woman hesitated and seemed at a loss. Then a look of relief came to her face and she replied:

"Why, yes! He's deaf."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Told a Million Times

DORIS—I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now.

JACK—No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth.

DORIS—Then, for goodness' sake, swallow it—you need some!

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

? ? ?

"A flirt, am I?" exclaimed Mary Ann, under notice to go. "Well, I know them as flirts more than I do, and with less hexcuse." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress and added: "I'm better looking than you. More 'andsome. 'Ow do I know? Your husband told me so."

"That will do," said her mistress, frigidly.

"But I ain't finished yet!" retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! Want to know 'oo told me that, mum?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband——"

"No, it wasn't your 'usband this time," said Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."

—*Tit-Bits* (London).

Ought to Have Been

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER—Who can tell me something about Nero?

BRIGHT PUPIL—Is he the one mentioned in "Nero, my God, to thee?"

—*Judge.*

He Couldn't Shoot Sausages!

The sportsman strode into a poulterer's shop, and with the air of a man who meant business, said:

"Can you sell me a nice, plump pheasant?"

"I'm sorry, I have not a pheasant left, sir," replied the shopman, "but here are some fine sausages that I can highly recommend. I'm sure your wife will be delighted with them."

"Sausages be blowed!" yelled the sportsman. "How can I tell my wife I shot sausages?"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Wise in Their Generation"

The principal of a certain school for girls had occasion to speak sharply to one of the pupils.

"Marion," he said sharply, "you've neglected your work shamefully, and you must remain with me an hour after school."

Marion shrugged her thin little shoulders. "Well," she said, "if your wife doesn't mind it, I'm sure I don't."

—*Denver Times.*

No, Nor Has Anybody Else!

The origin of the bagpipe was being discussed, the representatives of different nations eagerly disclaiming responsibility for the atrocity. Finally an Irishman said: "Well, I'll tell you the truth about it. The Irish invented it and sold it to the Scotch as a joke; and the Scotch ain't seen the joke yet!"

—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Crazy Over Him

A man managed to get into conversation with a pretty girl during a railway journey. He was very pleased with himself and when the train arrived at his destination he said to the girl:

"I have to thank you for making this otherwise dull journey a very pleasant one. I'm afraid you wouldn't, perhaps, have been so nice if you'd known I was a married man."

"Oh, as to that," said the girl, "you have no advantage over me. I'm an escaped lunatic."

—*Houston Post.*

Regular Cataract of Lodore

A sufferer who lives close to a railroad yard in the suburbs wrote the following to the railroad company complaining about the racket made by a switch engine:

"Gentlemen: Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and bang and hiss and pant and grate and grind and puff and bump and chug and hoot and toot and whistle and wheeze and jar and jerk and howl and snarl and puff and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and screech and snort and snarl and slam and throb and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like hell all night long?"

—*Boston Globe.*

"Custard Pie Drammers"

"What's Charmian yipping about now?" asked Heloise, of the rapid fire restaurant.

"Aw, she's on the subject of the movies again," replied Claudine, of the same establishment. "Her notion is that them custard pie drammers ain't true to life; she says she never flung a pie in a gen'leman's face or rubbed it in his hair—that is, of course, unless he got too fresh, or something."

—*Success.*

A Modern Convenience

"The wide-awake student," observes a university man, "occasionally puts a question which the next minute he will regret. In this relation one recalls a story told by a Yale instructor who was lecturing on oxygen.

" 'Oxygen,' said he, 'is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it. Yet, strange to say, it was discovered only a century ago.'

" 'What did they do, then, sir,' a student asked, 'before it was discovered?' "

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Yes, in the "Dim Religious Light"

"Daughter, I hope you will go to church this evening. The pastor's subject, 'An Hour with Favorite Hymns,' should be very interesting."

"I should like very much to go, father, but I have an engagement with my own favorite him to-night."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Quick Trip

Peter Horback claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irishman who was handling dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop, and the whole box went up, taking Mike with it. The quarry boss came around later and said to another Irishman: "Where's Mike?"

"He's gone," replied Pat.

"When will he be back?" asked the boss.

"Well," replied Pat, "if he comes back as fast as he went, he'll be back yesterday."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Joke's on the Joker—Queer Name for Englishman—Spell It!

Elizabeth N. Barr, an editorial writer with the *Reclassificationist,* tells a story of an Englishman who telephoned to say he had not received his paper. Having difficulty in understanding the name, the editor asked that he spell it.

" 'Ow do you spell it?" the Englishman said. "Spell it with a hoe and a hen and a he and a hi and two hells."

—*Washington Times.*

"Father's Perfume"

"Pussyfoot" Johnson, whose effort to prohibitionize Scotland failed recently, was discussing his failure with a New York editor.

"Yes, I failed," he ended, "and I'm very sorry. Conditions in Scotland are very bad.

"Did you ever hear the story of the deacon's daughter? This story illustrates Scottish conditions very well.

"The wife of a Peebles deacon took a bath one evening, and as it was rainy, chill November weather, she swallowed a teaspoonful or two of whisky after her bath to keep herself from catching cold.

"Then in her dressing-gown she went to bid her little daughter good-night. She stooped over the child's cot and a kiss was exchanged. After the kiss the little girl drew back sharply, sniffed and said:

" 'Why, mamma, you've been using father's perfume, haven't you?' "

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Clumsy Novice

"My boy," said the elderly physician, "I'm afraid you will never get rich in the profession."

"Why not?" asked the young doctor.

"You told one of the richest women in town her complaints were imaginary."

"And so they are."

"To be sure, but you should have told her so in medical terms she couldn't understand and put her down for at least two visits a week."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Well—Did He?

The teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over."

One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an *"eponge pour la bain,"* but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely.

"Please," she said, smilingly, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

—*Success.*

The Shocker Shocked

The Man in the Athletic Shirt—Say! Where's the towel?

His Wife in an Evening Gown—Aren't you ready yet? And for heaven's sake, pull down the window shade! Do you want the neighbors to see you exposed like that?

—*Judge.*

God Bless Her!

Kitty, aged four, had been naughty and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business.

That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening, Kitty called upstairs with frigid politeness:

"Mother, your husband's home."

Getting a Collection

The young housewife, looking very pretty and workmanlike in a big green overall, was cleaning out the pantry cupboard.

"Dickie," she called to her young husband, who was smoking in the spick-and-span little drawing-room, "I want you to bring me a mouse-trap home to-morrow."

"But, angel," cried the young man. "I brought you one home only yesterday."

"I know, pet," called back the young bride, "but that one has a mouse in it."

—*Spanish River News.*

An Accurate Diagnostician

Father was giving the fair young daughter a lecture about her beau. He exclaimed, "Does he know who pays the light bills? Doesn't he know enough to go home at the right time?"

The daughter replied, "Yes, he knows enough to go, but he was sick last night."

With that father started in again. "Don't tell me that a big husky fellow like him was sick. What on earth was the matter with him?"

As the fair young daughter started for the door, she sang back, "He has heart trouble."

—*Indianapolis News.*

No Drouth There

In the showing of a pictorial news weekly in a movie house in San Diego, Calif., the operator flashed on the screen a picture of two distinguished French generals riding in an automobile. Crowds lined the pavements, their umbrellas up and water dripping from their hats. Suddenly from the audience came the awed cry:

"My Gawd, it's *still* rainin' over there!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Perhaps It Is

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be canned stuff."

—*Judge.*

Casey Gets His Pass

An Irishman came into the office of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad and said:

"Me name's Casey. Oi worrik out in the yar-rds. Oi'd like a pass to St. Louis."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said the president. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again."

At the end of the day back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired, "Are yez the man I saw before?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been workin' out in the yar'rds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Oi've got a job an' a pass to St. Louis on th' Wabash. Yez can go to hell."

—*Case Eagle.*

Happy Mr. Shepherd!

Mrs. Botts, a Mobile darky, was calling upon a neighbor, Mrs. Shepherd.

"Ah notices yo' is housecleanin'," observed Mrs. Botts.

"Yes, Ah is," replied Mrs. Shepherd. "Dey ain't nothin' like movin' things 'round once in a while. Why, Mrs. Botts, Ah jes' come across a pair of slippers under de baid dat Ah 'ain't seen fo' a couple of yeahs."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Chicken Halted

Hiking through the small French town, an ignorant chicken, unversed in the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. With much zeal a soldier broke forth from the ranks and set out in pursuit.

"Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces.

"Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky doughboy made one plunge, grasped the chicken by the neck, and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt.

"Dere!" he panted. "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain says halt."

—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

A "New Beginning"

In Minnesota last year a little Swede presented himself to a certain schoolma'am for instruction.

"What is your name?" the teacher asked.

"Yonny Olsen," he said.

"How old are you?"

"Ay not known how old Ay bane."

"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.

"Ay bane not born at all; Ay got stepmutter."

—*Everybody's.*

"Smyytthhe"

When Alice Smith had attained the age of sixteen she undertook to alter the orthography of her given name to what, it seemed to her, was a more poetic form. Accordingly, she began to sign herself Alyce. Thus designated she entered a new school and, of course, the first question put to her was with reference to her name.

"Alyce Smith," she said. "A-l-y-c-e."

"Thanks," said the teacher. "And how are you spelling Smith now?"

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Cheap At Any Price

A man took his wife to the doctor. He was a simple fellow, and had lived in the country all his life. The doctor placed a thermometer in the wife's mouth. Just before he removed it the man, who had watched spellbound, being unused to such silence on the part of his better half, blurted out: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing you put in her mouth?"

—*Boston Post.*

When a Jubilee's a Jubilee

"Some years ago," says an American who used to live in London, "before Queen Victoria's death and about the time the Queen's jubilee was to be celebrated, there was overheard this conversation between two old Scotchwomen, on a street corner:

" 'Can ye tell me, wumman, what is it they call a jubilee?'

" 'Weel, it's this,' said the other. 'When folk has been married twenty-five years, that's a silver wuddin'; and when they have been married fifty years, that's a golden wuddin'. But if the mon's dead then it's a jubilee.' "

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

And She Got By With It

When a lady who was "burning up the road" on the boulevard was overtaken by a traffic officer and motioned to stop, she indignantly asked:

"What do you want with me?"

"You were running forty miles an hour," answered the officer.

"Forty miles an hour? Why officer, I haven't been out an hour," said the lady.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That is a new one on me."

—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Trying Him on the Dog

The scene was an old country farm-yard, and the farmer's wife stood at the door. Down the pretty country lane a tramp, bedraggled and dirty, made his way.

At the farm-yard gate he stopped and besought the farmer's wife to give him something to eat to appease his hunger.

"Come right into the yard," said she, cordially.

The tramp eyed the bulldog that was roving round the yard. The bulldog eyed him.

"Come right in," repeated the farmer's wife.

"I dunno about that," answered the tramp. "How 'bout the dog? Will he bite?"

"I don't know," said the farmer's wife. "I only got him to-day, and that's what I want to find out."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Taking the Joy Out of Life

Sign seen on Chicago Boulevard—"Autos will slow down to a walk."

Sign in London, Ohio—"Drive slow and see our town. Drive fast and see our jail."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Probably!

"I got my start in life in a grocery at three dollars a week, and yet I managed to save," announced the candidate.

Whereupon a voice from the audience queried, "Was that before the invention of cash registers?"

—*New York Times.*

The Canny Scot

HAD TO BE SHOWN—"Noo, tell me," said the Scotch customer, "is this hair restorer certain tae mak hair grow on a bald heid?"

"Yes, sir," said the druggist. "It will accomplish it in twenty-four hours."

"Weel," remarked the other, "that's nae lang tae wait. Just rub a lettle on yer ain bald place and I'll come in in the morning an' see if yer spekin' the truth."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Amen and Amen!

Courtlandt Bleecker, at a dinner in Bar Harbor, deplored the tendency toward immodesty that still persists in women's fashions.

"However," he said, and as he spoke he raised on high his sparkling glass of ginger ale—"however, we can always hope for the best, and so, ladies and gentlemen, I offer the toast:

"Here's to the low neck and the short skirts—may they never meet!"

—Los Angeles Times.

He'll Make His Way

The scion of the family had acted so badly that punishment of some sort was necessary.

"Ernest," commanded his mother, "find a switch and bring it to me."

Shortly afterward the bright young man returned.

"I couldn't find a switch, mamma," he reported, "but here's a stone that you can throw at me."

—American Legion Weekly.

Yes, Your Honor—What?

Police Judge Cohen, quizzing John World, accused of assault and battery, asked, "Why did you hit this man?"

"Wha', judge," the negro began, "wha' would you all do if some one called ya' a 'kinky headed loafer' ?"

"But I haven't got kinky hair," said the judge.

"Well," drawled World, "what would you all done if he called ya da kind of headed loafer dat you is?"

—Toledo Blade.